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Devoted to the Honor

OF

THE MOTHER OF GOD.



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Calendar of the Week.

[Besides the Feasts of the Calendar proper for the United States, we give also those of the Roman Calendar as used in many dioceses.]

Saturday, 3.—Feria. (Coronation of Leo XIII, 1878.)
Sunday, 4.—Fourth Sunday of Lent. (Death of Bishop Lefevre, 1869.)
Monday, 5.—St. Casimir, Confessor (March 4).
Tuesday, 6.—Feria. (Death of Bp. Reynolds, 1855.)
Wednesday, 7.—St. Thomas of Aquin, Confessor and Doctor. SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.
Thursday, 8.—St. John of God, Confessor.
Friday, 9.—Most Precious Blood of Our Lord.
Saturday, 10.—The Forty Martyrs. (Consecration of Cardinal McCloskey, 1844.)

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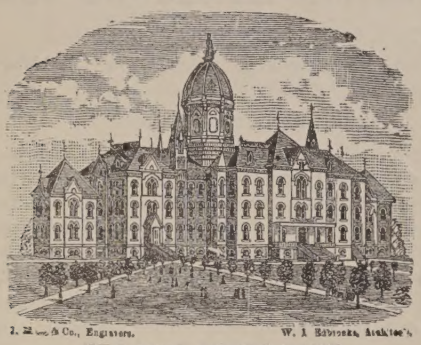


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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Thy Will be Done.

BY SABRINA.

LET not My will, but Thine be done ;
Such were the hallowed words
That fell from our Redeemer's lips,
To touch the heart's best chords.
He strove, e'en in that awful hour,
A lesson to instil,
Meekness to our Creator's power,
Submission to His will.

For this He quaffed the bitter draught,
And kissed the scourging rod,
That we might learn in every grief
Obedience to our God.
Oh, not for nothing did He make
That sadly sweet request ;
Oh, not for nothing were those words
To God above addressed.

He furnished an example bright
For us to imitate,
That in our darkest woes we might
Be happy in our state ;
That should our spirit faint refuse
Its heavy load to bear,
We might be call'd to duty back
By this affecting prayer.

The Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAYES.

WE returned to Munich, only after having been present at the Passion-play, the object of our pilgrimage. I say pilgrimage, for it was as pilgrims in a true sense that we set out from England to Ober-Ammergau. We left Munich, and had gone a little more than half-way to Ober-Ammergau, through a glorious mountain country, when down came the rain, and it continued to rain almost all the time till we got back to the city. Everything was cheerless and comfortless. We had poor lodgings, not very good places in the theatre, and indifferent food. But for all these discomforts (and, except the weather, it is only right to say that they can be avoided by a little management), we cared not a jot when the play, so long looked forward to, began. For full nine hours we sat (with an hour's interval), and never thought of time, and scarcely could bring ourselves to partake of a hasty meal. The whole of these hours the greatest silence prevailed, though there were thousands of people present, and many sat nearly the whole time in the rain. At times, the silence was most painful, and the emotion shown at the end of the scene intense.

Perhaps many of your readers are not acquainted with the history of the Passion-play. The tradition is, that in the year 1633 a fearful plague broke out in the neighboring villages, so fearful that it was thought the country would be depopulated. It reached Ober-Ammergau, and eighty-four of that small community died. In their extremity the villagers assembled and solemnly vowed that if Almighty God would take away the pestilence, they would perform the Passion-play every tenth year. From that time not one died of the plague. In 1634 the play was first performed. The decadal period was fixed in 1680, and, with various interruptions, it has since been enacted every tenth year. Now I may say that I am quite convinced that there is no other object in performing the play, and no other object on the part of the hundreds of peasantry who come from even distant villages

to witness it, than the purest intention of fulfilling a sacred legacy left to them by their predecessors. It is essentially a religious act, for which the principal performers prepare themselves by hearing Mass and attending the Sacraments. Moreover, their lives are simple and pure. They are removed by their barrier of mountains from the enervating spirit of town life. Indeed, it is only saying the truth to assert that the performers live their parts in their daily lives. No mere acting, however clever the actors might be, could produce the impression upon the thousands who assemble to witness the play, many of whom are unbelievers and scoffers, that is produced by these simple, uneducated peasants. The secret of their success, as it seems to me, is that they have made the scenes of our Lord's Passion the study, and His life the model, of their lives. That all present were impressed I am confident. The perfect silence that prevailed, the stillness with which the audience sat out each act (some rather long, and the dialogue often tedious), the eager attention they gave throughout, proved this. The remarks that were made afterwards confirmed my judgment. I was amused at the observation of a Protestant. He was asked how he liked the play. "Well, I liked it very well; but you Catholics, you see, understand these things so much better than we do!"

I dare say many of your readers will think that as the parts are taken by peasants, and the play altogether enacted by them, the representation, apart from the sacredness of the subject, must be only a mediocre affair; that anything like the true spirit of the drama is an impossibility. Singularly enough, this is not the case. All the principal characters, at least, perform their parts with all the perfection of true artists. Gesture, intonation, emphasis, modulation—all were admirable; and we were told by a German priest of our party that the pronunciation of the words, which are in German, was exceedingly good. Of course, the subject of the play, the deeply religious character of the people, their simple, virtuous lives, their very employments (many of them producing carvings in wood of real artistic value), help considerably the Church ceremonies; and the processions which are carried on with great splendor and exactness, and the various other plays which are enacted among themselves each year conduce greatly to that harmonious working together of such large masses of people, and the perfect grouping that caused such admiration in the *tableaux vivants*. No mere mechanical drilling could produce such effect. Take, for example, the tableau of the "falling of the manna" in the desert. Four hundred persons, of whom 150 were children, some only three years old, are on the stage at the same time, forming the different groups of this exquisite picture. They are all as perfectly still as statues. I could not observe any movement, even with the aid of a powerful glass. One dear, chubby, little fellow of about four years old, I observed attentively with his clasped hands and upturned face, and his eyes firmly closed for fear he should be tempted to move. This continues some little time, whilst the chorus sings a description of the scene. After the curtain falls, in two minutes it rises again on a different scene. The spies sent out by Moses have returned with ponderous clusters of grapes. The people press round, grouped entirely differently, and producing a similar beautiful effect. Again, in the opening scene of the play, the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, nearly 500 men, women, and children join the procession, carrying their palm-branches and chanting their Hosannas. They had done it all before on Palm Sunday. As a writer on the Passion-play remarks: "The village church is the rehearsal theatre for many scenes of the Passion-play; or, better expressed, the people dramatically display on the passion-stage very much of what they have imbibed in the church." This is true: their religion with its ceremonies is the very life of the people. Hence their success.

The theatre at Ammergau is not a structure of great pretentions, but it is admirably adapted to the play. It is made of boards, and is partly open to the sky. The auditorium occupies an area of 20,000 square feet, and is capable of seating 5,000 or 6,000 persons. In the background is the cross-crowned mountain Kofel, which is regarded by the people with reverence.

The play itself consists of eighteen scenes or acts, each of which is prefaced by one or more *tableaux vivants*, types from the Old Testament, and is introduced by a chorus of twenty singers, whose duty it is, after the manner of the Greek Chorus, to "prologue" each act. The chorus, who are dressed in variegated colored tunics, advance to the edge of the

stage, and in chorus or soli sing the explanation of the coming scene, and retire as the curtain rises.

The prefacing each scene with a tableau from the Old Testament is a very happy idea. The old parish priest, Herr Daisenberger, now over eighty years old, who re-adjusted the play, and put it in the form we have it now, writes thus:

"Our main object is to represent the story of Christ's Passion, not by a mere statement of facts, but in its connection with the types and figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional strong light will be cast on the sacred narrative, and the thoughtful spectator will be able to realize the grand truth that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volume. As in the history of the Christian Church, the life of our Saviour and all His sacred actions are continually repeated and reproduced to the extent that He lives over again, suffers and triumphs again in His saints; so it happened before His appearance in the flesh that the holy Patriarchs and other saints of the Old Testament foreshadowed His coming by the events of their history and by their virtuous lives. In this fundamental thought, is the representation of the Passion arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures."

The following are the eighteen scenes of the Passion-play, and their accompanying tableaux. Previously, the chorus appears on the stage and sings:

"I will," the Lord doth say, "not that the sinner die:
Forgive, will I, his guilt; and he shall live.
My Son's own blood shall now atone for him."

TABLEAUX.	SCENES.
Act I.	Act I.
1. Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.	Jesus' entry into Jerusalem.
2. Adoration of the Cross.	
Act II.	Act II.
Joseph's brethren conspire against him.	The Sanhedrim conspire against Jesus.
Act III.	Act III.
1. Tobias leaves his home.	1. Magdalen anoints our Lord's feet.
2. The sorrowing bride of the Canticles.	2. The parting at Bethany.
Act IV.	Act IV.
King Assuerus rejects Queen Vashti, and elevates Esther	Jesus' entry into Jerusalem.
Act V.	Act V.
1. The manna in the desert.	The Last Supper—washing of the feet of the Apostles.
2. Return of the "spies."	
Act VI.	Act VI.
Joseph sold by his brethren.	Judas before the Sanhedrim, receives the price of his treason.
Act VII.	Act VII.
1. Adam condemned to labor.	Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane.
2. Joab's treachery to Amasa.	
Act VIII.	Act VIII.
Zedecias smites Micaias on the cheek.	Jesus before Annas.
Act IX.	Act IX.
1. Naboth sentenced to death.	Jesus before Caiaphas.
2. Job in affliction.	
Act X.	Act X.
Cain afflicted in his conscience.	Despair of Judas.
Act XI.	Act XI.
Daniel falsely accused before Darius.	Jesus before Pilate.
Act XII.	Act XII.
Samson a sport to the Philistines.	Jesus before Herod.
Act XIII.	Act XIII.
1. Joseph's coat is brought to his father.	The scourging and the crowning with thorns.
2. The ram is sacrificed in place of Isaac.	
Act XIV.	Act XIV.
1. Joseph rules over Egypt.	Jesus sentenced to death.
2. The scape goat.	
Act XV.	Act XV.
Isaac carries the wood for his sacrifice.	Jesus carries His Cross to Calvary.
Act XVI.	Act XVI.
The fiery serpents—the brazen serpent.	The Crucifixion—Descent from the Cross.
Act XVII.	Act XVII.
1. Jonas cast on land.	The Resurrection.
2. The Israelites cross the Red Sea.	Act XVIII.
	The glory of the risen Christ.

The chorus concludes,

"Bring praise unto the Lord Most High,
The Lamb who for our sins did die.
Alleluia! He is risen."

I will conclude my feeble description with wishing that God may preserve and prosper this beautiful drama and the devout and devoted villagers, and may help them to fulfil their vow for ages to come.

Father Tom.

A Story of Connemara.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "BETTER THAN GOLD," "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Philip Dillon served Mass the following morning as usual, and, as he uttered the responses, prayed that the good and beautiful girl who knelt behind him in the little church might be guided by God's grace in her selection of a husband.

"I will offer up the Holy Sacrifice this morning, Phil, for your safe return, and for the conversion of the worldlings in your regi-

ment," were the priest's first words as the two sauntered through the graveyard in the clear, pure light of the early morn.

Mass over, Philip, as was usual with him, after arranging the sacred vestments in the tiny vestry, strolled down the road towards the river, in order to kill time, whilst Father Tom was engaged in the tribunal of penance. As he came to a turn, and was about to leap a stile that led to the brawling stream, he heard a quick step behind, and a voice, which was the music of his heart, call him by name.

It was Jacqueline Jarrette, and how rosy, and fresh, and beautiful she looked in God's glorious sunshine! She extended her hand.

"Mr. Dillon," she palpitated, "I—I am ashamed of myself for last night. I do not know what came over me. Oh, *do* forgive me!"

"Forgive *you?* Surely—"

"Oh, do not make a conventional speech. I was not myself; I was not the girl who ascended that mountain with you, the girl who made the *mayonaise* for Father Tom's first dinner. The idea of allowing you to leave without saying how much—how *much* we—I hoped to see you again! It was shameful! it was mean!" And two pearly tears trembled on her eyelids as she spoke.

"Miss Jarrette!" exclaimed Phil, a whirlwind of joy rushing through his senses, "I am honest enough to say that I felt bitterly your change of manner, because I had done nothing to cause you to change towards me. I know enough of life to appraise the value of *friendship* at its true worth; and—and I had hoped I had secured yours. That you are my *friend,* my good *friend,* this gracious and winsome act of yours proves,"—here he took her hand. "God bless you, Miss Jarrette! He will protect you. You will never realize what gloom you have dispelled by the sunshine of this womanly act. Good-bye"; and the poor fellow, unable to trust himself further, fervently pressed the hand which he still retained, and, vaulting over a six-barred gate, was lost to view.

Jacqueline stood for a moment in the middle of the road, her hands clasped, an expression of ineffable happiness on her face.

"He loves me!" she murmured; "he loves me, and it is the love of an honest man! God be praised for this!"

The heiress returned to the little chapel, and, opposite the altar of Mary, remained rapt in prayer.

When Miss Jarrette returned to Glencreegan she was met by her sister.

"Where have you been, dear?" asked Mrs. Van Spuyten, uneasily, startled by the color on Jacqueline's cheeks, the lustre in her eye.

"At the altar of our Lady, Susy, offering up my thanks to Almighty God. Come to my room; I want to speak to you."

The girl flung herself on a sofa.

"You are ill, darling?"

"No! no! no! Never was so well; never, oh, never so happy! Sit down here; sit down close to me, Susy."

She buried her head in her sister's bosom, and suddenly burst out into sobbing.

"Jackie, my darling, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing—nothing! I am nervous. It is joy."

"Joy?"

"Yes, yes: wait a minute. Let me cry a little. It will do me good. Do not be frightened."

Mrs. Van Spuyten's kisses and caresses calmed her.

"I am all right now. I want to tell you—I want to speak of Philip."

"Philip—you call him Philip?"

"Yes: I call him Philip—Phil. Have you not remarked how sad and abstracted he has been for some time, as if some misery were eating his heart away by degrees?"

"Well—yes: I have remarked that he was not as joyous or as light-hearted as when we met him first."

"Latterly he has scarcely spoken to any one but you and the children. I began to think he had fallen in love with some one. But it was with *myself.*"

"*You?*"

"Yes: with me. Listen. He scarcely dared to look at me. He avoided me; he fled whenever I approached. He would play at romps with the children in preference to walking or talking with me. He was afraid of me,—yes, he was absolutely frightened of me. Am I a person to frighten anybody?"

"Certainly not, dear."

"But I made a discovery, Susy. I found it was not of me he was afraid, but of my money—my hateful fortune. This money, which attracts so many hollow-hearted suitors

—*you* know them,—this money has scared him, and has driven him to despair—because he is not like the others—because—"

"Be careful, Jackie; you may be mistaken, you know."

"Oh no, no! I am not mistaken. This morning I—I resolved to ask forgiveness for my rudeness of last night; for I *was* rude, wasn't I?"

"You certainly were not—yourself."

"I followed him down the road, and—and he said a few words. These words were nothing in themselves, but if you had seen the heroic efforts he made at self-control. Susy, my darling sister, this is my conviction: if, instead of being the wealthy Miss Jarrette, I were a poor little girl without a dollar, Phil would have taken my hand on the road this morning; he would have told me that he loved me. And if he had thus spoken to me, do you know what I would have replied?"

"That you also loved him?"

"Yes, darling; and this is why I feel so happy. I shall love the man I marry with all my heart."

"Jackie, your enthusiasm alarms me. I imagine that Mr. Dillon admires you very much."

"Oh, more than that; more than that."

"Loves you—if you will. Yes: you are right. You have penetrated his secret. He loves you. And are you not worthy, my darling, of all the love he could place at your feet? Philip—you see I call him Philip, too,—you know what I think of him. How often have we not during the last month spoken of him? How often have I said, 'I consider him one of the most high-minded and honorable men I have ever met'? But, Jackie, admitting all this, is he the man for you to marry?"

"He is—if I love him."

"I am endeavoring to talk solid sense to you, and you always interrupt. I have had an experience that you have not had—you will acknowledge this. When I was launched into American and Parisian society, I met all that was brilliant and elegant and attractive. I married the man of my choice; but I could have been a marquise or a princess. You can be either one or the other, and—"

"Yes: but I do not wish to be."

"Will it be equally gratifying to you to be called Mrs. Dillon?"

"Absolutely, if I love him."

"Ah, you always come back to—"

"It is the heart of the question. There is no other question; and I wish, in turn, to be reasonable. This question, I grant you, is not yet decided; and it may or may not have turned my head. You see how reasonable I am! Phil leaves to-day—he is at Kylemore by this,—and may not return until Father Tom's birthday,—seven long weeks; he has promised to come to the dear old *Padre*. I shall not see Phil for seven weeks. I shall, during those seven weeks, have plenty of time to interrogate my own feelings. I will pray to our Blessed Lady to guide me. I can be both serious and reflective. Don't you admit this?"

"Yes, I admit it."

"Well, I ask this of you, as I would of our darling mother if she were spared to us. If, at the end of seven weeks, I say to you, 'Susy, I know that my whole heart has gone out to him,' you will offer no opposition,—you will say, 'You do love him'?"

"Yes, I will."

Jacqueline embraced her sister, murmuring two words in her ears: "Thanks, mamma!"

As, later on, Mrs. Van Spuyten was leaving the room: "May I not confide in Father Tom?"

"Go to him, Jackie, and lay open your whole heart to him."

Mr. Aiken still lingered at the Thrush's Nest, although to all intents and purposes his work at Glencreegan was completed. He could not tear himself away, and paid daily visits to the house, on the pretext of examining a buhl cabinet, inspecting a mediæval *coffret*, or overhauling a *lit* of Louis XV. With Jim Doyle he established special relations, for Jim was duly installed as a "hanger-on" at Glencreegan in the capacity of "trout-fisher, in ordinary to her royal highness the Princess Jacqueline."

"Are we going fishing to-day, Jim?" asked Aiken, one sunny morning, of Doyle, whom he encountered within the domain walls—the "we" meaning Miss Jarrette and her instructor.

"Not to-day, Misther Aiken. She's goin' the rounds wid Father Tom. She tould me to have the rods below at Bor-na-kierna; but wanst she and his Riverence gets togither there's no separatin' thim."

"I guess he has great influence with her,—got the bulge—an Americanism!"

"Thrue for ye, sir. Sorra a haporth he'd ax her for to do but she'd up an' do it. Sure she sint him an iligant lace surplice that she worked herself; and Mrs. Van Spuyten sint him a shoot of vestmints, laden down with rale goold, an' so heavy that, be gor, it bates him up intirely for to wear thim. They shine like the sun. I never seen the like. They're fit for the Pope—glory be to God!"

"And so she'll be at Bor-na-kierna?"

"It's a chance; sorra a haporth more."

"I don't mind taking a cast to-day with you, Jim,"—slipping half a crown in the other's willing palm.

"Very good, sir; plaze yourself; but it's only right for to tell ye that the dickins the rise ye'll get as long as this wind houlds."

"I'll try it anyhow; besides, it will get my hand in for casting."

"Troth it's practice ye want. Yer a poor hand at it as yet."

"I will return to the Thrush's Nest, put on my fishing suit, and meet you at Malone's bridge in an hour."

"His fishing suit!" muttered Jim, gazing at the retreating figure. "Just as if ye'd ketch a throut be raison of the patthern of yer breeches. Throth but yer a dhroll little man, an' has quare notions; but yer free wid yer money, an' that's a good sign anyhow."

True to the appointment, Mr. Aiken appeared in a suit of gray corduroy, the trousers being knickerbockers, with leg gaiters as irreproachable as those of Mr. Pickwick. A fishing basket was gracefully slung over his right shoulder by a leather strap with many and glittering buckles, while his hat was literally a cloud of artificial flies. In his right hand he carried an elaborately gotten up brass-mounted rod; in his left a launching net.

"Be the mortial it won't be your fault if you don't ketch fish to-day, sir!" grinned Jim, as he relieved the upholsterer of rod and launching net.

"I like to do everything in perfection," said Aiken. "I like to leave no blot—nothing which can afterward 'give me away'—an Americanism! Now let us make tracks in the direction of Bor-na-kierna."

It is needless to say that Mr. Aiken's conversation was almost entirely on the subject of Miss Jarrette.

"Who is this Mr. Winstay, Jim?"

"A sojer, sir."

"A soldier?"

"An officer in the 'army.'"

"Is he very sweet on Miss Jarrette?"

"Not very. There's not much sweetness in him."

"Does she seem to—ah, like him?"

"At first she did; but she's never wid him now, except whin he escorts her to Father Tom's below. Ye should have heard him cursin' an' swearin' in the chapel yard—the haythin!—whin the young leddy left him for to do the Stations. I was puttin' some sand from the river below on where it's damp in the chapel yard, agin the crowd on Sunda', an' I heerd him say, 'Curse this ould priest!' Well, Misther Aiken, ye wouldn't have me stand by an' hear Father Tom cursed; so says I, 'Misther Winstay, if ye say wan wurd agin the saintliest priest in Ireland I'll give ye a welt in the butt o' the lug wid this'—showin' him the rake,—'a rale lively wan, too.' An' so I would, sir, as sure 's me name 's Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Lenten Thought.

BY E. M. BULGER.

"IT is rest to be weary with Jesus,"
With Him whose untiring feet
Trod the hot burning sands of the desert,
And the stones of the rough city street;
Who sought in the by-ways and brambles
The lambs of His Father's fold,
And led them once more to the pasture,
Sheltered from danger and cold.

"It is rest to be weary with Jesus,"
Who after the toil of the day
Retired alone to the mountain
In silence and sadness to pray;
Who thought of each one of His children,
And, crushed by the weight of our sin,
Offered His life to His Father,
Our pardon and ransom to win.

"It is rest to be weary with Jesus,"
Who was loaded with insult and scorn,
Torn by the cruel scourges,
Pierced by the wounding thorn;
Who was foot-sore and way-worn and weary,
Who labored and suffered and bled,
And only found rest on the rude cross
That pillowed His dying head.

"It is rest to be weary with Jesus,"
Let us whisper the sweet words o'er
Till they sink in our souls' recesses,
To dwell there for evermore.
When the cares of the day are many,
And the hours seem weary and long,
They will bring us strange, sweet comfort,
And make our hearts hopeful and strong.

Devotion to St. Joseph.

While all Catholics regard St. Joseph with respect and a certain degree of affection, the great majority, even among the pious, have not that devotion, at once tender and strong, fervent and steadfast, which the numerous societies and pious exercises established in his honor would seem calculated to inspire. It is his office, rather than himself, that we remember. Personal love has but a small part in the homage paid him. In the opening days of the month dedicated in his honor, it may be useful to inquire into the probable causes of this deficiency.

The first cause is, undoubtedly, the season in which the Festival of St. Joseph occurs. It is not a time for festivity; our pious exercises are as much imbued with the Lenten spirit as we can contrive to foster amid life's daily distractions; and to pay particular attention to any feast looks like voluntarily welcoming a new distraction. Yet St. Joseph's Feast is plainly one of joy, and how can we keep it suitably without disturbing our proper frame of mind? We want to think of our sins and their evil consequences, of our Divine Redeemer and His sufferings, and know not how to blend the image of St. Joseph with either of these engrossing subjects.

The same objection naturally arises with regard to the devoting of March to St. Joseph as his month. They who, either from want of leisure or inclination, give but a short time to daily exercises, wish to devote it to the Passion, or kindred themes; while the more spiritual feel the same prompting with even greater intensity. At any other season St. Joseph's claims would receive more attention. Still, as it is precisely this season and no other that the Church has chosen, this fact alone shows the objection to be groundless. Let us reflect, then, on what her object is in this choice. The reason generally assigned is, that as the great majority of the faithful have but little time throughout the rest of the year for special devotions, most honor is secured to St. Joseph by placing him before them during Lent, and that preachers have then better opportunities than at any other time for weaving the subject into practical instructions and impressive discourses.

This reason, though happily conceived, does not meet the objection. For, in the first place, it would be much easier for both preacher and congregation to honor St. Joseph at Christmastide, since he was associated with the sacred mysteries of Bethlehem; and, secondly, the multitude are not more specially devout to him than the few, as is shown by the limited observance of the Month of St. Joseph.

Another cause for reluctance to observe this particular devotion is found in our inability to connect St. Joseph with the Passion of our Lord. We never lose sight of the fact that he was dead before this time, that he was not associated even with our Lord's public life, that he belongs only to Bethlehem, Egypt and Nazareth. May it not be in order to combat this very inability that the Church has chosen this apparently inopportune season? Our thoughts are superficial, our impulses materialistic, even in the most holy matters. We want, following the bent of the nineteenth century, to have everything arranged with precision, to cut and trim and clip and fit in, with most irreproachable exactness. St. Joseph was not alive at the time of our Lord's Passion, *therefore* he has no association with it, and one cannot, except by doing great violence to one's feelings, connect him therewith.

With God all times are present time, and the Church strives to train her children and His to disregard the artificial divisions of time in religious matters. When we come with the Wise Men to adore the new-born Infant, she bids us also adore Him baptized by John the Baptist, and again working His first public miracle at the marriage-feast of Cana. How often does the joyous Feast of the Annunciation blend (interfere, as we would say) with the solemn mysteries of Passion or Holy Week! To how many is not the Mass of Holy Saturday in some sense unmeaning, forcing them to anticipate the triumph of Easter morning, when they wish not to think of

till the *third day?* Thus the Church overthrows our reckonings, confounds our set systems, and shows us that the mysteries of a higher life are not to be gauged and measured by earthly rules. May we not take a hint therefrom for our guidance in respect to St. Joseph?

Father Faber says, for the comfort of those who would rather meditate on Bethlehem than on Calvary, that as the Cross was equally in both it is a safe devotion. And, in effect, who can think of the Nativity without thinking also, though perhaps unconsciously, of the Crucifixion? Not for an instant do we forget that the Infant we are contemplating is born to "save His people from their sins." Let us remember that this was foretold to Joseph as well as to Mary; to him was said by the angelic messenger: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins." As this was told to the chosen Virgin "before He was conceived in the womb," so it was equally made known to St. Joseph with the first intelligence of that great mystery. The Church teaches us, in commemorating the third sorrow and joy of St. Joseph, that the most Precious Blood which the Child-Redeemer shed in the Circumcision struck death into his heart, but the Name of Jesus revived it, and filled it full of joy; and in the fourth, that if Simeon's prophecy of that which Jesus and Mary were to endure caused him a mortal pang, it filled him also with joy to consider the salvation and glorious resurrection of innumerable souls which it was at the same time foretold would thence proceed. We thus see how closely identified with the mysteries of Redemption St. Joseph is in the eyes of faith. Patriarchs and prophets had been enlightened as to how the world should be redeemed; can we imagine that he who was holier, greater, more favored than them all, was ignorant of the sad scenes which Calvary was to witness? And if the very heart's blood of Isaias seems poured into his pathetic description of those sufferings, oh, what must the heart of Joseph have felt in his far more vivid foresight! The Blessed Virgin is called the Queen of Martyrs, and the sword is said to have pierced her heart, though no material weapon wounded, nor persecutor assailed her even by a menace. Surely we should compel ourselves to learn by this teaching of faith that bodily sufferings are not to be compared in intensity with the sufferings of which the mind, the heart and the soul are capable. Our Lord illustrated for us this great truth, which our gross nature is so slow to receive, by the Agony in the Garden, which, from purely spiritual causes, produced such mysterious effects on His Flesh and Blood.

We may likewise remember in this connection that we are taught that one drop of the Precious Blood would have sufficed to redeem a thousand worlds. St. Joseph witnessed the first shedding of that life-giving stream at the Circumcision: who shall say that it was not then given him to behold all the mysteries of the Passion and Death, which many saints have been enabled to behold as though really being enacted before their eyes? Louise Lateau is a striking illustration of this in our own day, her interior agonies in the contemplation being accompanied by the physical sufferings which her spiritual vision is beholding. Neither should we forget that St. Catharine of Sienna was pierced with the Five Wounds, and suffered the most fearful pain therefrom, though no exterior mark of them was to be seen. As such favors as these, terrible though they seem to us faint-hearted Christians, are the choicest gifts of God to His greatest saints, we may well doubt if our Lady and St. Joseph did not share in them in the highest degree.

Could we once begin to associate the thought of St. Joseph with the Passion of our Blessed Lord, instead of confining it to His Childhood and Hidden Life, it would inevitably increase our compassion for those sacred sufferings, as well as our devotion to the tender Foster-Father. It would round out and fill that devotion to the Holy Family which seems in a certain degree rendered incomplete by the disappearance of St. Joseph before this most eventful epoch in its history. More than all, it would enable many to meditate understandingly on the mysteries which Lent presents to our contemplation. Even Father Faber rebukes the "fastidiousness" of those who shrink from contemplating the "physical atrocities" of the Passion; but a St. Teresa has told us that a sensitive person cannot endure to be always thinking of them, and a St. Francis of Sales advises that those to whom they are a subject of temptation should content themselves with thinking of them collectively, and making a general act of faith

in what the Church teaches of those dread sufferings, without endeavoring to picture each stage of the Passion. Now, people whose sensitiveness cannot bear this pain form a large class, and to some the Passion is a source of indignation, rather than sorrow, filling them with rage against the deicides instead of compassion for the meek Lamb of Calvary. It would seem, therefore, that both these classes might very safely give a large portion of their Lenten devotion to St. Joseph, striving to join in his compassion for the Mother and the Son. They could not lose; they would probably gain much; and if dissatisfied with their coldness in past months of St. Joseph, here is a means of becoming devout to him whom the Church wishes to be honored at this very season.

Mozley's Reminiscences.*

Oswald Keatinge, D. C. L., in The Catholic World.

Mr. Mozley's work reminds us of a cosy, comfortable after-dinner talk "across the walnuts and the wine." But sometimes there are sentiments uttered under these circumstances that have an enduring effect. Of course it depends on the speaker, for "the lips of the wise disperse knowledge" *whenever* they give utterance. So Mr. Mozley says much that merits careful attention; and our object in this paper will be to point out those subjects which seem wholly to have escaped the notice of his reviewers, numerous as they have been.

We trust we are not uncharitable in supposing, after a careful perusal of his volumes, that their object was "to make a clean breast of it." There is a time in a man's life when he can *afford* to cry *peccavi*. Vanity and self-conceit are overshadowed by the great coming event which dwarfs all earthly things. He feels a sublime indifference to the world's censure, and speaks out fearlessly. We imagine Mr. Mozley to have reached this stage. He must have felt through the long lapse of years since he shook hands with those dear friends who went their way, sacrificing all for Jesus, some misgivings, some inward questionings,—must at any rate have often asked himself, "Were they right or wrong?" He seems to have resolved that they *were* right, or at least that they were *not wrong*. Then how about his own position? Was there anything to be said in condonation or defence of many who, like himself, had gone to the very verge, and there halted? Various reasons might be alleged by others, but he prefers to give his own. For *this* he merits thanks, because among all the puzzles of the age this position is the most puzzling, and, in the absence of any other more intelligible solution, we have been tempted to think it is the old story, "Video meliora proboque, sed deteriora sequor."

All Mr. Mozley's reviewers seem equally at sea respecting the movement he attempts to describe. Its causes and results are enigmas, principally, we opine, because they are regarded as purely *human*. We incline rather to look upon the whole thing as *supernatural*. As Cardinal Manning said over the coffin of Frederick Oakeley, "these were events not from men nor of men, but from the Holy Ghost." If this is not so, surely some similar phenomenon might be expected at other times. Surely, amid the conflicting opinions of men, some giant intellects might arise to weld these warring ideas into a whole, whose force would be such as to act like a battering-ram against the shams and refuges of lies that abound on all sides. There are men living quite as highly gifted as the leaders of the Oxford movement —men who have striven to effect the same thing, to create new ideas, to give men a nobler ambition and aim; and yet their efforts have failed. They have lived to confess the failure, and to know that these grand results are not attained by purely human means.

We owe a duty to the reader, who possibly may not have sufficient leisure to read these volumes through, to set forth their salient points, and, as far as we are able, point out their errors. The characters sketched present varying phases of interest. They were all more or less connected with the movement, and it is curious to note its different effects upon each. Mr. Mozley does not attempt to account for the *origin* of the movement. The Evangelicals always attribute it to the *Tracts for the Times*. But what effect would these somewhat jejune treatises have had if the public mind had not been already prepared to receive them? They were fruitful seeds because the

* *Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.* By the Rev. T. Mozley, M. A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, etc. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

soil was ready for their reception. It is really most difficult to say *how* this preparedness originated. But it is certain that at this period men's minds had become tired of the formal and lifeless position of the Church of England. There was a pervading *heart-hunger* among men who asked their spiritual guides for bread, only to receive *a stone*. There was a growing and deepening conviction that there must be *somewhere* a guide to the attainment of that higher aim of humanity—the life of God in the soul of man. It was not to be had in the church. No soul-life flourished *there!* The Methodist sought it in his way, and the Presbyterian in his way, but all seemed unanimous that it was not in the Church of England, but that yet it existed *somewhere*, and might be found. This induced men to receive readily anything that promised the least ray of light; and this spiritual disquietude was the first parting of the clouds preparatory to the full breaking of the day.

The picture of Oxford, and of the Church of England generally, at this period ought to be carefully studied by those who affect to believe, like Matthew Arnold, that the whole movement was an abortive failure, and, as he puts it, "wanting lucidity." Mr. Mozley presents us with some graphic and amusing sketches on the subject. The camp was divided then into High and Low. The High-Churchman had some sense of duty. He visited the sick; he made himself agreeable; he believed that as a parish priest he had work to do, and he did it, so far as it did not interfere with his personal convenience and taste. The Low-Churchman ignored the poor. He lived in his snug vicarage, went up to London to the May meetings, preached sermons no one understood, and went on from day to day in a quiet, humdrum manner, never thinking of the souls of his parishioners, except as utterly beyond his reach. As for *the people*, let any one acquainted with the rural districts of England say if they are not even now really half barbarous. The man who proposed to "'eave 'alf a brick" at the new curate is not an exceptional monster. It is astonishing how long the peasant will go to church and yet remain wholly ignorant of the very rudiments of Christian doctrine. His sentiments about the hebdomadal sermon are much like those of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer":

"I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor my Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock* ower my yeäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an' I comed awaäy."

The result everywhere was practical heathenism. The abominable immorality which more stringent laws now coerce within the bounds of decency walked unblushing through the land. The owners of "smug parsonages" cared nothing for the hovels where the members of a large family were crowded together without the least regard to decency. It is only within very recent times—thirty years at most—that this plague-spot in the land has won the attention of the rich. The peer housed his horses and dogs far better than he did his tenants. And the parish church!—who can forget the dismal barns that then obtained, and the equally dismal services? The series of etchings got up by a well-known Oxford publisher representing the churches before the Oxford movement were in no particular exaggerated.† It was believed to be the house of God, but there was no evidence of this belief in the conduct of the worshippers. The font was a convenient receptacle for hats; the charwoman stored her mop and pail under the communion-table. It required a vestry vote to get the surplice washed periodically, and everything about the building betokened neglect and decay. The vestry was a little more comfortable; so also my lord's pew, made, suitably high and curtained to keep out inquisitive eyes. If you opened a cupboard in the vestry you might find an empty wine-bottle and glasses, for the vicar needed support under the burden of the service. A gentleman troubled in mind once went (and it is not five years ago) to the vestry of St. Sepulchre's Church, High Holborn, to consult the vicar, and, as his hand was on the door-knob, heard a jovial voice exclaim: "Do you like it fruity or dry?"

Even regarding the Communion from the Evangelical point of view, the most shameful desecration was common. In a church at the West End of London the writer saw the pew-opener regularly take away the remains of the consecrated elements in a piece of paper, say-

* A cockchafer.

† *Reformation and Deformation.* Mowbray, Oxford.

ing "it was so nice for the fowls." The unconsumed wine in the chalice was poured back into a black bottle, which bottle was duly uncorked by the vicar before the service began, *at the table,* lest the crust should be disturbed. The Sunday was a day of torture to the young and of dismal *ennui* to the old. The idea of God was that of a heartless tyrant, who had exacted the last drop of his Son's blood as the price of human pardon, and was only kept from destroying the world by that Son's intercession. Calvinism among Dissenters produced Antinomianism—as the Article of the Church of England defined it, "recklessness of most unclean living."

This picture could be deepened tenfold. The nation was divided into two classes, the intellectual unbelievers and the practical unbelievers—those who knew the better but did the worse, and those who did the worst without knowing the better. As John Wesley described it in fitting terms, "godless licentiousness, mammon-worship, and brutal ignorance." Now, with such unpromising material to work upon, the leaders of the Oxford movement must have felt that their design was of God, for any merely human effort could never cope with it. And those who deny that that movement has wrought good ignore the condition of England for the last half-century —say in 1820—and what it is now. The change is marvellous, and it is due, first, to the Oxford movement; second, to the impetus that movement gave to the church, *up* to that time doing her work fearfully and in secret, and which *from* that time came forth boldly to the world, and has ever since gone forth conquering and to conquer. We hope this is a convincing answer to the *Spectator,* the *Nation,* and other critics who wholly misapprehend the significance of the movement.

In reviewing a thousand pages replete every one with more or less of interest we feel somewhat embarrassed in our choice. Perhaps, therefore, we had better deal with the three parts into which Mr. Mozley's work, like an orthodox sermon, divides itself: I, What he says of other people connected with the movement. II, What he says of John Henry Newman, its real founder. III, What he says of himself.

Under the first head we can only make a few remarks. The greater part of the first volume is taken up with reminiscences of persons who, except the Wilberforces, the Froudes, Arnold, Keble, Pusey, Ward, and Oakeley, have no interest at this time of day. The first person we meet is the rather sinister figure of Blanco White. He was an apostate priest, and received his degree of M. A. by royal patent. Whatever induced his change of views, it certainly did not make him happy. A man who has cast himself loose from the Eternal Rock into the open sea must feel some misgiving as to his safety. We do not wonder that "he painfully relates he could not bless a child or utter a short prayer without the instant recurrence of the question, 'Is there a God, and does this mean anything?'" (Vol. I, p. 57.) Incapable of enjoying anything, always disquieted and suspicious, life presented to him no charm. He drifted farther and farther into the dreary wilds of scepticism—a remarkable instance that, whatever else it brings, apostasy does not bring peace of mind, nor even intellectual satisfaction. Blanco White is much cited by rationalists and modern sceptics as an *honest* unbeliever—one who is like

> "An infant crying in the night,
> And with no language but a cry."

We sympathize with such. To all men the perception of truth is not given. But could Blanco White plead *ignorance?* Assuredly not.

Mr. Mozley says very little of Keble; yet the Archbishop of Canterbury is quite correct in saying that "his poetry did for Anglicanism all that Cowper and Charles Wesley had done for Evangelicalism." The power of a stirring song to weld the hearts of a nation in one common bond is well known. Probably the power of the Reformation lay in Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg," as that of the French Revolution did in the "Marseillaise." They had and have a magic power to stir the wildest impulses of a mob. But in the history of the lyre was it ever known that stanzas so simple, so devoted to the pure and beautiful, as the *Christian Year* should have had such an effect? It became in its author's lifetime, as Newman says, "one of the classics of the language." It opened up to men a new fact which Protestantism had always doubted and often denied—namely, that the cultivation of the divine life was possible even to a benighted papist. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Living,* had essayed to do this in prose; but for one

reader who is acquainted with his magnificent composition a thousand have read the *Christian Year.* It is poetry which, besides great felicity of diction and remarkable aptness of imagery, has a chastened and unearthly aspect about it. You seem to have come out of the glare and bustle of life into the cool quiet of some sanctuary whose stillness falls on the perturbed spirit softer than "tired eyelids upon tired eyes." You feel that holiness has a charm, an attractiveness; that the *something* that draws you to the flowers, the birds, childhood—all nature's most beloved things:

> "The delight of hearts that know no guile,
> Who all around see all things bright
> With their own magic smile"

—is akin and a part of the *something* that makes your soul yearn for nobler things, the full fruition of its desires, the final accomplishment of its hopes. It is a spotlessly pure book, though it has many literary defects and once had many doctrinal. In the *Apologia* we are told about the famous line on the Eucharist. This used to run:

> "Oh! come to our communion feast
> Here, present in the heart,
> *Not in the hand*, the Eternal Priest
> Will his true self impart."

On his death-bed Keble consented to have the third line altered, and it is now printed, "*as* in the hand," etc. Mr. Mozley tells us that he consented with difficulty.

The Wilberforces are a most interesting group—the lamented Isaac, and his brother Henry, and last, but not least, Samuel. Unhappily, the latter does not gain in our esteem as we read the little that is said of him here. He always had the reputation for—how shall we put it?—slipperiness: a sort of intellectual *wriggling* which in a man of perfectly upright character was hard to understand. It won for him the sobriquet "*Soapy Sam.*" His biographer labors hard to clear him of the imputation. If the bishop ever had any leaning toward Rome, as so many at one time thought, it was wholly removed on the conversion of his son-in-law, Mr. Prebendary Pye. We heard him, only a short time before his melancholy death, express himself with great bitterness about "Romanism," quoting the passage, "Of this sort are they who creep into houses and lead captive silly women." We fear he was thinking of his daughter. But withal he was a most genial man to talk to. His ready wit is well known. The last time we saw him he presided at a Workingmen's Congress at Southampton, and the Dissenters had kindly lent the seats from their chapel for the occasion, which drew from the bishop the remark that he was glad to see that, though the Nonconformists objected to his ceremonies, they had lent him their forms.

Mr. Mozley quotes the time-honored maxim, "*De Mortuis,*" etc., but he has quite forgotten to apply it in dealing with the late Dr. Ward. We have pleasure in stating that the first misgiving that ever troubled our mind respecting the Anglican Church was after reading his *Ideal of a Christian Church.* We rose from its perusal with this reflection: If this is a correct ideal, then the Church of England does not respond to it. We never met Dr. Ward; but others who knew him at St. Edmund's College have described him far otherwise than Mr. Mozley. He says: "It was otherwise with Ward. I did but touch a filament or two in one of his monstrous cobwebs, and off ran he instantly to Newman to complain of my gratuitous impertinence. Many years after I was forcibly reminded of him by a pretty group of a plump little Cupid flying to his mother to show a wasp-sting he had just received." Any one unacquainted with Ward would conclude from this extract that he was self-conceited and petulant. Archbishop Tait, who knew him quite as well as Mr. Mozley, is of a different opinion. Moreover, the petty smartness shown in the allusion to poor Ward's *embonpoint,* by the image of a *plump* Cupid, is too insignificant to excite a smile.

And who would recognize Frederick Oakeley from the portrait here given?

"Oakeley was very impressible and impulsive. Years before the movement, a clever but cynical Oriel friend described him as so impressed by worship and devotion that if he should come upon a temple filled with a multitude prostrate before an idol he would throw himself down amongst them. Nobody cared less for himself. He spent his life eventually serving a poor congregation, chiefly Irish, in the not very attractive region of Islington. He might be seen limping about the streets of London—for he was very lame—a misshapen fabric of bare bones upon which hung some very shabby canonicals. Yet his eye was bright, and his voice, though sorrowful, was kind, and he was always glad to greet an old friend. He could sometimes be induced to dine quietly at Lambeth and talk over old days with the primate. There was always something aristocratic even in the wreck." (Vol. II, pp. 4, 5.)

There is just enough truth in this to make it pass muster, but not to redeem it from the charge of ungenerous misrepresentation. If no man is to be counted happy till he is dead, then we are sure Frederick Oakeley was a happy man. Our acquaintance with him was slight. At an evening party of *literati* this genial priest was able to fill all the young men in the room with jealousy by the engrossing nature of his conversation. The author of *A Gentle Remonstrance* * reminded us of Oakeley when he recently said: "Provided I feel my salvation is sure, I could joyfully clean shoes in the City Hall Square." And yet this man was brilliant in society, and with reasonable expectations of high preferment, and possessing considerable property. So Frederick Oakeley used to say (and be it remembered that the prejudice against converts fifty years ago was far greater than at present): "I once got to my last five shillings, and I at once said the Rosary in thanksgiving; for now, I thought, the Blessed Virgin will show that she loves me." And, true enough, an anonymous letter came that evening, with fourpence to pay for extra postage, containing a bank-note for fifty pounds. His solace when depressed was music; and he was so proficient, had such a just appreciation of the "concord of sweet sounds," that he might have risen to eminence as a composer. No mean judge—Mr. Gladstone—thus speaks of him in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1874: "Mr. Oakeley united to a fine musical taste a much finer and much rarer gift in discerning and expressing the harmony between the inward purposes of Christian worship and its outward investiture." Shakspere rightly judged that a man can have no juster tribute to his worth than the tears of the poor wept upon him. And those who were present on that bleak January morning, 1880, when Frederick Oakeley lay in the peace of death before the altar at which he had ministered so long, can never forget the audible sobs of the warm-hearted Irish who crowded the church to overflowing, nor the pathos of his old friend's voice as, with pale, grief-stricken countenance, he pronounced these words:

"He was a true disciple of Jesus Christ in all the fulness of the word—loving, holy, harmless, self-denying, laborious in his Master's service. He was a true Catholic in all the fulness of the word. He was a true priest, penetrated by the sacerdotal unction from head to foot. He was a true pastor laboring for souls. He was a kind and loving friend. None that ever approached him could forget his loving, kindly, gentle, cheerful, playful, sweet tone of voice and aspect and countenance, and the maturity of his thought and the wisdom of his words,—none who ever approached him could forget these things, least of all his spiritual children. In such a life there was much to learn, but he possessed in an especial manner two marks which were wrought in him by the Holy Ghost—the gift of piety and the gift of fortitude. Frederick Oakeley possessed piety—not the piety of emotion, not the piety of fancy, not the piety of worldly fashion, that squanders itself in words, but a piety deep, simple, touching, primitive, and natural; and that piety was portrayed in a wonderful manner in the multitude of his works and writings. He possessed fortitude, that fortitude which St. Bonaventure refers to as 'the daily martyrdom of private life'; a fortitude which enabled him to endure with resignation and joy those trials which, hidden from the eyes of man, were known only to God." *

To this sufficient testimony let us add one anecdote. We have ever associated with this genial man of God the grand old maxim, "A word spoken *in due season*, how good is it!" At a time when the perplexed mind weighed every word, we were saying "Good-by" to him at the door of his rectory in Duncan Terrace. It had a small grass-plot in front of the window, about the size of a handkerchief, which, under *very* favorable circumstances, managed to grow two, or even three, dandelions. It was all his garden. As we stood there, two fat sparrows hopped up to his feet. "This is Johnny, and this is Billy," said he; "excuse me a minute!" And he went into the house, returning with some bread. "These sparrows," said he, "must look on me as their Providence, for I have fed them every morning for months. After all, my dear friend, '*ye* are of more value than many sparrows.'"

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

* *A Gentle Remonstrance.* By the Rev. A. J. D. Bradley, S. J.

* *Funeral Sermon on the Death of the Very Rev. Frederick Oakeley, M.A.* By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

PEOPLE, in proportion as they are bent on their own indulgence, are severely critical of others' coming to share it; and many a man whose life is by no means that of the Church's Calendar becomes, for the nonce, a very Cato on what he considers an incongruous amusement in the case of his neighbor.—*F. Anderdon, S. J.*

A Mysterious Summons.

On the night of the 2d of January, 18—, a strange old man appeared at the house of a priest in B——, asking him to come at once to a dying bed, at the same time giving the address. The priest hesitated. It was late at night. The old man was unknown to him; the street had a bad name. Might it not be a plot? The priest still hesitated; but the old man only begged him more earnestly to come at once. "You must come without delay. It is to give the last Sacraments to a poor old woman who is in her last agony."

A sacred duty was concerned: the priest hesitated no longer, but hurriedly dressed himself, and followed the messenger. The night was freezingly cold, but the old man did not seem to notice it. He went first, saying, to reassure the priest, "I will meet you at the door."

The door before which they stopped was that of one of the worst houses in that part of the city, and the priest, who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, felt afraid for a moment; but remembering that our Lord came to save sinners, and at a sign from his guide, who now stood at his side, he rang the bell. No answer came. He knocked several times, but all was silent. The priest then said to the old man, in a low voice: "You see it is useless; they won't open the door."

"Let me knock," replied the mysterious stranger, coming forward, while the priest went back a step or two; "and as soon as the door opens, go in as quick as you can, ascend the stairs, and at the end of the landing open a room door; there you will find the dying woman."

These words were spoken with such authority that the listener could make no objection. The old man knocked in a mysterious manner; the door opened at once; and the priest, without hesitating this time, went in, climbed the stairs, opened the room door indicated, and found himself at the bedside of a suffering woman, who was calling out in an agony of grief: "A priest! a priest! They are going to let me die without a priest."

The minister of God drew near. "My child, I am a priest."

But she would not believe it. "No!" she cried; "nobody in this house would ever fetch the priest."

"My child, an old man called me to come to you."

"I know no old man," replied the dying woman.

At last, however, the priest succeeded in convincing her that he was really the minister of God's mercy whom she longed for, and offered her the Last Sacraments. She accused herself of all that lay so heavily on her conscience—the sins of a long life—and evinced such deep contrition that the priest, astonished to find such lively faith in a soul so completely cut off from God, asked her if she had not always kept up some form of prayer.

"None," she said, "except one 'Hail Mary,' which I said every day to St. Joseph to obtain a good death."

The priest prepared everything for administering the last Sacraments, and, while he did so, several people came into the room and went out again without appearing to observe him. He administered the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and did not leave the penitent sinner until, full of peace, she had given up her purified soul. The venerable messenger was nowhere to be seen. The priest reached his own door and entered his house as silently as he had come, meeting no one by the way; but, reflecting on the events of that night, and the happy mission he had accomplished, he felt a conviction that the charitable old man was none other than the glorious and merciful St. Joseph, Patron of a Happy Death!

On Devotion to St. Joseph.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. TERESA.

1. It seems to me as if God grants to other saints the grace to help us in certain needs; but I know by experience that St. Joseph helps us in all.

2. Our Lord permits St. Joseph to help us in all, as if He wished to show that, as on the earth this Saint occupied the place of father to Him, and was so called, in like manner He cannot refuse him anything now in heaven.

3. I know of no one that was truly devoted to St. Joseph, and who showed it in his actions, that did not advance in virtue.

4. Persons that are devoted to prayer should cherish a particular affection for St. Joseph.

5. I do not remember ever to have prayed to St. Joseph without obtaining something from him.

6. The experience of the graces granted me through the intercession of St. Joseph makes me wish that I could persuade everybody to have a special devotion to this great Saint.

7. I do not think that, for several years past, I have asked in vain anything from St. Joseph on his festival day (March 19th).

8. I took the glorious St. Joseph for my patron and intercessor, and recommended myself much to him; I have since found out that on that and on other occasions this great Saint was more prompt and generous in helping me, where my honor and my salvation were at stake, than I would have dared to expect.

9. I cannot think without astonishment of the graces bestowed on me by God through the intercession of St. Joseph, and of the dangers, both of body and soul, from which he has delivered me.

10. Other persons whom I advised to recommend themselves to St. Joseph have experienced, as I have, that he helps us in all our needs; every day I am becoming more and more convinced of this truth,

11. If there happened to be some imperfection in the assistance that I asked of St. Joseph, he himself removed this defect so as to make the assistance turn to my advantage.

"Lizzie Rose."

RELEASED, FEBRUARY 12, 1883.

HE gave her a conflict strong,
That she might overcome;
He gave her a combat fierce and long,—
The crown of her martyrdom.

But peace hath come at the end,
Sweet peace and heav'nly rest;
And the words we breathe o'er thy bier, dear friend,
Are the words of the writer blest:

Thanks to our God e'er be—
(Who giveth the just reward)
For He hath given her victory,
Through Christ, our gracious Lord!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Catholic Notes.

Every Christian who would make himself worthy of the name should meditate occasionally on the sufferings and death of our Divine Redeemer. The whole life of our Lord is so full of loving condescension for the creatures He came to redeem that no one with a heart can contemplate any portion of it without being affected. A God becoming incarnate in the womb of a virgin through love for us—a God condescending to be born in a stable, in winter, to teach us humility and contentment in poverty and suffering—a God of infinite purity submitting to the painful ordeal of circumcision, to teach us obedience to the law—a God, through the great love He bore His creatures, leading for thirty-three years a life of poverty, of suffering, of labor, of self-denial, travelling on foot throughout Judea, teaching and preaching by word and example, with not a place whereon to lay His head, while at the same time manifesting His divine power by curing the sick, raising the dead to life, and casting out devils—this God become man through love for us, for each one of us, finally offers Himself a willing sacrifice on the cross for the sins of the world! Men are affected to tears by the story of a Damon and Pythias, but what was the friendship and love of these men to that borne *us* by the Saviour of the world? Who can behold our Lord in His agony in the garden without being affected at the sight! He who had raised the dead to life in an agony, sweating blood, shedding tears for the sins of the world He came to save, bowed to the earth in prayer—not for Himself: He needed it not—but for us, His wayward creatures, His brethren by adoption. The culminating act of this life of love—of divine love—is still more affecting when we come to the way of the cross preceding the crucifixion on Calvary. Scourged, crowned with thorns, buffeted and spit upon, the Divine Victim of love carries the heavy weight of the Cross through the streets of Jerusalem and up the heights of Calvary,—and all this through the love He bore us. Crucified, He dies for us; His feet are nailed to await our coming; His head is bowed to give us the kiss of peace; His Heart is opened to receive us; His arms extended to embrace us. Approach, Christian, and kiss the feet of your Saviour, your Brother, for He condescended to adopt men as His brethren. During this holy season of Lent, devoted especially to the contemplation of the Passion of our Lord, accompany Him often in spirit, in company with His Blessed Mother, on the dolorous Way of the Cross.

Few books published during the past year have excited greater interest or secured a larger num-

ber of readers than the Rev. Mr. Mozley's "Reminiscences, Chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement." Wherever this remarkable movement has been heard of, the greatest eagerness has always been manifested to learn more of its leaders, and particularly of its illustrious founder, John Henry (now Cardinal) Newman. Mr. Mozley's work contains much that is new, hence the unusual interest which attaches to it. We have read many reviews of these lively volumes, but by far the ablest and most satisfactory in every respect is that from the pen of Mr. Oswald Keatinge, D. C. L., which appeared in a recent number of *The Catholic World.* We have decided to reproduce it entire, for the benefit of those of our readers who are not subscribers to that excellent magazine. The first half of the article appears in our present issue, and the sequel will be given next week.

We were not aware that Mr. Keatinge was in this country till we saw an announcement of a lecture to be delivered by him before the Xavier Union of New York. We hope to hear of him often as a writer and speaker. Whatever comes from his lips or pen is sure to be solid, full of interest, and serviceable.

An interesting item is appearing in our exchanges to the effect that once when a future Archbishop of Baltimore (Most Rev. Dr. Marechal) visited the home of the first President of the United States he saw "a full-length painting of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of his bed." And Washington is reported to have remarked on it: "I cannot honor the Son without venerating the Mother." We do not know what authority there is for this statement: we repeat it for what it may be worth. It would certainly be noteworthy if the Father of the Country of Mary Immaculate had a devotion to her.

Mgr. Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, took occasion of a recent reception of the clergy to communicate the good news that the cause of the beatification of the Venerable Canon of Rheims, John Baptist de La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, has advanced another point; the Holy Father, having examined the processes of the ordinaries relative to the miracles performed through the intercession of the venerable servant of God, has decided that there was reason to conider them sufficiently proved, and that the process might continue.

The venerable Father St. Cyr, well known throughout the West, departed this life at the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Carondolet, Mo., on the 21st ult. He was the first resident priest in Chicago, and built the first church there in 1833. The future great Metropolis of the West was then only a frontier town, though its present Catholic population is about 250,000. For some years past Father St. Cyr has been in infirm health, and blind.

May he rest in peace!

Cardinal Hassoun has bought ground in Rome with a view to the erection of a seminary for the education of Armenian candidates for the priesthood.

There are twenty-nine Catholic peers who have seats in the English House of Lords; four Privy Councillors; and forty-seven Baronets, the premier being the "infant" Sir Henry Alfred Doughty Tichborne, and the last in rank Sir Maurice O'Connell.

It is estimated that the Catholic schools of Baltimore save the State $350,000 a year.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, is a keen observer of man and things, and the impressions of few travellers are more worthy of being made public. Whatever he has been pleased to say anent his recent visit to the Old World is not only worth hearing, but deserving of remembrance. Many people have the idea that the bond of Catholic faith is so weakened in Europe as to be ready to sever; but Bishop Gilmour is far from sharing such an opinion. "Wherever I went," he is reported to have said, "I found the faith strong and vigorous. It is a mistake to think that the Catholic faith or the Christian religion is giving way. There is more closing up, shoulder to shoulder, to meet the enemy, but no weakening. We have been told that in Italy, France and Ireland religion is giving way. Such a statement is not true, or I have not observed correctly. There is more faith in the world than we give it credit for; there is a breaking down of differences and prejudices. Priests recognize this and are encouraged. I have been struck, in my sojourn, by the kindly feeling exhibited toward the Catholic faith. This very evening a statement as to this feeling was made to me on the cars by a clergyman other than a Catholic, who also congratulated me on Catholic unity."

Prof. Alexander Dimitry, whose death occurred recently in New Orleans at the advanced age of 78, was at one time United States Minister to Central America, and held at different times other important Government posts. He was a man of vast and varied learning. A few days before his death he had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments and died peacefully.

May he rest in peace!

Hon. R. S. Sewall, President of the Maine Historical Society, states that there is abundant evidence of the existence of Irish settlements in that State years before the pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. These early settlements are claimed to be of Protestant origin ; but there was a Spanish fortified colony (Catholic, of course,) on the Permaquid River, west side of Permaquid Point, somewhere between the years 1565 and 1588. It was abandoned in 1602. A few years since a farmer, ploughing near Castine, Me., turned up a leaden plate and threw it aside. Having a use for it sometime afterwards he hunted it up, and was surprised to see letters on it. The inscription was soon made out by an historical student in the vicinity: "On the 8th of June, 1648, I, Friar Leo, of Paris, Capuchin missionary, laid this corner-stone in honor of Our Lady of Holy Hope." By this sweet title did Mary take formal possession of New England more than two centuries and a quarter ago. Dr. John Gilmary Shea says there was a colony of Dominican monks in Virginia one hundred and fifty years before Plymouth Rock was discovered.

A private letter from a reverend friend in Pittsburgh announces the death of the Rev. Thomas J. Howley, pastor of Kittanning, Pa., which occurred on the night of the 16th ult. His death was caused by pulmonary consumption, after a lingering illness of several months. He continued to exercise the duties of the sacred ministry long after he was unable to do so, and it may truly be said of him that he spent himself and was spent for the good of his people. He was born of Irish parents at Scranton, finished his studies at the diocesan seminary in Pittsburgh, and was ordained about nine years ago. He was first an assistant at St. Mary's Church in that city, a charge which ill health soon forced him to resign. Subsequently he attended the arduous mission of Washington, Pa. In December, 1878, he was appointed pastor of Kittanning, where he died. In the death of Father Howley the diocese of Pittsburgh has lost a most worthy and efficient priest.

May he rest in peace !

New Publications.

A Memorial of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Comprising a Short Biographical Sketch of the Jesuit Missions in New York, and a Description of the New Church. New York : College of St. Francis Xavier, W. 16th St. 1882.

This is a neatly printed *brochure* of 84 pages, in stiff paper cover, the first page of the latter being covered with an appropriate design specially engraved for it. The body of the work is embellished with 19 engravings, including portraits of six of the early rectors of St. Francis Xavier's.

The account given of the early missions is interesting. It is only a short time since we published in The "Ave Maria" a sketch of the Life of Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., who in his missionary career visited the Dutch settlement at New Amsterdam, now the city of New York, and was the first to administer there the Sacraments of the Church. Having effected his escape from the Mohawk Indians, from whom he suffered excruciating tortures, and was many times threatened with death, Father Jogues fled to New Amsterdam, where he was received with open arms by Governor Kieff and the Dutch settlers, who paid 100 gold pieces for his ransom, gave him an ovation, furnishing him with food and clothing and the necessary expenses for his return to Europe. Father Jogues found only two Catholics in the Dutch settlement,—this was in 1643,—a Portuguese woman, and a young Irishman who went to confession to the missionary. The city of New York now contains a Catholic population estimated at 600,000 souls ! The Church of St. Francis Xavier, to judge from the description given of it in the pamphlet before us, must be one of the finest in the city.

——A large 8-page paper, called *St. Mary's Messenger*, is published annually in the interests of St. Mary's Union, an association organized for the support of orphans in the Diocese of Trenton. Through the columns of the *Messenger* the members of the Union are kept informed of the progress of their work, and the inestimable benefits which their alms are conferring on the helpless little ones, of whom our Divine Saviour said, "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (St. Matt., xxv, 40.) The funds received from the Union go the support of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum and Industrial School, situated in the suburbs of the city of New Brunswick, N. J., where, as much as possible, the comforts of home are afforded to destitute children. The institution is in charge of those Angels of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity, whose self-sacrificing labors are too well known to need words of praise.

——"If I Were a King" is the title of an admirable drama, in four acts, for male characters, just published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., of Notre Dame University. It was written expressly for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society of that institution by a member of the College Faculty, and will be found a useful addition to the scanty repertory of college plays. The composition is calculated to amuse and at the same time elevate the mind. The plot, though simple, abounds in incidents, and is not devoid of passages capable of grand effect. Price, 50 cents.

Youth's Department.

St. Joseph's Lily.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

SHE chose for her own wee garden
The corner that farthest lay
From the merry babble and laughter
Of the croqueteers at play.
Away in the farthest corner
She chose one tiny bed,
And she fenced it round with boxwood,
And "This is my own," she said.

She sowed pink Pride of London
And blue Forget-me-not,
With many a pretty flower
Whose name I have forgot.
But of all her flowers the dearest
Saint Joseph's lily pure,
For she herself is Lillie,
And dear to the Saint, I'm sure.

Alas! the lily faded
Within that garden-bed,
Yet not in vain the maiden
Her smiles had o'er it shed.
St. Joseph now will tend her
With still more loving care:
He will make her heart his garden,
And plant his lily there.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

BERNARDO returned with Fernando to the abbey. He cared for the good child with the solicitude of a tender mother, dressed his wounds, brought him his meals, and, at first, after sitting by his bedside all day long, watched, in turns with his servant, during the night beside the amiable boy. The wounds were soon healed; Fernando grew strong and was completely restored. He often asked for his mother, brothers and sisters, as he still called his aunt and her children. "Alas!" he would often say, tenderly, "why doesn't my dear mother come?" Bernardo answered that the good mother who loved him fondly could not possibly come yet; as soon as she was able, she would come, with all her children, and bring him many pretty things. "Meanwhile, dear Fernando," said he, "I will be mother and father to you." The boy often asked for Pedro also. "He has surely gone mad," said he, "or he would not neglect me so. When he gets back his reason he will certainly come to see me." Bernardo left him in good faith, saying: "Pedro must have been crazy, or he would not have treated you so cruelly; but I think he is already coming to his senses."

Bernardo was accustomed to divert the boy from these reflections, and always observed a strict silence as to his being of noble lineage, and the only heir to great riches and extensive estates. He wished to educate him very simply, reflecting as he did that the hope of being a nobleman might make the child idle and vain, and spoil all the fruit of a good education. And thus the boy, little by little, began to forget his former abode, and the recollection of his earlier home and its surroundings gradually dimmed. His present foster-father, to whom he now clung with the tender, earnest love of a childlike heart, became all in all to him. As Bernardo was accustomed to call him "son," so Fernando always called him "father," and it did not enter his mind to inquire whether he ever had another father. The people of the neighboring country for a long time knew nothing of the boy whom the monk had brought home; and it was nearly a year before they even learned of his being there. But as they were of opinion that Bernardo had been a distinguished nobleman, and, out of grief for the early demise of his consort, had settled in the abbey—the monument in the myrtle grove seeming to prove this clearly—they were naturally convinced that the sweet and beautiful boy was really his son, and had only then been brought to his father's abode.

Bernardo made it his most important concern to educate Fernando well. He instructed him in his religion, and spoke to him of God. He began by relating episodes from sacred history, which were fitted to his age

and understanding. But what was the joy of the pious old man when he found that the boy already knew the history of the creation, of the patriarchs, and many of the subsequent relations, and could relate them with great correctness! Bernardo had, therefore, only to continue the instruction where the good foster-mother had broken off. With equal delight did he remark that the little fellow took great pleasure in observing plants and trees, and could already appreciate in their wonderful growth and varied beauty the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He taught him to distinguish useful plants and weeds, and to know their beneficial qualities; also the names of the stars, directing his attention to their courses. He explained to him how all nature is like a ladder, up which we must mount to God, whom we cannot yet perceive with our senses.

Bernardo was the little fellow's teacher in reading and writing; and he extended his course of instruction according as the boy advanced in age. The pious nobleman was a complete master of German, and as German was much esteemed in Spain on account of the king of Spain being a native of that country, he also taught him to speak and write that language. When he became aware of Fernando's superior talents, he instructed him in Latin, read certain of the old Roman authors with him, and thus transported himself back to his own youthful years. By intercourse with the clear, expanding mind of the boy, so full of thirst for knowledge, Bernardo acquired new vigor. He worked with him in the garden, and took little trips up the mountains, always drawing the boy's attention to the beauties of nature, in which they abounded. He early accustomed Fernando to grace and propriety in his speech, carriage, and general conduct, and had him clothed as was customary with Spaniards of noble birth. Thus trained, Fernando grew up an intelligent and well-bred youth, with a most benevolent heart, perfect form, and native nobility of mien.

Fernando had just reached his fourteenth year when an event occurred which threw a cloud of sorrow over him and his tender-hearted foster-father. Frederick, Bernardo's faithful old servant and friend, who also tenderly loved the young Count, prepared him many enjoyments, and contributed his share towards his education, became dangerously ill. Bernardo never stirred from his bedside, and, as he grew worse day by day, wept over him without ceasing. Fernando, too, would sit at the foot of the bed, the hot tears flowing down his cheeks. The sick man felt, on the contrary, a sweet consolation, and rejoiced in the anticipation of a better life. "We have suffered much together, dear master," said he; "we have learned how worthless are all the world's goods, how vain and transitory all its pleasures. Praised be God! we shall enjoy a real life for all eternity. If God, even here on earth, appears so beautiful, how much more beautiful and glorious must He not be in heaven! Oh, how I rejoice at the thought of beholding Him!"

Bernardo had one of the neighboring shepherds go for a priest who lived many leagues away. The priest came in due time, and the sick man received, with great devotion, the Holy Sacraments of the dying. He gradually became weaker and weaker, and before many days had passed he was in his last agony. Bernardo knelt by the death-bed and prayed aloud, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, whilst Fernando knelt beside him, praying and weeping with him. After the faithful soul had departed, they both remained all night in the chamber of death, keeping watch over the remains. Fernando had never seen a dead person before. "Oh," he exclaimed, "how pale the face looks! There is something awful about death!"

Bernardo made use of the occasion to speak to him about eternal life. "This corpse," said he, "is no longer our dear old friend whom we loved so much. What you see here is only the garment of the soul which he has laid aside. His soul—himself—as he lived virtuously, is with God, in unspeakable happiness. His body, which we are going to confide to the earth, will one day be again united with the spirit. As Jesus Christ arose glorious from the dead, so also will our dead friend Frederick rise again. We, too, shall one day lay aside our bodies, this covering of earth that enfolds us; like him, we have here no abiding place; we also must leave this world. Oh, let us so live, dearest Fernando, that we, too, may go to God! The only thing that can give us joy when we are on our death-bed is true virtue; the only thing that can grieve us then is sin. We will, therefore, by the side

of our friend's remains, promise God that we will always be good and virtuous. Then we may promise ourselves to see him again in heaven."

After the remains of Frederick were confided to their last resting-place, Bernardo felt very lonely in his solitary cell. A hundred times a day did he miss his old friend and servant, his confidential intercourse and willing services. The loss was to him irreparable; he was forced to the conviction that he should never again obtain such a faithful companion and helper, and that he would not be able any longer to continue his lonely life in the abbey. It occurred to him also that it was now time to send Fernando to some high school and introduce him into society. He, therefore, determined to accompany him to the site of a good school, and remain near him as a friend and a guide. He laid aside his monk's habit, and clothed himself again according to his real standing in life; he also had Fernando clad according to his rank, and provided him with everything necessary to appear as a young Spanish noble.

Before Bernardo left the abbey, he established there a religious foundation. This he had secretly designed from the time he had had the chapel restored and the monastery built. The shepherds in the surrounding mountains had no priest in their midst to preach to them the word of God, care for the salvation of their souls, and console them in their sufferings. Their parish church was so far away that they could reach it only at the greatest inconvenience; so that the children and the old people could scarcely go to Mass once a year. Bernardo, therefore, founded a parish for them all their own. The chapel became the parish church, his dwelling the parsonage, and for the future pastor he provided such an income that, relieved of temporal cares, he might devote his life entirely to his holy calling, and still have something wherewith to help the needy. Bernardo remained long enough to see the new pastor installed and presented to his people. On this occasion he gave a feast to the whole parish. The rejoicing of the people was indeed great; but fully as great was the grief when Bernardo, their father, friend and benefactor, a few days after took his leave of them and departed, never to return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Legend of the Flight into Egypt.

"Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt." St. Joseph promptly obeyed the mandate of the angel; and we see the Divine One and the blessed two fleeing through the solemn darkness of the night. The holy Mother is seated upon an ass, with her little Babe tenderly folded to her breast; whilst the gentle foster-father, the kind protector, carefully guides the way. . . . . .

In this wearisome journey of the Holy Family, they came upon a man sowing wheat. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travellers. From the countenance of the Virgin-Mother, or from the earnest eyes of the Child she bore in her arms, a softening gleam of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them, and permitted them to cross his field; and the young Mother, folding her Babe yet more closely to her heart, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by enemies. "And if they come this way," said the sweet, low voice, "and ask if you have seen us—"

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interruption.

"Nay," said the Blessed Mother, with gentle dignity, "that would be falsehood, and a sin. You must only speak the truth. "Say: 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travellers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find his corn had sprung up and ripened in the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned him.

"Yes: I saw the people of whom you speak," said the sower. "They passed here whilst I was sowing this corn."

Then the officers moved on, feeling assured that the persons to whom the sower referred were not the Holy Family, for such fine, ripe corn must have been sown several months previously.

Thus the holy fugitives arrived safely in Egypt; and when the wicked king died miserably in his magnificent palace, the angel again appeared to St. Joseph, bidding him bring Mary and her Babe to Nazareth, their home.—*Ruth O'Connor, in the Irish Monthly.*

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

All communications referring to the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception should be addressed to Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. This Bulletin is entirely under his direction.

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.

The pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity are earnestly requested in favor of the following petitions: Conversion to the Faith for 5 persons and 5 families; change of life for 20 persons; spiritual and temporal favors for 4 communities, 5 families and 32 persons; 1 parochial and 1 select school; recovery of health for 36 persons; recovery of sight for 1 person; employment for 10 persons; success of 4 Novenas; success of an undertaking for 1 person; sale of property for 2 persons; payment of debts for 6 persons; religious vocation for 2 persons; spiritual Director for 1 person; happy death for 16 persons; thanksgiving for favors received for 9 persons; virtue of temperance for 3 persons; particular intentions for several persons, 3 families, and 1 community.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A priest in the far West writes: "One of my parishioners was lately cured of sore eyes after making a novena in honor of the Holy Mother of God, receiving the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, and using the Water of Lourdes. The mother of a very good family asks me to get her some of the holy water, in order to the recovery of her health. My own health, alas, is no longer good, and I recommend myself to your prayers and those of the community." We earnestly beseech the fervent prayers of the Associates for the petitions of this good priest. His apostolic labors can ill be spared on his scattered missions, where the labors are so arduous that ill health must considerably lessen their fruits.

From the letter of a devout gentleman in Indiana the following brief extracts is taken: "I received the water of Lourdes, and I am most thankto God and to our holy Mother for the favors received through it and the prayers of the Confraternity. My daughter has obtained much relief, and my son has complied with his christian duties."

OBITUARY.

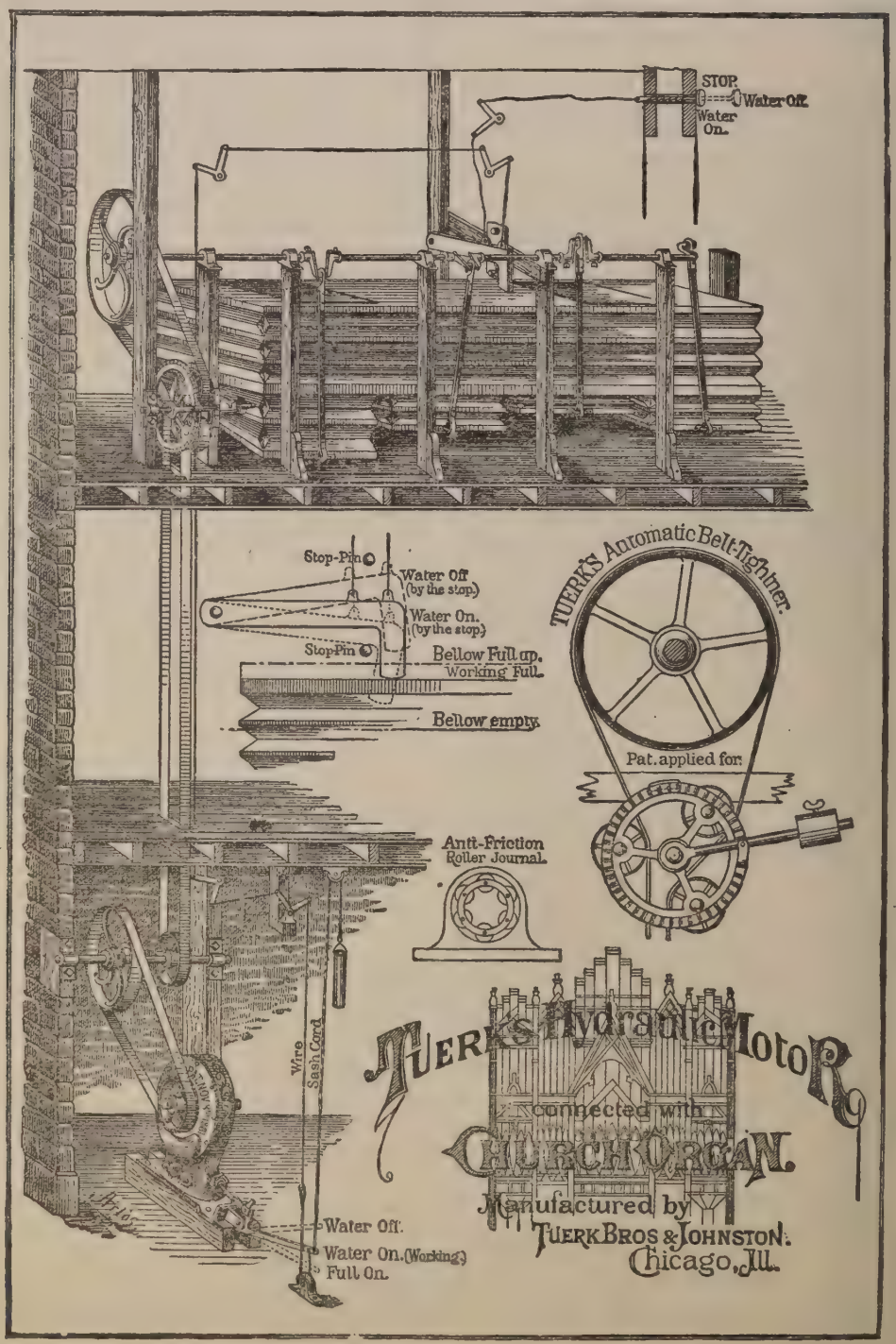
We recommend the following deceased persons to the pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity: Mrs. CECILIA DONOVAN, who departed this life peacefully Feb. 1st, in St. Louis, Mo., after receiving all the rites of the Church; T. ARQUES, who died at Lawrence Station, Cal., Dec. 21st, 1882; Mrs. MARY MILLER, died in San Raphael, Cal., Dec. 26th, 1882; DANIEL MURPHY, of San Jose, Cal., died at Elko, Nev., Oct. 22d, 1882; MARGARET DUFFE, who slept in the Lord July 29th, 1882, in Frampton, Quebec; Mrs. ELLEN MAHONEY, departed this life Dec. 20th, at Princeton, Minn.; CATHERINE DOWLING, died a happy death Dec. 18th, at Brandywine, Del.; Mr. GEORGE RIFFEL, died suddenly Jan. 1st, at Altoona, Pa.; THOMAS CANNON, whose truly Chrstian death took place Dec. 23d, at Chicago, Ill.; W. MCCULLOUGH, who died very suddenly Jan. 26th, in Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. KENNEDY, deceased at Kennedyville, Md., at the age of 74 years, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, after a long life of Christian piety; JOSEPHINE REGINA MYERS, who departed this life, in Philadelphia, Jan. 6th; MICHAEL KENNEDY, who slept happily in the Lord Jan. 25th, Cascade, Iowa; JOHN MANNING, a life-subscriber of THE "AVE MARIA," died recently in the 75th year of his age, at Hustisford, Wis.; Miss LIZZIE ROSE MCCORMICK, went to her reward Feb. 12th, at Philadelphia; Miss ELLEN MURRAY, died in Ireland a month ago; JOHN E. HURLEY, departed this life Feb. 4th, at Washington Mills, Iowa; BRO. THOMAS, C. S. C., (DANIEL M. HARKINS,) who slept in the Lord at Notre Dame, Feb. 17th; Mrs. MARGARET RITTE, of Chillicothe, O., who died a happy death Jan. 4th; PATRICK DILLON, a student for the Priesthood in Europe, who died lately; and several other deceased persons.

May they rest in peace!

A. GRANGER, C. S. C.
Director of the Confraternity.
(Notre Dame P. O., Ind.)

For Our Lady's Dome.

Amount already acknowledged $6,105.57. [This comprises all the donations received since the appeal was first made, nearly four months ago. It is about one fourth of what will be required to complete the monument.] Very Rev. Julian Benoit, $200; Mrs. M. M. Phelan, $100; Daniel Daly, $5; James McNamee, $2; John Henry, $1; Peter Cosgrove, $1; Emma Hauck, 25 cts.; John Cahill, 50 cts.; Bridget Cahill, 25 cts.; Margaret Burke, 25 cts.; Mary O'Leary, 25 cts.; Annie McDermott, 25 cts.; Mary Leonard, 50 cts.; Annie Devine, 50 cts.; J. F. Gibbon, M. D., $100; Hon. Thomas Hoyne, $400; Maggie A. Cochran, $3; Patrick Sheehan, $5; Mary and Maggie Smith, $2; Mrs. R. A. Chisley, $1; Two Friends, $3; Hon. P. B. Ewing, $100; A. Walsh, $1.50; Mrs. John Conaboy, $1; Mrs. M. L. Fink, $2.50; Mrs. M. Reynolds, $1; Miss C. McSweeny, $1; Mrs. E. Marr, $1.25; J. Carey, 50 cents; George J. Gross, $10; Mrs. J. A. Markle, $1; John and Julia Sullivan, $1.50; Miss Kate Hand, $2; A Friend, $12.50; T. F. Callahan, $1; From a Friend, $5.



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11.23 a.m. Mail over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.27 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.38 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6.35 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 am.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m.; Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

4.48 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.45 a.m.: Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

7.40 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.44, a.m.; Chesterton, 9.40 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.17 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.15 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.10 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.26 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.18, Chesterton, 6.07; p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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Vol. XIX. March 10, 1883. No. 10.

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Calendar of the Week.

[Besides the Feasts of the Calendar proper for the United States, we give also those of the Roman Calendar as used in many dioceses.]

Saturday, 10.—The Forty Martyrs. (Consecration of Cardinal McCloskey, 1844.)
Sunday, 11.—Passion Sunday. (Consecration of Abp. Williams, 1866.)
Monday, 12.—St. Gregory I, Pope, Confessor and Doctor.
Tuesday, 13.—St. Frances of Rome, Widow (March 9). Rom.: Feria.
Wednesday, 14.—Feria.
Thursday, 15.—Feria. Rom.: St. Zachary, Pope and Confessor.
Friday, 16.—Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Saturday, 17.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor.

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VOL. XIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 10, 1883. No. 10.

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Palestrina.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

"Palestrina's genius, so rich, so fruitful, attained its truest and grandest expression in the musical embodiment of the rites of his Church."

MANY years ago a little child was taken to the Boston Music Hall, where, looking at the organ, she saw the strange name "PALESTRINA" upon its sculptured façade.

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"He saved the music of our Holy Church," was the reply.

Palestrina, "Savior of Church Music,"—yes, that is his title; but his life-story cannot be told alone: it is too closely connected with the characters and events of the time in which he lived to be separated from them. Let us take up the state of music in Rome in the days of Claude Goudimel, the friend and teacher of the great master, Palestrina.

Claude Goudimel (born at Vaison, near Avignon, in 1510) was the first musician who established a music school at Rome. Little is known of him personally. His music, principally Masses, is full of exquisite tenderness, and his arrangement of the Psalms of David * were adapted from the popular songs of the people and harmonized in so simple and melodic a manner that they have become favorite "psalm tunes" among Protestants as well as those for whom they were written. The tune *Old Hundred*, sung at the opening and sometimes at the close of the so-called "Evangelical" forms of worship, was arranged for our Holy Church by Claude Goudimel as a motet, or short scriptural choral.

Ten years after the birth of Goudimel, Orlando di Lasso, * or Lassus, the friend and companion of Palestrina, was born at Mons, in Hainault. In his youth he was a choir-boy at the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, in his native town. He had such a lovely voice that three times, we are told, he was kidnapped, and an attempt made to force him to sing in other cities; but, escaping from all enemies, he was taken at the age of twelve by his patron, Ferdinand di Gonzaga, to Milan, and afterwards to Rome, where, at the age of twenty-one, we find him chapel-master in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. In 1557 he received, from Albert V of Bavaria, a proposal to play in his chapel at Munich. This position he accepted, and, at thirty-seven years of age, removed from Rome to the Bavarian capital, where he remained until his death, in June 1594.

He composed and left to us an immense number of works, all of which possess a high standard of excellence. His lyric and epic tone-poems serve to assure us how grand he would have been in dramatical musical art had his age possessed this style of composition. In the realm of music he belongs to no country; through him the glories of the tone-art of Italy, Germany, France, and the Netherlands combine and find expression. With his death, we are told that "sacred musical art in the Low Countries vanished as if by enchantment, while in Italy it flourished in a new and brighter light." Palestrina was sending forth his pupils, and the school of Rome, established by Goudimel, was taking the lead in musical

* Translated into French by Clement Marot.

* "Roland de Lattre" in his native tongue, French.

matters, and giving the Italians that prestige which they were soon to obtain over all Europe.

"Lassus, lassum qui recreat orbem,"*

is the fitting epitaph which his contemporaries placed upon the tomb of Orlando Lassus; and even in our own day his motets are a well-spring of delight, clear and beautiful, restful in their very strength.

In the town of Palestrina, near Rome, was born, in the year 1514, Giovanni Pierluigi Sante, surnamed "Palestrina." His parents were not wealthy, but they had enough to educate their boy in the science of music, for which, at a very early age, he showed decided talent. He became organist at the Cathedral, and at the age of thirty-seven was called to Rome to teach the choir-boys of St. Peter's in the Vatican. Here he became acquainted with Goudimel and Orlando Lassus, and was soon made chapel-master at St. Peter's. Four years later, when he published his first book of Masses, written in four and five parts, he was elected to direct the music in the Sixtine Chapel. But he was married, and as the rule of this chapel excludes laymen, Pope Paul IV was unable to admit him.

The magnificent old Gregorian Chaunt, the foundation of all true church music, was the source whence Palestrina drew his wondrous inspiration, and formed that pure, grand, majestically devotional style called after his name, "The Palestrina,"—a style which idealized well the superb ritual of the Church, and endowed it with a religious musical life. "More than any other composer, he found those sympathetic yet heavenly-pure touches which enabled him to lend adequate musical expression to that rich liturgy so dear to the Catholic Christian."†

While yet living, the master had the good fortune to see his merits recognized, and to be recalled to the Sixtine Chapel by Pope Pius IV, who created expressly for him the position of "Composer to the Pope's Chapel," a distinction, we are told, which, after Palestrina's death, was conferred only on one other composer, Felix Anerio.

At the Council of Trent, in 1562, the question of reform in church music was vigorously urged. Many composers had introduced such frivolous melodies, and so overloaded their Masses with artificial forms of counterpoint* that the words could not be understood, consequently the Fathers were fully determined to banish contrapuntal music† from the Church. Before adopting these sweeping measures, Pope Pius IV appointed a committee of Cardinals and singers of his chapel to think over the subject, and to recommend some method of reforming the musical abuses. They wisely sent for the master, Palestrina, and requested him to write three Masses in different musical form, and then they would judge whether contrapuntal artificialities could be consistently introduced into sacred music. The most elaborate of these trial Masses was written in six parts built from beginning to end upon a canon‡ with which the *Kyrie eleison* opens. This Mass was performed, and received not only the admiration of all who heard it, but the approbation of those very Fathers who had urged the banishment of contrapuntal forms from Church music. In grateful remembrance of his former patron, Palestrina dedicated this work to Pope Marcellus II; and thus the celebrated *Missa Papæ Marcelli* caused its composer to be called the "Savior of Church Music." And he was even more—this noble Catholic "master": he was the savior of art-principle, which is the source of all music,—simple truth—or expressing in melodic invention and striking harmonies the meaning of the thought intended to be conveyed.

The music of Orlando Lassus has been compared to the works of Michael Angelo, the music of Palestrina to the painting of "the divine Raphael"; but his devotional harmonies seem to have something more than opake color: the passionate splendor of the amethyst, the concealed fire of the opal, thrill through this master's music. Of him we may quote what has been so exquisitely sung of the "artist saint" whom we feel he most resembles—Fra Angelico:‖

* "The weary one who refreshed the wearied."

† Frederic Louis Ritter, in his admirable "History of Music."

* Composition or construction of musical phrases in several parts.

† Music in different parts—not in Gregorian intervals alone.

‡ A musical subject in which two or more parts are introduced, one after the other, which proceed together in equal time and imitate, note by note, the succession of each other.

‖ "Fra Angelico," from "Preludes," by Maurice F. Egan.

"Your heart was in your work; you never feigned;
You left us here the Paradise you gained."

In the year 1594,* the great master, Palestrina, died, at Rome. Eighty years he had lived and worked for the music of the Church and the music of future years.

* The register of the Pontifical Chapel contains this entry: "February 2, 1594.—This morning died the most excellent musician, Signor Giovanni Palestrina, our dear companion and *maestro di capella* of St. Peter's Church, whither his funeral was attended not only by all the musicians of Rome, but by an infinite concourse of people, when his own *Libera me, Domine*, was sung by the whole college."

Not Dead, but Sleeping.

BY M. N.

I.

SLEEPING in the crimson sunset,
While the evening shadows fall;
Only one more work is ended,
That is all!

II.

Sleeping while the daylight dieth,
And the night-winds murmur low,
And the quiet brown-clad figures
Come and go.

III.

Sleeping calmly in the twilight
While the shadows deeper fall;
Only one more place is vacant,
That is all!

IV.

Sleeping while the silver moonlight
Softly falls on sea and shore;
He is sleeping, to awaken
Never more!

V.

Never more will our "to-morrow"
Dawn upon his aching sight;
He has passed from this world's darkness
To the light!

VI.

To the light eternal, golden,
To the everlasting day,
Where all sadness and all shadows
Flee away!

VII.

And that long, long watch is over,
And the weary feet at rest,
And the tired hands are folded
On his breast!

VIII.

All his pain and suffering ended,
He has heard the Master's call;
And he is "not dead, but sleeping,"
After all!

Father Tom.

A STORY OF CONNEMARA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "BETTER THAN GOLD," "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," ETC.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

Mr. Aiken, despite his admirable equipment as a fisherman, proved a decided failure. He cast, and cast, and cast, until his arm ached, but no hungry trout responded to his allurements. In vain he changed his flies; in vain he tried a "brown hackle" with a "wren body," or a "hare's foot" with an "orange body"; in vain did he spin his decoys over foaming eddies, or over still and sleeping parts,—all in vain; the trout refused to acknowledge his powers and remained insensible.

"It's no go, Jim! I'm played out,—an Americanism!" puffed Aiken, as, perspiring and blowing, he flung himself on a tuft of ferns.

"I tould ye the fish wudn't rise while this wind lasted."

"But there's no wind."

"There ought to be, anyhow."

The upholsterer had provided himself with a packet of sandwiches, made up by the willing hands of Mrs. Joyce, and a flask full of potteen, both of which he shared with Jim Doyle. The latter, under the influence of the meat and drink, became exceedingly communicative.

"Do ye see that lonesome white house, sir, out in the threes beyant?" he asked, his mouth half-full.

"Yes."

"That's Mullinstown, the ancient sate of the O'Carneys."

"It looks a good sort of shooting-box."

"Be the mortial there was the quarest bit o' shootin' done there, on a bit of a lake behind that house, that ye ever knowed. It happened to ould Major O'Carney, beyant at Mullinstown, that me father—may his blanket be glory this night!—lived wid, man an' boy."

"Ah!" said Aiken, his thoughts in quite another direction.

"Well, sir, th' old Major was as daysint an ould gintleman as ever swallied a glass o' sperrits or stuck a knife in a biled leg o' mutton; an' there was always lashin's and lavin's at his house. If ye wor hungry, it was yerself that was to blame; if ye wor dhry, be me song it was in regard to takin' a sup too much; faix," added Jim, "it wasn't for want of a golliogue, anyhow. Th' ould leddy herself was aiqual to the Major; an' a more hospitable cupple didn't live this side of the bridge of Athlone. Well, sir, wan mornin' a letther come, sayin' that some friends was comin' for to ballet at Mullinstown.

"'Och, I'm bet, Dan!' says Mrs. O'Carney.

"'What's that yer sayin' at all at all?' says th' ould Major; 'who's bet?' says he.

"'Sure there's Sir Val Blake, from Menlo Castle, an' Misther Bodkin Burke, from Loughrea; an' there's more comin',' says she; 'and this is only Wednesda',' says she.

"'Arrah, what the dickins has that for to say to it?' says the Major.

"'There's not as much fresh water in the house as wud give a daysint brekwest to a blackbird,' says she; 'an' they all ate fish on Frida',' says she; 'an' how are we for to get on at all at all,' says she, 'wid the horses spavined, an' Jim Doyle'—that's me father, Misther Aiken,—'laid up wid a sore foot!' says she. 'They 'll be wantin' fish, an' game, an' all manner o' divarshin; an' it's hairy bacon, an' mebbe a taste o' herrin', they 'll have for to put up wid,' says she.

"You see, sir," said Jim, in explanation, "there was little or no roads in thim times, an' the carrier only kem wanst a week, an' sometimes dickins a sight they'd see of him for a month.

"'We're hobbled, sure enough,' says the Major; 'we're hobbled, ma'am,' says he; 'an' I wish they had the manners for to wait to be axed afore they'd come into a man's house like an invasion o' the Danes,' says he. 'Be this and that'—rappin' out a big oath—'but it bates the Danes!' says he.

"'Cudn't ye shoot somethin'?' says Mrs. O'Carney.

"'Shoot a haystack flyin', ma'am,' says the Major, in a hait, for he was rosy, an' whin he was rosy he was wickkeder nor Fogarty's ram. 'What is there for to shoot, ma'am, barrin' a say-gull? An' ye might as well be aitin' sawdust an' digestin' the Rock o' Cashil.'

"'I seen three wild ducks below on the lake,' says she.

"'Ye did,' says the Major,—'ye did on Tibbs Eve; an' that comes naythur afore or afther Christmas.'

"'It's thruth I'm telling ye,' says Missis O'Carney. 'I seen thim this very mornin' as I was comin' from Mass,' says she; 'an' be the same token,' says she, lookin' out o' the windy, 'there they are on the pond this blessed minit, an' lookin' rosy an' well.'

"'Then upon me conscience,' bawls the Major, 'they won't sit there very long; an', if I don't hit thim. I'll make thim lave *that*.'

"So he up an' loads an ould blundherbuss wid all soarts of combustibles, an' down he creeps to the edge of the wather an' hides himself in the long grass, for the ducks was headin' up for him; up they come, an' the minit they wor widin a couple o' perch, he pulls the thrigger as bould as a ram, whin—be the hokey-smoke the butt of the gun hit him a welt in the stomach that levelled him, an' med him feel as if tundher was rumblin' inside of him. He roars millia murdher, for he thought he was kilt intirely; but, howsomever, he fell soft an' aisy; an' he put out his hand to see if he was knocked into smithereens behind, whin he felt somethin' soft an' warm right undher him. 'Arrah what the puck is this?' says he; an', turnin' round, what was he sittin' on but an iligant jack-hare! 'Yer cotch, *ma bouchal*,' says the Major; 'an' let me tell ye that yer as welkim as the flowers o' May.' Wasn't *that* a bit o' luck, Mr. Aiken?" demanded Jim, with an inquisitive glance.

"You bet it was, Jim," laughed the upholsterer.

"Well, now, I'm goin' to tell ye a quarer thing yet," said Jim.

"What *are* you givin' us, Jim?—an Americanism!—ha! ha!"

"I'll go bail ye'll be afther tellin' me it's an invintion."

"I'll tell you nothing of the kind, Jim, no matter how thin it may be."

"Well, that's mannerly, anyhow," muttered Jim, as he proceeded. "The Major, wud his shot, dhropped two of the ducks (the combustibles in the blundherbuss wud have levelled a flock of sheep, let alone a few fowls); but

th' ould mallard kept floatin' on the wather in a quare soart of a way, an' yellin' murdher. Whin the Major kem nigh him he seen that he was fastened like, to somethin' undher the wather; an' whin he cotch him, what do ye think he found?—it 's truth I'm tellin' ye, an' no lie,—he found the ramrod that he neglected for to take out of the gun whin loadin' it run right through the ould mallard; half of it was in the mallard, an' by this hole in me coat the other half was stuck in a lovely lump of a sammin; an' so the bould Major cotch thim both. 'Now,' says he, 'who 's afraid! I've fish an game galore,' says he—Here 's Miss Jarrette an' Father Tom an' Misther Winstay," cried Jim.

"Let us be fishing," exclaimed Aiken, hastily scrambling to his feet, and beginning to whack the stream as though he were engaged in driving a team of cart-horses.

"Who the doose is that little cockney, fishing?" asked Mr. Winstay, fixing a rimless glass on his eye and gazing at the river-whacking upholsterer, who made pretence of not perceiving the approaching party.

"I declare it's little Mr. Aiken," laughed Miss Jarrette.

"Who 's Aiken when he 's at home?"

"Down here he is the *boss* upholsterer."

"What an idiot!" drawled the guardsman. "He can't be fishing: he is beating the water."

"How do you do, Mr. Aiken?" and Miss Jarrette was beside him. "Good sport?"

"None at all, Miss; can't expect it while this wind lasts."

"There are some capital red herrings down the river, sir," observed the guardsman; "you might try them."

"Go and try them yourself, sir," was the warm retort.

"I have done so, and find them capital. I cannot imagine," continued Winstay, "how the trout could resist that—get up. They ought to come to the surface to take a look at you."

"It 's paid for, sir," said Aiken; "and let me tell you, sir, that when I bought it I did not buy it to wear it to—to receive impertinence from you or any other man. Good morning, Father Tom!"

"Good morning, Mr. Aiken! I'm afraid you have chosen a bad day for fishing. I know this river well. Just where you stand, when I was a boy I caught a trout over two pounds weight, with—not so grand a rod as yours—but with a sally switch, a piece of twine, and a pin. I should, in all honesty, add that I jumped in after the fish, and brought it ashore in my arms; and," added the priest, with his bright smile, "it was one of the great triumphs of my life. I wish you good luck, sir."

The priest, with Miss Jarrette, passed on. Winstay remained.

"Give me a cast. *I'll* show you how to handle a rod," he exclaimed.

"I'll give you no cast till you apologize for your impertinence," cried Aiken, whose blood was up at being slighted in the presence of Jacqueline.

"Apologize!"

"Yes."

"To a cockney tradesman! Well, that is cool."

"You may find the river there cooler," retorted Aiken, who was goaded to madness by the cold, supercilious manner of the other; "and if you don't apologize I'll give you a ducking in it."

"A lunatic by Jove!" said the guardsman, gazing at him, and allowing the gaze to travel slowly from Aiken's forehead to his boots.

"Will you apologize—yes or no?"

The loud tone in which the words were uttered caused the priest and Miss Jarrette to turn.

"Go to the devil!" said Winstay, brushing past the now crazed upholsterer.

The guardsman was on the river side of Aiken, and, as he shoved past, the upholsterer, throwing out his left foot, and flinging his body against that of Winstay, sent the latter, with a loud execration, into the brawling river, at this spot about two feet deep.

The guardsman, all dripping, and somewhat bewildered, scrambled to his feet, and was leaping to the bank with a view to tackle his frantic opponent, when Father Tom rushed up, followed by the heiress.

"What does all this mean?" gasped the priest. "Mr. Aiken, have you lost your senses? Stand apart both of you! Oh, this is a sorrowful sight. Explain!"

The guardsman, by a violent effort, regained his self-control. "It's rather lucky this lunatic tried his games on *me,*" he laughed.

"I'm no lunatic. I'm an Irishman," roared

Aiken, "and as good a gentleman as you,—better, for I never willingly insulted anybody in my life. It will teach you a lesson, my bucko, to leave honest men alone. Miss Jarrette, I was fishing; I was offending nobody. This whelp—"

"Mr. Aiken," said Father Tom, "do not let your angry passions get the better of your reason."

"That's all very fine, sir; but this—man comes up to me, and sneers at me, and insults me—for what? Am I going to take his gratuitous insults because he happens to be an officer in the army? Not I. I am made of sterner stuff. I—"

"Come along, my good friend," said Father Tom, taking him by the arm. "It would have been more heroic of you to have taken no notice of such unworthy conduct. Recollect the insults our Master bore without a word of reproach. Say to this gentleman that you regret having allowed your evil passion to have—"

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Yes, indeed, you will, Mr Aiken."

There was so calm, so holy a look in the good priest's eyes, so much of pleading in his voice, that Aiken hesitated.

"You will, indeed," repeated Father Tom.

"Well, sir, I—I suppose I ought, as you say so," said the upholsterer.

"That is right, my son. The greatest victories in the world are the victories we gain over our evil inclinations. Mr. Winstay," added the priest, addressing the dripping guardsman, "this gentleman regrets, deeply regrets, that in a moment of passion he acted so unjustifiably, and he is desirous of expressing his regret. I am sure you will receive that expression in—"

"I'll see him d——d first," interrupted the guardsman.

"Mr. Aiken," said Father Tom, with great dignity, "you observed a moment ago that you were a better gentleman than he. Sir, you are not only a better *gentleman*, but you are a better *Christian*. Now, my child,"—to Jacqueline,—"let us move on. Jim Doyle, you will see that no further altercation takes place."

"Faix I'll do me level best, Father Tom."

"You are not worth kicking," observed the guardsman, as he turned to follow in the direction of Glenereegan; "if you were I would upholster you."

As he disappeared in the distance, Jim regretfully observed: "Musha but I'm sorry he didn't give thrubble, Misther Aiken, for"—here a sigh popped in—"you see, I'd Father Tom's permission for to dale wud him; an', the Lord forgive me, but I'd like for to give him a lawful baitin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mozley's Reminiscences.*

Oswald Keatinge, D. C. L., in The Catholic World.

(CONCLUSION.)

Manning and Pusey scarcely appear in these pages; nor Tait, except in the sharp rap at the "Four Tutors." And surely it is no slight breach of charity to bring back from the past the frailties and errors of the dead, as in the case of poor Hartley Coleridge. We have no space to devote to the Froudes, who present a group almost as diversified as the Wilberforces or the two Newmans. We will therefore turn to the central figure of this picture—John Henry Newman. It is certainly somewhat remarkable that no great leader of thought in his lifetime has exercised so great a direct and indirect influence as this man. One who is anything but friendly recently said: "The figure of John Henry Newman is suffused with an atmosphere of severe romance to which Cardinal Manning is a stranger, and is surrounded by an accretion of traditions and fancies that cause him even in his lifetime to 'have won his way to the region of fable.'" * Of no other person in this century can as much be said. Newman founded no sect, as did Wesley, yet the latter has never had so many adherents as the former. For Wesleyans are less the disciples of Wesley than of a *system* that bears his name; and not one in a hundred could give a clear account of his life, or a *résumé* of his writings. It is not so with Newman. Every item of his career is read with the keenest interest. His works are read with avidity even for their "English undefiled," as well as their clear common sense and profound thought. Carlyle, himself no mean authority on the subject, was once asked what he thought to be the secret of Newman's great popularity. He replied: "A man who

* Henry Labouchere in the *World*, London.

does something which all men *worth the name* are trying to do, each one after his fashion, and does it effectually too, is and must be a curiosity to his fellows. Newman thought his way through great difficulties to a logical issue; and those who have the same soul-fights are curious to know *how* he did it." That is to say he has the prestige of a *hero.* What is the origin of the *éclat*, the triumph that greets a Wolseley or any other general returning victorious? This: he has fought his way against odds, "made by force his merit known," achieved a success at the cost of suffering and deadly peril. And what are the sufferings and perils of an earthly conflict compared to that more fearful war within; when the prize is life or death, heaven or hell, peace present and future; when one has to break loose from old habits of thought, shake hands for the last time with old friends, go forth, unknowing and unknown, to new scenes, new faces, new everything, with only God and Hope to lean on? We say such men are *heroic;* and the leader of thousands of such was John Henry Newman. It is, therefore, not surprising that the *Spectator* says of Mr. Mozley's work: "Above everything else they are reminiscences of Cardinal Newman, and they have the charm which everything associated with that mysterious and solitary figure inevitably possesses."

Nothing is so interesting as to watch the gradual growth of a mind. The unfolding of the flower, the progress of the day from the first glimmer of dawn to the full meridian splendor, is not half so absorbing. A great deal must always remain hidden, and can but be faintly guessed at, for the results seen in a few words or a single sentence may have cost the excogitation and elaboration of months. Mr. Mozley supplies some links which modesty probably omitted in the *Apologia.* We get a faint glimpse of the beginning of the great work in Newman's mind, and some of the processes whereby he arrived at a logical conclusion. From the first to the last it is obvious that his conversion was reluctant. Like almost all converts, he started with a positive *antipathy* to Rome, and his investigations originated in a desire to procure stronger evidence against her. In the chaos of opinions at that period, one doctrine was received by all parties as incontrovertible—viz., that the Church of Rome was apostate, and the Pope Antichrist and the man of sin. Newman began, as all his followers did, by study of the Scriptures. Protestants triumphantly dare Catholics to "search the Scriptures"; but we assert that no man can do this thoughtfully and intelligently and remain a Protestant. The extravagances of those who study the Bible and nothing else are well set forth by the witty Dean Ramsey;* and Keble was not the only one who "took his stand on the conceivability, and indeed certainty, of the Almighty having created all the fossils and other apparent outcomes of former existences in the six days of Creation" (Vol. I, p. 179). There was supposed to be a fixed disagreement between science and revelation. Newman early surmounted this. It may be remarked that he always had a high esteem for the authorized version. Its magnificent English, its quaintness, the splendid vein of poetry running through it, made it most congenial to his poetic mind. He has explained this in the *Apologia.* Yet he early felt that *alone* it was insufficient. There was a *living voice* needed. He was not, as some have represented, a man confident in his own powers, and moving steadily forward, step by step, to a goal always in view. "In his own case he was always consulting the auspices, so to speak, to guide his course and to decide some question which he found it impossible to decide simply on its merits. An unexpected act, or word, or encouragement, or a check; the appearance of a book or an article, pleasant or otherwise; a meeting, a separation, came to him with the significance of an intervention. Whatever happened, he interpreted it as providentially designed" (Vol. I, p. 209). He started with the belief that the Church of England was a part of the one holy Catholic Church, needing much to reawaken her to usefulness and duty, but as such containing the germs of indestructible vitality. He would do what he could to rekindle her smouldering fires, and he made preaching a power in the land. This mighty engine for good or ill had lain neglected for years and years. The Wesleys and Whitefield knew its power, but in the average parish church it had become "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." The university never gave any instruction in preaching; it was supposed to come, as Dogberry says of

* *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

reading and writing, "*by nature.*" Who can calculate the melancholy results? Let anyone compare the state of the Church of England in this respect five-and-twenty years ago and at the present time. "The sermon was *brutum fulmen.* Humanity and common sense revolted against such teaching, and it really could no more reach the understanding than so many letters of the alphabet shaken out of a bag upon a table" (Vol. I, page 188). What has developed Liddon, Knox-Little, Body, and others, but the movement which Newman originated? We may remark in passing that his *University Sermons* were the first since those of Jeremy Taylor that suggested any relation between beauty and holiness. Burke has traced the connection between sublimity and beauty, but it did not occur to him that *holiness* must be beautiful because sublime. It seemed a natural corollary in the minds of men at that period, that piety could not be attractive, that ugliness was a necessary qualification of religion. A clergyman who preached a cheerful piety was thought to be "no better than he should be." A sour and vinegary aspect was thought to sit well on "professors," and hence hypocrisy became more or less a fashion. We desire to record our opinion that the constant contemplation of ugliness and deformity is *demoralizing.* It lies at the root of a great deal of vice. Is it any wonder that the poor laborer gets tired of the squalor and dirt of his miserable hovel, and flies for a change to the glare and glitter of the gin-palace? Newman may be justly regarded as initiating or reviving the idea that to be godly it is not necessary to be morose and disagreeable.

Mr. Mozley throws a little light upon Newman's politics. His aversion was an oligarchy. "There are always bad elements in it, and the bad elements prevail" (Vol. I, p. 244). He was only impelled to speak out when the interests of the Church were imperilled. This, we take it, is much the conduct of all peaceable clergy. There is certainly a time when it becomes a crime to keep silent, and that time is when the interests of morality and sound doctrine call for a vigorous defence. In this Newman differed from Whately. And we should have been pleased if Mr. Mozley had explained to us the final estrangement of these two men. We have seen it alleged again and again that "they passed in the street without recognition," etc., as though this was a strong evidence of Newman's bigotry, and that the well-known urbanity of the man was lost in the *odium theologicum.* We believe that from the first the clear penetration of Newman gauged the mind of Whately and divined his strong leanings to rationalism. After-events proved this pre-conception to be well founded. As Archbishop of Dublin he gave his patronage specially to Broad-Churchmen. His examining chaplain was a Dr. Abelschauser, who by his influence became a tutor of Trinity College. He imported him from Germany, and, though a devoted admirer of Hegel, gave him a living in the city. He used his great influence to foment the ill-feeling then on the increase between the English and Irish by fostering a society called "Church Missions to Roman Catholics." It was organized exactly as if the Irish were heathens, and we regret to say that the destitution of the starving peasantry was made use of to procure proselytes. Soup and tracts went ever together. Despite the assertions of Lord Plunket, we challenge a comparison of the numbers of the so-called conversions during the famine and two years later. The fact is, as soon as the wretched peasantry could dispense with the bribes of the missionaries they returned to their own church, to which they had ever been loyal at heart. Whately's chaplain, Dr. Hinds, followed his footsteps. He made a lamentable failure as Bishop of Norwich, and his last public appearance was to aid in building a church for Mr. Voysey, the author of the blasphemous work, *The Sling and the Stone,* who was actually ejected from his living and from the Church of England for heresy. If, as it is possible, it was Newman's strong antipathy to rationalism that led him to cut Whately, we are not surprised. This is the more probable from the fact that he kept up, and still keeps up, amicable intercourse with Anglican friends.

The circumstances under which the exquisite hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," was composed lend additional interest to that favorite composition. It is curious to know that it is comprised in almost all dissenting hymnals, even those of the Unitarians. It must have had a very touching significance when sung recently over the grave of the author's old friend, Dr. Pusey.

Mr. Mozley mentions the Cardinal's fond-

ness for the violin. The last time we saw him was at the Brompton Oratory, when the Fathers got up a little surprise for him in the way of a quartette of violins. The selection was from Beethoven, and it was very gratifying to note the waves of feeling and keen appreciation that passed over the genial countenance of Newman—a countenance that fully corroborates the idea of Plato that the soul shapes her own habitation, and the countenance becomes her reflector.

Newman has never in the slightest way countenanced that style of polemics which consists in ridiculing an adversary. He contents himself with demonstrating his fallacies, as he did Kingsley's in the *Apologia;* but though Kingsley offered some very tempting points for attack, his antagonist refrained with chivalrous magnanimity. Mr. Mozley points out that the caricatures of Protestantism in some Catholic periodicals are often *outré,* and defeat their object by their absurdity. But surely they are not worse than those levelled at Catholics. Neither of these caricaturists perceive that the truest ridicule is a most minute description. The Englishman or American depicted on the French stage is so absurdly unreal that the satire fails of its object. But the English and American comedian copies the peculiarities of a Frenchman to the letter—his accent, his dress, his style—and aims at being exactly like a Frenchman, and this is much more provoking. We are of opinion that, as Horace says, one may tell the truth in a laughable way, but ridicule is a dangerous weapon in controversy, and in the interests of charity ought to be discountenanced.

We cut short a great deal more that we should like to have said about Cardinal Newman, because Mr. Mozley himself demands more special treatment. We have said that he represents a large number who, like himself, have been almost persuaded to take the final step. These must either be right or wrong. If they are right, what becomes of the illustrious army of men who gave up everything for truth? If they are wrong, have we not cause to ask, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" They could not have a better apologist than Mr. Mozley, and his reasons deserve careful attention. We hope to deal with this part of our subject very tenderly, mindful of the many devout souls who are

> "Longing and wishing to be right,
> Yet fearing to be wrong."

The sweet home-picture drawn at p. 90 *et seq.* (Vol. II) calls attention to a phase of the subject which has not been fairly handled, except by one who was most competent, being himself a convert, and understanding thoroughly the entire matter.* Mr. Mozley says that though "there is no future to converts," they have never been intimidated at the prospect. Yet few outside the English-speaking race understand what is meant by *home,* or what is involved in breaking it up. Home, we know, is where the heart is, as a shrine is where the Divine Presence abides, no matter whether it is rich or poor. Yet I appeal to refined and elegantly reared women who may read this whether they can comprehend the feelings of one, brought up in the daily enjoyment of things and circumstances that have become almost necessary, suddenly reduced from the comforts of home to two frowzy rooms in a mean dwelling; to perform all domestic drudgery, and to be afraid to eat heartily lest the loaf should not last long enough; to count cents and grow learned in all the contrivances of pinching and privation; to see the faces of wife and children grow thin and wan from lack of accustomed comforts, and the forced cheerfulness of the heroic woman who "takes on when no one is nigh." This is a side of the question I fear born Catholics too little appreciate. Few of those who have gone through it would probably have been able to face it had they anticipated it. In this case it is a "blindness to the future wisely given." How many are deterred from making this sacrifice I fear to think. It is frequently the harmless things of life that become our greatest snares. The late large-hearted Pontiff felt the want of converts so deeply that he made provision for the maintenance of candidates for the priesthood in his Collegio Pio; but nothing, as far as I ever heard, has been proposed to provide married clergymen with the means of gaining even the most modest pittance. I think that Catholics ought to appreciate this.

But Mr. Mozley intimates that the sweet home-life is a peculiarity of Protestantism. Mr. Ffoulkes has openly asserted that Cath-

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* *Life of Father Baker.* By the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, C. S. P.

olicism is antagonistic to its cultivation. Let us put our foot down firmly upon this lie. What are the bonds of home? Are they not the mutual love of its members, the obedience and self-sacrifice that knit the varying members into a whole, as the ivy that twines around its porch and lends unfading greenness and beauty to its very poverty? And are these dispositions fostered by the teachings of Protestantism? *Nominally*, we admit; but there is an entire lack of means to *enforce* the precept. It is a common complaint that parental obedience is dying out; that the boy or girl of twelve is more experienced in forbidden knowledge than our forefathers at twenty. Masters of schools know this to their cost, and confess that only where the moral restraint of the confessional is practised can there be mental discipline and soul-culture. The English have had it so often repeated that the Catholic Church is the foe of home-life that it is time they seized upon the statement and honestly analyzed it. We say that where there is a perfectly united family it is owing to the cultivation of those virtues which radiate from the Church's teachings. We have seen in the East a tract of country, once carefully irrigated and tended, long after it had been left to itself, still putting forth the rare rose and beautiful shrub, though running wild. And wherever the light of divine truth has shone it must leave an effect. That place can never be again as it was before. But the power that helps the members of a family to repress selfishness, and strive for each other's welfare, to carry out the divine precept, "love one another," without repressing the individuality of any—this is found in the Catholic Church, *and in the Catholic Church alone.*

Mr. Mozley tells us, "I cannot remember the time when I liked the Thirty-nine Articles" (Vol. II, p. 254); and he points out their opposition to the Scriptures, upon which they are said to be based. He seems to have found that the Church of England lacks a *system* of piety. Religion has been called "the *science* of the saints." This suggests rudiments, gradual progress, and final development of completed knowledge. But any inquirer who is anxious for his soul can obtain only the vaguest directions how to secure its salvation. He consults a physician for a physical ailment, and receives the most specific and minute directions how to treat it. But the equally realizable malady of the soul has no such treatment. This is felt by devout Anglicans to be the weak spot. How is the divine life to be kept up in the soul? They are perforce compelled to borrow Catholic practices as the only efficient means, for they are too well acquainted with the insufficiency of all others. We think this is really the first query of holy souls. They are not able in many cases to enter into doctrinal disquisitions or weigh the relative value of evidence. But they ask themselves: "Will this system help me to keep down the wild beast in my nature, to attain to a higher platform of life, gradually advancing to that goal where the intellectual subjugates the animal? Will it help me to be a better man, more lovable in my home, more conscientious in business, more faithful as a citizen? We confidently assert that no man who has ever asked himself these questions fairly will be content with anything less than the Catholic Church. And this does not, as Mr. Mozley seems to understand, reduce a man to a mere acquiescing machine, whose volition and choice are wholly disregarded. He says, "I always felt that the understanding must be subordinated to belief." This is all the Church maintains. The intellect of man is like a wingless seraph, unable to mount into the vast regions around and above it. Faith supplies its wings, and therefore faith is but intellect supplemented and perfected. This our author illustrates by a subject that comes home to all hearts. What do we know of the state of the dead? St. Paul triumphantly exclaims: "Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." Yet, after all, there is very little told us about the subject in the New Testament. It is open to question whether as many hints and intimations of the immortality of the soul may not be gathered from classic writers —say Plato and Socrates, for instance,—as from St. Paul. But what is it that enables the Christian exultingly to cry, "O Death, where is thy sting?"—that sheds light athwart the gloom that enfolds the grave, and tells us that what seems death is only transition, that life shall live for evermore, and that the communion of saints is unbroken, as an army ever marching on, though part of its ranks are out of sight? It is the supplementing teaching of the Catholic Church. She unites for us the broken threads of doctrine,

makes the indistinct clear, the vague definite, and, by her doctrine consoled, we clasp the hands of our dead, not in separation and eternal adieu, but *to meet again* where life shall be perfected with "the full-grown energies of heaven."

Would that Mr. Mozley had followed Bishop Wilberforce's advice! Samuel Wilberforce, in one of the most famous of his sermons, urged Oxford undergraduates to "entertain no doubt; to stamp it out as they would a spark in a magazine, and recoil from it with horror" (Vol. II, p. 314). He adds: "Such advice is useless." Why? Is there anything so torturing to the soul as doubt? Who can forget the pathetic cry in Homer, "If our fate be death, give light and let us die"? Men wish to know the worst. But we suspect Mr. Mozley considered the advice *de trop* in his own case, because he knew the issue to which candid investigation must conduct him would be disagreeable. It is sound advice to stamp out doubt, especially when immortal issues are at stake.

As we closed these two volumes we asked ourselves the question that Kingsley long ago asked Newman: *What, then, does Mr. Mozley believe?*

He believes in the present occurrence of miracles. "There is a kind of miracle which is not called a miracle, for no other reason than that it seems only a succession of providential interferences" (Vol. II, p. 262). He does not think that the Scriptures unsupported are sufficient foundation for the faith. He thinks that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin is reasonable and proper. He believes in the real presence of the Lord's Body in the Eucharist. He thinks the Assumption of Mary a probable doctrine. He admits purgatory and the invocation of saints to be logical. He admits that the evidence of the senses is so delusive that "what we do know we cannot know rightly." This is more logically expressed by Tennyson:

> "We have but faith; we cannot know,
> For knowledge is *of things we see*,"

—that in the regions of the Infinite the puny reasonings that apply to merely finite things can have no application. And will not any one say of this man, as our Lord said of the young ruler in the Gospel, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God"? Yes: but there is no evidence to show that he ever reached it.

Mr. Mozley refers to that remarkable book, Forster's *Essay on Decision of Character*. Now, there is no kind of indecision so fatal as indecision in spiritual things. It is easy to find excuses that appear quite irrefragable to ourselves within our secret souls, but we never knew one that would look even plausible when put into writing. Mr. Mozley puts these inward musings into words, and truly he is right in calling his present position "a lame and impotent conclusion." We repeat that he is the mouthpiece of large numbers, and perhaps the late Dr. Pusey would have agreed with his reasons. What *are* these reasons? He says: "If I have not positively recoiled from the great question, I have never dreamed of facing it" (Vol. II, p. 316). Yet he was willing with his half-conclusions to join the Church of Rome, and actually applied to Newman for advice about it. His reply was, Wait two years; and Mr. Mozley adds: "No doubt Newman's reply did urge upon me the spirit of self-humiliation and discipline in which such an inquiry ought to be conducted." Certainly, Cardinal Newman well understood that a man who makes this momentous change ought to be *wholly* convinced, not *partly*. That the mind, tired of being tossed upon the sea of doubt, finds repose in submission to a great authority is true, but this is not the entire feeling that ought to induce conversion. One may submit *perforce* and yet experience no real *metanoia*, no radical alteration of the basis of life in relation to the Infinite. Whatever Cardinal Newman meant, he certainly expected Mr. Mozley to continue in the path of investigation and preparation, whereas he only waited "for an enlightened volition." Newman had said: "The Almighty would give me the opportunity and the call as well as the power and the mode of conversion." He himself was waiting "for further light from his heavenly Guide." To doubt that such light is given would be presumptuous as well as foolish. But *how?* Not by any sort of compulsion, by any external manifestation, but, as Newman himself expresses it, showing us "one step," and enabling us to take it—by listening ever for the whisper of the Voice that saith, "This is the way!" There is such a time in all men's lives, and no doubt it is highly dangerous to procrastinate then. Because a good thought, a heavenly desire, com-

ing into the mind, is from above; it is the whisper of the Paraclete, and if not *at once* heeded will pass away, perhaps never to be repeated. Worldly things, on the contrary, ought to be rarely done without being twice thought over. We can understand no state so unsatisfactory as waiting for this manifestation. Mr. Mozley does not tell us what *shape* he expects it to take; but his seems much like the case of the Pharisees, who refused to credit Christ's teaching and miracles, but "asked from Him a sign from heaven." He says: "My call to Rome, if it ever should be, must be one written in circumstances and be intelligible alike to myself and to my friends." But if God gives us the inestimable gift of faith it must be in His own way. Oftentimes His methods are not intelligible to ourselves. We "love to see and choose our path" in ignorance; when true faith comes, we add: "But *now* lead *Thou* me on." We deny that "the call of circumstances is all the great mass of mankind have ever had to lead them to Rome" (Vol. II, p. 403). In most cases we have ever known, circumstances seemed to indicate quite the reverse. To some, indeed, the wrench was so terrible that it was a real crucifixion of the flesh, which led those who only judged from appearances to doubt the man's sanity. "They are where they are by force of circumstances," surely is untrue of the Wilberforces, Faber, Oakeley, Dalgairns, Coleridge, Ryder, and a host more; nay, *quite the reverse.* Mr. Mozley thinks "it is the order of Providence" that a man should accept unquestioning the religious belief in which he has been educated. "Is a man a worse Christian for being a Christian after the manner of his fathers and of those about him?" (Vol. II, p. 404). Then what sense is there in the command, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of every creature"? Where is the *raison d'être* of missions? If it be "better that people in general should accept the religious forms and ideas, the words and customs, they find," then what right has Mr. Mozley to seek to extend the influence or to propagate the doctrines of the Church of England? A Jumper or a Muggletonian has as good a theological standing as he. We contend that every one born of woman is bound to seek to find out what is truth. This is the entire gist of the Gospel. If so, what can we think of one who says "there cannot be so much virtue or so much mischief in either the positive or the negative side"? (Vol. II, p. 404). Do we accept such indecision in any transaction of life? Is it not necessary in all things, however trivial, to make up our minds? Who has denounced such scathing censure against those "who are neither cold nor hot"?

And *this* is where this ingenious author is "landed." It seems to us that it is theologically *nowhere.* Mr. Mozley is less than a half-believer in the Church of England and more than a half-believer in the Church of Rome. His seems to be that heart which Faber described as having "only a twilight of God about it." We close these volumes with two reflections:

First. A deep thankfulness for that great awakening of England which, beginning with Tractarianism, is ending in Catholicism. It has swept away centuries of prejudices, and prepared minds heretofore inaccessible for the advent of the full and perfect truth. It has quickened thoughtful minds to perceive that there is a *something* lacking even in the most advanced Ritualism, and they find that *something* in the Catholic Church. Matthew Arnold correctly says of the movement: "The basis not being solid, all they build upon it is fantastic." Yet, be it remembered, it has been a *pioneer.* All the work it has done in familiarizing the public with the worship and ritual and doctrine of Catholicism would have had to be done by those who from education and position could not have done it so well. Therefore, "for this relief much thanks."

Second. Reflecting on the nature of grace, we think Mr. Mozley's book inculcates indirectly a very solemn warning. Grace unimproved is like any merely natural sentiment—it loses its power. Any of our faculties, if long disused, will lose their wonted vigor. The fakir in India holds up an arm until he cannot pull it down again. And a man may go on resisting spiritual impressions (that is, *the Holy Ghost*) until they have no effect whatever. It was said of Jerusalem: "Thou knewest not *the time of thy visitation.*" To all men there comes such a time. And any one who has had such visitations and rare opportunities of knowing the truth, yet has only such shallow grounds for rejecting it as Mr. Mozley alleges, must dread the solemn statement, "*Now* they are *hid* from thine eyes."

Our Lady of Absam, Tyrol.

In ascending the valley of the Inn towards Innspruck, the traveller sees at his right, not far from the main road, a modest little village nestling at the foot of the Tyrolese Alps. It is called Absam. Towards the end of the last century a peasant named John Bucher lived there with his wife and children. The neighbors were unanimous in their praise of the truly Christian life of this family. In their simple peasant's cottage, at the beginning of the year 1797, occurred some very extraordinary phenomena, defying the calculations of science. It was on that unfortunate day for Austria, the 17th of January, when the Austrian army, after a series of reverses in Italy, was retreating to take refuge amongst the mountains of Tyrol. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon an image of the Mother of God, very clearly drawn, was seen on one of the glass panes of a window on the ground floor of the little house. The position was that of one bending forward to look into the room, and tears flowed from the eyes of the image. No member of the family, nor any stranger, had ever before observed the phenomenon, although the window was in full view of any one entering the room or even passing along the street. The eldest of the children, a grown-up girl, was the first to notice the picture. She uttered a cry of terror, and the whole family became alarmed, thinking that they were menaced by some great calamity. Their solicitude was naturally directed to the father, who was absent, and they concluded that he must have met with some accident in the mountains.

The mother tried to remove the picture by washing the pane with water. This attempt only contributed to increase her astonishment, because the image, though disappearing whilst the glass was wet, re-appeared when it was dry.

Hardly had the report of this phenomenon got abroad than a crowd of curious people began to throng the house. Thereupon the civil and ecclesiastical authorities soon took the matter in hands and ordered an investigation. Men chosen from amongst the most intelligent and the most skilful were officially deputed to examine the picture. The investigation was carried on, first at Absam, in the house where the phenomenon had occurred, and afterwards at Innspruck, whither the window was taken and kept for some time by the episcopal commissary. From the two examinations the following facts were established :

The glazier of the town of Hall testified that, several years previously, he had put new glass in the window ; and that having to put some new panes in the same window only a few weeks before, he had noticed nothing of the phenomenon under consideration. That there was no person in the entire village that knew of any artist capable of executing, on glass, in so short a time, such a perfect drawing. That the window in question, which was on the ground floor of the cottage, facing the street, was secured by a second window on the outside. From the street, therefore, it was impossible to touch the inside window without removing the outer one. That the wood and lead into which the glass was fixed showed no signs that could indicate its having been removed, except in one corner, where the owner of the house tried to remove it in order to put an end to visits that were becoming tiresome. But when he perceived that there was danger of breaking the glass, he gave up his intention.

Several attempts were made during the investigation to obliterate the picture altogether. Various chemical processes were tried, and every known method of drawing lines on glass. Finally, an instrument calculated not only to remove all traces of the drawing, but even to reduce the pane itself to powder, was employed, but only produced a coarse line. This last trial having been made, it was thought best to stop there ; the experiments seemed to have been sufficient to remove all doubt as to the miraculous origin of the picture.

The investigation being terminated, the pane of glass in question was brought back to Absam and given in charge to the parish priest, who exposed it to the veneration of the people. Miracles followed, and the devotion to this mysterious image of the Mother of God went on increasing year by year. At the present day, pilgrimages are made to it from all parts of the Tyrol, and numberless graces are reported. The many *ex-votos* that adorn the church where the picture is preserved are living testimonials of the graciousness with which Mary hears the prayers of her faithful servants.

The Angelus in Lima.

A man of the world thus describes the piety of the inhabitants of Lima, and their devotion to the *Angelus*. What traveller has not been impressed by similar scenes in Catholic countries?

"Each time that I found myself on the bridge, at the decline of day, I witnessed a spectacle which at first surprised me very much. While the noise of traffic, the clatter of busy feet, and the hum of animated conversation were at their highest, the stroke of a bell was heard. The magic wand, which in the fairy tale suddenly rendered the eyes of the famous sleeper immovable, could certainly not have had a more sudden or irresistible effect. All heads were instantly uncovered and inclined; all conversation was hushed; even the sentence begun was interrupted. The horse and his rider,—every vehicle stood still. The men, who by their dress seemed to belong to Peru, all fell prostrate on the ground; only those who wore a sort of black garb (priests) remained standing; and even these were deeply inclined, as if it were at the elevation during Mass. A death-like silence had replaced the boisterousness of a moment ago; the sound of a bell alone was heard. It continued ringing for the space of two minutes. I had instinctively taken off my hat, and was interrogating my neighbor in regard to the sudden transition; but he did not answer. Soon a melodious chime resounded through the air; then all the people stood up again; footmen, knights, cavaliers and vehicles, continued on their way; the sound of voices was again heard on all sides: action was resumed with the same suddenness with which it had been interrupted. Now I learned that everyone had been reciting the *Ave Maria*. No matter what part of the city I might be in, I observed that the same effect was produced at the sound of the bell for night-prayers. This spontaneous adoration communicated itself to sixty thousand souls; there seemed to be in the air, at this moment, a sort of electricity of religious faith. As for myself, I experienced one of those tender and unspeakable emotions which recall the days of youth, with all their holy beliefs and sweet joys. I loved, above all, to hear the *Ave Maria* recited in times of tribulation, when my heart would ever turn towards my country and those I loved: I felt near to it and them. In other Catholic countries that I have visited, the spectacle is the same. At the first stroke of the *Angelus* bell all noise ceases as if by enchantment; the bustling crowd stops, and becomes quiet and recollected; only when the music of the bell has ceased does the scene change to animation and the tide of life flow on."

W. E. J.

Letter from Paris.

A Cure at Lourdes Under Amusing Circumstances—The Outlook for France—Gambetta; How He Died; The Example of His Career—The Government.

Paris, February 14, 1883.

Dear "Ave Maria":—You are such a chivalrous trumpeter of the glories of our Lady that you will be glad to publish a wonderful miracle wrought lately at her shrine in the Pryenees, and under what I cannot help calling very amusing circumstances. I have the story from a lady whose testimony is absolutely trustworthy, who was present at Lourdes when the miracle occurred, and who saw the subject of it before and after the cure. The said subject was an old lady from Brittany, who, for years, had been without the use of her legs or arms, besides this suffering from ulcerated sores brought on by lying in bed, and who had been given up by the doctors. She was not a particularly pious old lady, at least she did not enjoy a special reputation for piety; but this must have been because she had a sharp tongue, and had not got her temper fully under command. To the surprise of her friends, she one day suddenly announced her intention of going to Lourdes to be cured. "I am sick of the doctors; I'll get our Lady to cure me, and make an end of them," was her remark; and off she started. The journey was performed under great difficulties, and with immense fatigue and suffering, which the old lady did not bear with the sweetest temper. In fact, she arrived in a very cantankerous mood, scolding the people about her, and inspiring very little sympathy in spite of her lamentable condition. Everybody laughed at the poor soul's notion that she was going to be healed at the fountain. "One would think," they said, "that she imagined the Blessed Virgin were to be bullied into working a miracle."

The morning after the old woman's arrival she was carried to the church, where she assisted at Mass with edifying devotion—there was no gainsaying that,—and then she was carried down to the healing pool. To the last, she was cross to

everybody, but between times kept on praying with the most extraordinary fervor. She was very much aggrieved for having to wait while other individuals were being plunged into the bath; but at last her turn came, and in she went. When put into the water, she prayed aloud most fervently, and in a spirit of faith that was very touching. Suddenly she called out, "I am cured!" and got out of the water, dressed herself, and walked out of the bath-room before all the people, who at once changed the supplicating *Parce, Domine!* which they keep chanting while the sick are being immersed, for the triumphant strains of the *Magnificat*, which proclaim our Mother's performance of another cure.

Away went the old lady to the Grotto to make her thanksgiving, all the spectators joining heartily. It is the practice, as you know, when a miraculous cure takes place for the facts to be at once recorded, in presence of the subject of it and other witnesses. This *proces verbal*, as it is called, thus duly drawn up and signed, is sent to the Propiganda, and no miracle is accepted without these guarantees. You fancy, perhaps, that this old lady was going to jump at the opportunity of proclaiming the goodness of the Blessed Virgin, who had condescended to her "bullying"? Not a bit of it! She refused point blank to answer a single question. "What business is it of yours, reverend sirs?" she asked of the missionaries, who, respectfully and full of sympathy, were proceeding to ask for antecedent facts. "The Blessed Virgin has cured me; I knew she would; I told everybody she would. That is what I came all the way from Brittany for. Now I am going home. I shall thank her all my life; but I won't be sent up, with my ailments, to Propaganda." And away she walked, and, of course, the Propaganda has heard nothing of her ailments or their cure, which struck me as one of the sweetest and most motherly-indulgent acts of mercy ever performed by our Blessed Lady. It is most comforting, anyhow, to think that with such an amount of human infirmity hanging to us we may still, with honest faith and confidence in Mary, persuade her to obtain favors for us.

Things are not brightening in France, unless on the principle that the darkest hour is the one before the dawn; if this be so, we may assume that we are near to a very brilliant day, for never has a country presented a more deplorable aspect than does this once great Catholic land. The time seems to have arrived when one hears the voice of the prophet crying to those within the city to "come out of her." It is sad to see the indifference of the great mass of Catholics to the heinous sins that are committed on all sides against God and His Church. His servants are being driven out of the land by persecuting laws that make it impossible for them to perform their sacred ministry here. These exiles are pouring into Protestant England by the hundred, and are being received with a welcome that is almost a miracle in itself. Quite reeently, over twenty Benedictine monks have taken possession of an old monastery in the South, with the same rights of ways and customs, fishing, etc., which they enjoyed in the very same place one thousand years ago. The Protestant clergyman and the Wesleyan minister have shown them much kindness, and offered to be of any service they could. The Protestant population come in such crowds from the surrounding country to the services on Sunday that the Abbot has decided to have Vespers in the open air, as the only way of letting even half the people hear them. While these consoling things are going on in England we have nothing here but discord and blasphemy, and cowardly desertion of God's cause, even by His own.

Gambetta's death has let loose those rabid radicals, who have not his political instinct to tell them where to stop. His death was in itself very mysterious and very miserable. I know for a fact that he was far from being an unbeliever. When at the point of death, the wife of his doctor went to see him and told him boldly that he ought to think of his soul. "You must not blind yourself to the fact that you are very dangerously ill," she said; and seeing that he listened without showing any sign of displeasure, she went on to propose that he should see a priest and make his peace with God. "I will bring a very holy one—a Bishop who is a great friend of mine—to see you," she urged; "you will have a quiet conversation with him, and all will be over." Gambetta hesitated for a moment, and then said: "What would people say?" She was about to answer, when the door opened, and the devil in the person of Paul Bert came in, and did not stir while she remained. From that moment he never left the house, and seldom the room, till the tribune died. Gambetta's old uncle, Abbé Massabie, came to Ville d'Avray during his illness and entreated to be let in, but Paul Bert took care he was not admitted. I suppose no more disastrous example has been given to the youth of this country than the career and death of this ambitious, profligate politician. It would seem to prove to them that to arrive at being the virtual leader of France, to have power, wealth and influence above all their countrymen, nothing is needed but audacity, unscrupulous courage, and that dazzling kind of eloquence fitly called the gift of gab. In no country in the world but France, and the France of to-day, could such a career have been possible.

This base imitation of a Republic is reeling on from bad to worse, and since Gambetta's death is making an utter fool of itself; putting Prince Napoleon in prison for a manifesto that nobody

cared a fig about, making him a hero and a victim in the eyes of the people, then having to eat humble pie, and let him out, acknowledging that it had no right to shut him up at all; and, by way of asserting its power, flying at the Orleans Princes, who have not been guilty of the ghost of a manifesto, and making a law to expel them—just as if they were mere monks or nuns! In the midst of all this Babel of blunders, one minister after another falls ill, one is stricken down in the Chamber by a fit, and eventually carried off to an asylum (Monsieur Fallières), so that we are virtually without a Government. The country is scared and melancholy; even the street Arabs have been too out of spirits to deafen us with that terrible blowing of horns which used to drive one mad, making the air hideous with their noise during the three days of the Carnival. This is the one small mercy, amidst so many grievances, that we have to thank the blundering legislation for.

Enfant de Marie.

New Publications.

The Little Handbook of the Holy League of the Heart of Jesus, called the Apostleship of Prayer. London: Burns & Oates. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co.

This little work will prove a boon to many. Those who already belong to the Apostleship of Prayer will find it a great help, and those who do not will probably be led by its means to enroll themselves in the Holy League.

This devotion does not supersede any other, but rather includes all other devotions within its scope. Its object is to create an army, a *league*, of prayer, and to induce all Catholics to be "on our Lord's side" in the combat forever raging, and never more openly than now, between Christ and His Church and their enemies. So wide is the scope of the league that even a Catholic who does not frequent the Sacraments *might* belong to it. The cases, no doubt, would be rare; but some, lacking the courage, for various causes, to follow the dictates of their consciences, *might* be willing to say a short daily prayer, offering the actions, labors, and sufferings of the day in union with the intentions of the Heart of Jesus in the Mass. Would it not be an intense consolation to many a sorrowing heart of those who miss loved ones from the altar-rail and at the Holy Sacrifice to feel they all at least are not among Christ's enemies, not so totally estranged from Him as before! And this would be the case if they could be persuaded to enroll themselves in the League, and say the brief prayer enjoined. To many this has proved the first step to conversion. But of course such cases must always be the exceptions. The League appeals mainly and chiefly to the devout children of the Church.

The distinguishing feature of this devotion is that it teaches its members rather to give to our Lord than to ask for gifts from Him. Now, as we all are receiving so much from His Hands, and obliged by our needs to be continually asking for help, it is consoling to be provided with a simple method of making even a little return to this most generous Master. Each of us may plead: "But I can do so little—pray so seldom; it is not worth the offering." This may be true, but the ocean is made up of many drops; and in this League we are all members of a mighty army, whose worship is rising up as a great cloud of prayer towards heaven, in union with "the Heart of Jesus praying." The little Handbook tells us that there are now upwards of *twelve million associates* of the League. Is not the thought of this union inspiriting to those who lament the feebleness of their prayer? And are there not some of us who long for an interest in life, and who look with somewhat of innocent envy on those called to active work in the vineyard of the Church? This little Handbook will tell them how to find a way to "take an active part in the warfare of the Church, to second the efforts of God's ministers, to promote the designs of God's Providence and the rescue of souls."

The numerous and rich indulgences of the League are explained and enumerated in this useful manual, and also how all the members share in the merits and good works of the great religious orders and a multitude of institutes and congregations. Full information regarding the "three degrees" of the League, and the way in which it can be carried out in religious communities, in colleges and schools, in parishes, and in confraternities, is also clearly set forth in this admirable little book. Religious are often (and most justly) afraid of any increase of what they have undertaken as obligations, but the Handbook says: "In such souls there is absolutely nothing new to be undertaken"; and again, speaking of schools, the author remarks: "It is of sovereign importance to accustom scholars early to appropriate to themselves these divine interests, to live united to the joys and sorrows of the Church, to consider as their own whatever touches them"; and he thinks this will prevent that "withering away under the influence of the pagan and material tone which kills modern society."

We trust we have said enough to induce our readers to become possessors of this little Handbook, which will disclose to them treasures easily to be acquired, and which, perhaps, many of them had hitherto overlooked.

Youth's Department.

A Catholic Patriot and Hero.

ANDREAS HOFER.



AFTER conquering the Emperor of Austria at Austerlitz (December 2d, 1805), Napoleon deprived him of the province of Bavaria, which was erected into a kingdom, the Tyrol being annexed to it. The new rulers of the dominion, chosen from amongst the most disreputable class, soon began to oppress their subjects in regard to what was most dear to them—their religion. This was too much for the brave Tyrolese, amongst whom faith reigned supreme from time immemorial, and, like the inhabitants of La Vendée, they at last had recourse to arms.

Their leader was Andreas Hofer. He was a peasant by birth; but though poor, and of humble origin, he was gifted with rare intelligence and courage, combined with great firmness and dignity of character. These eminent qualities caused him to be unanimously proclaimed chief. His rallying cry was: "For God; for the Emperor, our ancient and true master; and for our country!" After two brilliant victories, he said to his soldiers: "Place all your hopes in God. What we have accomplished, we owe to Him. It is not a question of saving our fortunes: we must defend our religion; for it we must conquer, or die. To arms against the enemies of earth and Heaven!" Before the battle that resulted in the capture of Innspruck, the capital of the province, when all the officers and soldiers were on their knees to receive the general absolution, Hofer, rising first, promised God that if victory were granted him, he would have the Feast of the Sacred Heart celebrated as the national Feast.

The title of General of the Tyrolese army having been confirmed to Hofer by the Emperor, he was not dazzled by this honor, but preserved his simplicity of dress and manners. He carried on his breast a copper crucifix, a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a medal of St. George, soldier and martyr. In the morning, he went to pray before the Madonna of Maria-Hilf; after supper, gathering his followers around him, he recited the beads, with other prayers in honor of his holy patron-saint. His food was generally only bread and cheese. When people gave him the title "Your Excellency," he would answer: "Your Excellency! I am simple Andreas Hofer, a peasant."

The triumph of Hofer and of his holy cause was not of long duration. After the battle of Wagram, July, 1809, Napoleon, having totally defeated the Emperor of Austria, sent an army against the Tyrolese, who, being surrounded by a large force of French, Bavarians, and Italians, were obliged to yield to numbers, and lay down their arms. Hofer, on whose head a price was set, took refuge in the mountains; but his hiding-place was soon revealed by a traitor, and he was delivered up to the conquerors. Bound in chains, he was led to Mantua, with his wife and some of his followers. They had much to suffer on the journey from the ill-treatment to which they were subjected; but Hofer, far from complaining, would say: "Let us pray; let us pray; let us suffer with patience: it is a means of doing penance for our sins." At Mantua one of the generals told him that his life would be spared if he would enter the French service. He refused, saying: "I will continue faithful to the Emperor Francis."

The court-martial by which the brave patriot was tried were evenly divided regarding a death-sentence, but an order from headquarters, at Milan, decided he should be shot within twenty-four hours. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter to one of his friends, from which the following extract is made: "It is the will of God that here in Mantua I should exchange this mortal life for an immortal one; God be blessed for His divine mercy! It is just as easy for me to meet death as to attend to any other affair. Sad world, adieu! Death affects me so little that I have not a single tear to shed."

The archpriest of Santa Barbarâ came to prepare him for death. Hofer placed all the money he was possessed of in his hands, to be distributed amongst the poor Tyrolese prisoners at Mantua, charging him to tell them that he was quite resigned, and to beg their prayers for the repose of his soul. At 11 o'clock, on the morning of February 20, 1810,

the drums beat, and the condemned hero, with his crucifix in his hands, and accompanied by his confessor, was led out to execution. When the *cortége* passed the Porta Molina, sobbing and weeping could be heard from the casements, where the Tyrolese prisoners were confined, all of them on their knees in prayer as their beloved chief passed by. Having reached the place of execution, a battalion of grenadiers formed into a square, to the centre of which Hofer marched, with firm step, at the first signal. He prayed for some time with the priest, to whom he left his cross and rosary as a keepsake. Then twelve men placed themselves at twenty paces from him. A handkerchief was offered him to bind his eyes, but he refused it, at the same time exclaiming: "Long live the Emperor Francis! Long live my dear Tyrol!" He prayed for a moment more, with his eyes raised to heaven. Then the soldiers fired, and Andreas Hofer was in the light of his Redeemer's presence.

Such was the death of a hero of whom the province of Tyrol is justly proud, and to whose memory a beautiful monument exists in the principal church of Innspruck.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

BERNARDO repaired with his foster-son to the renowned University of Salamanca. Since it was now universally acknowledged that injustice had been done him, he had nothing further to fear from his enemies. He rented, therefore, a beautiful apartment in the house of a rich merchant of the city. Fernando was quite at home, and soon became the delight of his professors and an ornament to the University. But before three years had passed, Bernardo was suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and lost the power of speech. It was easy to perceive that he wished to say something, and that he felt he would soon die. The merchant brought a writing-tablet. But the hand of the old man refused its service; he threw a painful look at young Fernando, glanced deprecatingly at the merchant, and gave a sign with his hand that he wished him to adopt Fernando; which the merchant promised, embracing the youth in Bernardo's presence. Soon after the noble friend and benefactor of Fernando died; and the grief of the good young man was so great that no tongue could express it.

At this time it was impossible for Fernando to estimate the greatness of his loss. Bernardo had designed to present him to the king as soon as his Majesty should return from Germany, as the true Count of Alvarez, and have his usurped rights restored to him. But death put an end to Bernardo's benevolent purposes, and his fortune now fell to the lot of his nearest relatives.

Fernando was now only a poor youth of obscure descent and a stranger in the wide world. He was unable longer to prosecute his studies at the University. The merchant, who was no friend of learning, and made but little account of book-knowledge, advised him to devote himself to business, offering to give him the proper training. Fernando accepted the offer. As he had a fluent knowledge of German, Spanish, and Italian, he applied himself to the study of English, that he might be able to conduct the foreign correspondence of the house. His dexterity, industry, and strict honesty soon won him the full confidence of his master.

The merchant made long journeys with Fernando to the principal countries of Europe. He came finally to England. Count Gallas, the Austrian embassador at London, had the merchant summoned to buy some jewels of him. As Fernando spoke German well, the merchant sent him in his place. The embassador was not a little surprised when the young man, entering the room with the deportment of a noble, addressed him in German.

"You are a German, then, and not a Spaniard?" said he, kindly.

Fernando assured him that he was a born Spaniard, and opened his casket, sparkling with precious jewelry of all kinds. The Count called in his wife and told her to choose what she wanted. The Countess was much rejoiced to be able to speak with the young merchant in her mother-tongue. She chose some jewelry, and the Count asked the price.

Fernando named the price, and the Count requested him to put a ticket on the purchased articles and give him a receipt. Fernando sat down and wrote out the receipt in German, in beautiful hand-writing, with the greatest ease. The nobleman praised the fine writing, found the account correct, assured him he was well satisfied with the purchase, and paid the price. Fernando looked over his casket once more before he closed it, and, glancing at the purchased articles yet lying on the table, said to the Countess: "I beg pardon, gracious madam, we have made a slight mistake between two diamonds very nearly alike in appearance. The one you have is fully as pretty, and appears as large as this one, which you chose at first; but the other is somewhat less brilliant, and therefore of inferior worth. If you adhere to your second choice we must exchange the rings, and I will repay you the surplus money and write you another receipt."

The Consul and his wife were charmed with the probity of the young merchant. They understood very well that it had been easy for him to have retained the six surplus pieces of gold without either themselves or his master being any the wiser of the error. With visible pleasure at having discovered the mistake, Fernando exchanged the costlier for the inferior stone: but the Count took occasion to enter into further conversation with him, and asked him about his circumstances. The young man said that he was only a poor clerk, and had devoted himself to his present occupation for want of funds to finish his studies.

"That is a pity," said the Count; "but listen to a proposal I have to make. I am just now in need of a man who knows the German, Spanish, and English languages, and in whom I can put confidence. If you like, I will give you the position of private secretary; and if you will, besides, assist my major-domo in keeping his accounts, and thus render me double service, I will pay you well for it."

Fernando was very glad of this offer, and promised by his industry and fidelity to justify the confidence reposed in him. He hastened home and told his master what had happened. The merchant assured him he parted from him with regret, but heartily wished him success. They took touching leave of one another, and Fernando entered on his new career. After a short time the embassador was called home, and Fernando accompanied him to Vienna. But the latter did not feel as happy here as he had hoped to be. He liked the great city well enough; the Count, too, always showed himself very kind, and the Countess remained much attached to him; but the officers and servants of the household, regarding him with evil eyes, nicknamed him the "poodle." They envied him the confidence and favor of his noble master, and succeeded in causing him much secret chagrin. His sorrow, and the air of the city, which seemed to disagree with him, threw him into a painful illness. His indisposition turned into fever and ague, which, though not dangerous, was very violent, and caused him much suffering. During his illness a great feast was being celebrated in Vienna; the Count and all the nobility of the city repaired to St. Stephen's Church. The whole population of Vienna was in commotion to get a sight of the grand procession and assist at the solemn service. All the Count's servants, including the one who had been appointed to wait on Fernando, hastened thither. Fernando lay, meanwhile, in his sick-bed and was suffering a burning thirst. His attendant had intended to return sooner than he did, and had left his patient unprovided with drinking water. Fernando rang two—three times, but no one answered his call. He attempted, but in vain, to rise and procure fresh water for himself; then he fell back on his pillow, thinking it very hard to be so neglected by the whole household. By good fortune a strange lady, the Countess of Oberdorf, was just then on a visit to the house. As Fernando rang the bell the last time, the Countess's waiting-maid was coming downstairs, dressed in her festive garments and with her prayer-book in her hand, on her way to church. She entered the room, and asked, compassionately, what Mr. Secretary wished.

"Oh!" said he, "I only beg for a glass of water, or, if it can be had, a glass of lemonade; for I am almost dying of thirst and this burning fever."

"I will bring you water first," said the maid; "then I will make you some lemonade."

She took the empty pitcher from the table by the bed, hurried down to the well, filled it with cool water, and, returning in a few moments, gave him a glassful, and said: "Take

this now; the lemonade will be ready directly."

She reflected, indeed, that if she lingered longer she would miss church; but she thought: "Serving the sick is serving God." She descended to the kitchen; but as the family were dining at the court, there was no one there. She searched around for lemons, but in vain. Sorrowfully she returned to the sick man and informed him of her failure to accomplish her desire. "It is really a sin," she said, "to leave you so entirely helpless. I will remain with you until your servant returns." She sat down by a small table at the window, and read devoutly in her book. From time to time she would rise and pour out some fresh water; to bathe the patient's brow and cool his parched lips.

"I owe you many thanks, indeed," said Fernando. "He who promised that a drink of cold water given in His name should not fail of its reward will repay your kindness. It seems to me I should have famished without your help. Again, may God reward you for it!"

The good maid only answered: "The happiness of serving you is already a sufficient reward."

She sat down again, and taking up her prayer-book continued to read until the neglectful servant returned; she then wished the sick man a speedy recovery, and went away. She visited him again on the following day for a few moments before her mistress's departure, expressing the hope that he would soon recover, and bidding him a kind good-bye.

After Fernando's recovery, Count Gallas took him to Bohemia. The Count possessed large estates there, and a castle which was splendidly built in the old style and surrounded with magnificent gardens. During the couple of months he passed here, Fernando was unusually happy and contented. The old castle and the adjacent gardens pleased him exceedingly; this, no doubt, was because he had passed the happy years of his childhood in just such a castle, surrounded by just such a garden. Count Gallas noticed this with pleasure. The old steward had died, and as Fernando could not be happy in Vienna, the Count offered him the stewardship. Hard as it was for Fernando to part from the Count, he still thought it better to accept the position.

As soon as it was known that Fernando had been promoted to this important office many daughters of officers and well-to-do burghers were offered to the young man in marriage. Besides his fine appearance and excellent character, he had a good income to recommend him. But Fernando had never forgotten the young woman who, though only for a couple of hours, had attended him in his illness at Vienna. The sweet benevolence with which she handed him the refreshing water in his feverish thirst, her maidenly modesty, the piety she showed, were all yet fresh in his mind. His first thought, therefore, after he had obtained a home and a fireside of his own, was to choose her for his wife. He informed the Count and Countess of his choice, which they highly approved. He then wrote Miss Herman [he learned her name only after she had gone away], asked her hand in marriage, and waited with longing desire for her answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Leo XIII and the Holy Childhood.

The Director-General of the Society of the Holy Childhood, of which we hope many of our young readers are members, lately visited Rome, and was received with the greatest kindness by the Holy Father, who has always shown the liveliest interest in the Society. He asked many questions regarding its working and progress, and rejoiced over the good it is doing for foreign missions. His Holiness blessed all the members in the following words:

"I bless with my whole heart the Society of the Holy Childhood, its Councils, and its Directors, who, through their zeal, have so largely contributed towards the spreading of the kingdom of Christ. I bless with effusion of heart all the members of the Society, and especially those beloved children who, by their prayers and their alms, throw open the gates of Heaven to so many wretched little ones among the infidels. I would wish to see all Catholic children become members of the Holy Childhood."

In compliance with the earnest wish of the Holy Father, let all who are not members of the Society hasten to enroll their names. The obligations are light, while the advantages are many and great.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

The pious prayers of the Confraternity are earnestly requested in favor of the following petitions: Conversion to the Faith for 3 persons; change of life for 1 family and 20 persons; recovery of health for 17 and of mind for 2 persons; happy death for 3 persons, and virtue of temperance for 7; spiritual and temporal favors for 7 persons and 1 family; grace of vocation for 3, success of an undertaking for 3, and success in studies for 2 persons; perseverance for 1 person; success of 3 novenas; peace and concord in 1 congregation and 1 family; payment of debts for 1 person; thanksgivings for favors received for 1 person and 1 family; particular intentions for 7 persons and 1 family; 10 other special intentions.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE PILGRIMAGES TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The year 1882 was in truth a year of glory for Notre-Dame de Lourdes. The number of pilgrims, their prolonged sojourn at the Grotto, their fervor, the many remarkable cures obtained, the great conversions, and the heroic acts of devotedness they elicited,—all concurred to make 1882—the 25th, or jubilee year of Our Lady of Lourdes—a truly glorious year.

The pilgrimages of last year left far behind all preceding years. 170 trains, with 64 cars specially engaged, together with the procession from neighboring parishes, which the rains did not stop, brought to Lourdes 115,000 pilgrims from all parts of France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and from Luxembourg, without counting the private pilgrimages of from 50 to 100 persons. Pilgrims prolonged more and more their sojourn at the Grotto. The Basilica is small on those great days; the pilgrims know all the inconveniences of a crowd, and that rain is frequent and abundant at Lourdes. On the 14th of September there were 12,000 persons under a continual rain, and yet they were praying and singing, and were happy. One thing alone pained the pilgrims—the departure. This ceremony of farewell is seldom without tears. The pilgrims would willingly stay there, and their only consolation is in the hope of returning soon. God alone knows the number of pious souls that come daily throughout the year, and particularly on the great Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. One frequently hears such remarks as, "I come from Paris," "from Belgium," etc., etc., "to have the happiness of receiving Holy Communion at Notre-Dame de Lourdes." Frequently it is a young couple wishing to place their union under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin; again it is a priest or a missionary coming to make a few days' retreat, or to solicit the intercession of the Blessed Virgin for his arduous labors in the remote regions of Syria, Brazil, China, etc. 35,200 Masses were celebrated at Notre-Dame de Lourdes from January 1st to November 1st, 1882. The Grotto was visited by thirty Bishops, either at the head of pilgrimages or as simple pilgrims. There could have been seen confessors of the Faith such as Mgr. Touvier, who had been thrown into the prisons of Abyssinia by the Emperor Théodoros; and Mgr. Ridel, whose predecessors in Corea have all died martyrs, himself having been confined for six months in the frightful prisons of that country. Mgr. Ridel had been saved from shipwreck by the protection of Our Lady of Lourdes, as is related in the *Annals* of 1875.

The number of sick persons brought to the Grotto by Christian charity increased every day. The National Pilgrimage last year brought 919 patients; the two pilgrimages from Belgium, 90 patients; Quimper, 40; Cambrai and Lille, 40; without mentioning many others, for every pilgrimage that stays for some time has a number of poor patients brought gratuitously. Until then the Hospitallers of Notre-Dame de Lourdes had confined their services to the sick of the National Pilgrimage, and only for the duration of that Pilgrimage. Afterwards the Hospitallers served all who came, without exception. The pilgrimages of 1882 found them at the depot, at the Grotto, at the piscina,—the Sisters and ladies for the service of the women, and the gentlemen for that of the men. Extraordinary arrangements had been made for the transportation of the sick and infirm. Blessings in abundance have been showered down, salutary alike for both body and soul. The great Patroness of Lourdes converted sinners, and cured the blind, the deaf, the lame, and the sick. Some who had been blind and deaf, or afflicted with cancer from their birth, were cured. A number of these cures have been published, but many others have been omitted.

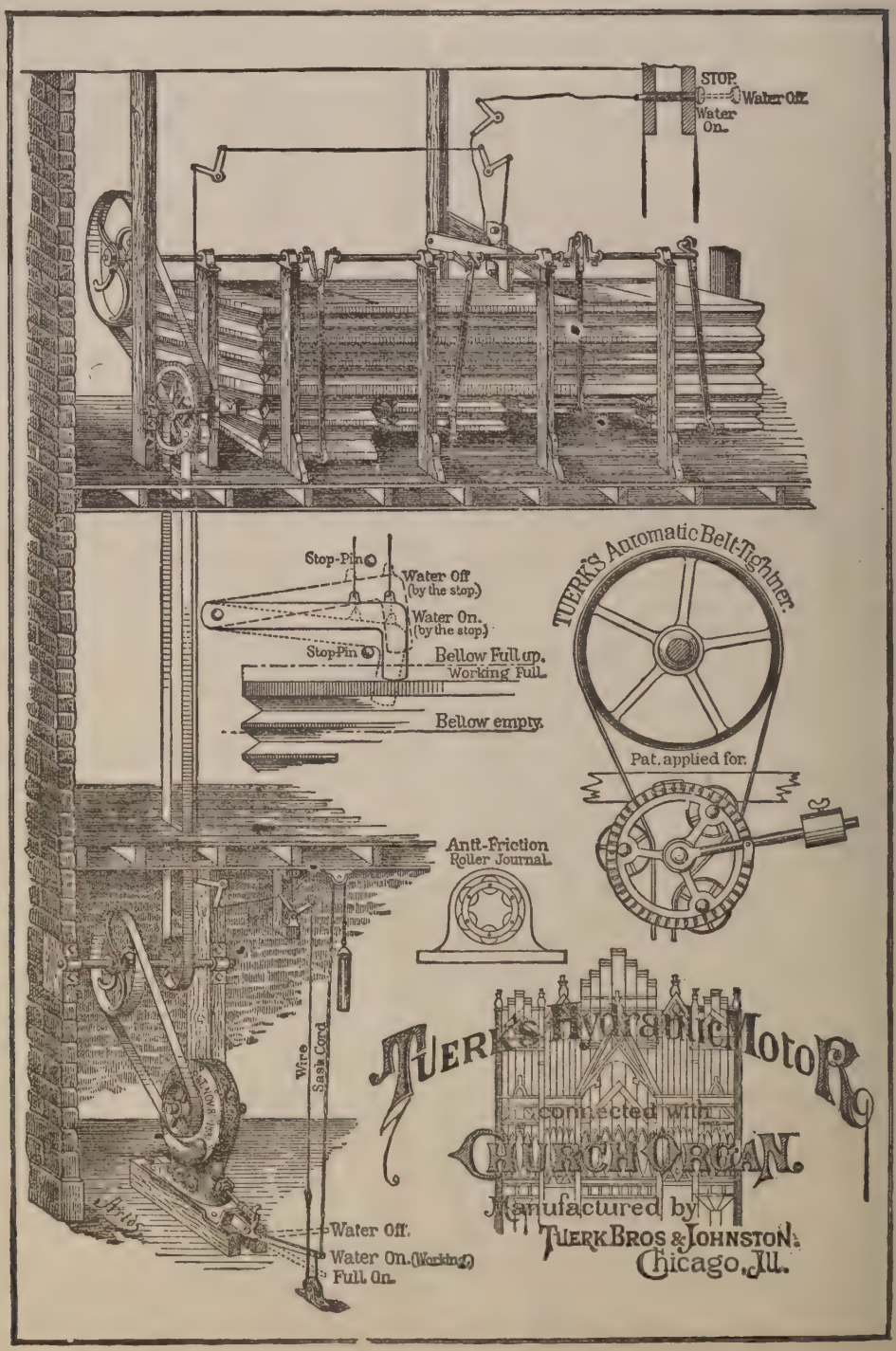
For want of space I must defer till next week the publication of interesting matter relating to the pilgrimages.

OBITUARY.

We recommend the following deceased persons to the pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity: Margaret Drew, Jane E. W. Drew, and John Roche, who departed this life some time ago. Sister M. Bernard (Sauer), who breathed her last at Mt. de Chantal, W. Va., fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church. She was in the 70th year of her age and 41st of her religious profession. Mrs. Mary Stringer, deceased at New Orleans, Jan. 25th. Miss Teresa Kelly, who slept in the Lord Nov. 21st, at San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. John Hawkins, who died happily, after receiving all the rites of the Church, at Sharpsburg, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, who died some time ago at Ottawa, Ill. Patrick Quinn, deceased Nov. 6th, at Charleston, S. C. W. Maher, who departed this life Jan. 25th, in Detroit, Mich. Sister M. Aloysia (Miss Mary Cleary), who went to her Spouse Feb. 14th, at the Convent of Mercy, Providence, R. I., after 17 years of devotion and charity. Miss Mary Cassidy, who died an edifying death at Fredonia, Wis., Feb. 14th. Miss M. A. Scully, who slept in the Lord Dec. 8th, at San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. E. Sinnott, who died a holy death at Milpitai, Cal. Miss Ellen Carty, whose edifying death occurred recently at Waterloo, Wis. Mrs. Buttimer, deceased Feb. 14th, at Somerville, Mass. Mrs. Margaret Brayil, who closed a holy life by a most pious and edifying death Feb. 1st, at Elmira, Cal. Thomas Hughes, deceased Jan. 5th, at San Francisco, Cal. Wm. Taylor, who died at Kansas City, in February.

May they rest in peace!

A. Granger, C. S. C., Director.



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9.27 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.38 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

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Calendar of the Week.

[Besides the Feasts of the Calendar proper for the United States, we give also those of the Roman Calendar as used in many dioceses.]

Saturday, 24.—Holy Saturday.
Sunday, 25.—Easter Sunday.
Monday, 26.—Easter Monday.
Tuesday, 27.—Easter Tuesday.
Wednesday, 28.—Of the Octave.
Thursday, 29.—Of the Octave.
Friday, 30.—Of the Octave.
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VOL. XIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 24, 1883. No. 12.

[Copyright:—Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S.C.]

Queen of Heaven, Rejoice.

BY M. C. A.

OH! Queen of Heaven, lift up thy voice,
And with triumphant love rejoice;
For He whom thou deserv'st to bear,
As Mother, yet as Virgin fair,
Has (as He said He would) arisen;—
Oh Maiden-Mother, Queen of Heaven,
Rejoice, and for us intercede,
Thy God, thy Son, has risen indeed.
Alleluia!

Father Tom.

A STORY OF CONNEMARA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "BETTER THAN GOLD," "MY RAID INTO MEXICO," ETC.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT was towards evening when Philip Dillon, all covered with dust, arrived at Glasnavogue, on the long car from Westport. He had changed his dress, and had sent on his uniform and charger to Dublin by his servant, *en route* to India *via* Southampton and the Suez Canal.

Father Tom, who had only had speech of him for a moment on the day he passed through with his troop, was uneasy about him. The good priest had noticed the haggard look and the pale face, and, ignorant as to the cause, felt a sympathy for the honest young fellow that arose to the dignity of deep grief.

"Father," said Phil, as he seated himself at the little table, "I have to tell you something that will fret you. I have come to you to say good-bye."

"Good-bye? You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

"When? where?"

"To-morrow, dear *Padre*, after serving your Mass, and *en route* for India."

"India! O Phil!" And the old man's lip quivered as he spoke.

"Yes, India, *Padre*. I have exchanged with Knipe, of the Eleventh Hussars."

"But why India? why this exchange? why this sudden determination?"

"It is not so sudden, sir. I have thought of going away for a long time."

"And you have never told me! Phil, there is something behind this. You are a man, and I have no right to treat you as a child. You know how deeply I love you. If you have griefs, why not let me share them with you? I might be able to give you good counsel in my humble way. I have soothed many an aching heart in my time. Phil, my son, why do you go to India?"

"I did not like to tell you. It will afflict and fret you; but *you* have a right to know. I leave Ireland because it is necessary for me to do so."

"I could have wished to have had you within call until it pleased the good God to relieve me of my guard. It will not be very long, Phil."

"I do not desire to go, Father; but duty and honor compel me to go."

"Ah, if it is a question of duty and honor, I have nothing to say. Everything yields to duty and honor. You are the best judge of your duty, the best keeper of your honor. Go, my son, go. I say no more. I desire to learn no more."

"But I want to tell you all," cried Phil, overcome by emotion; "and it is better that you should know everything. You will remain here; you will see—*her.*"

"Who? Her?"

"Jacqueline."

"Jacqueline?"

"I love her, Father; I love her." And a great cry came from the man's heart as he uttered the words.

"Oh, my poor boy!" exclaimed Father Tom, with a choking voice.

"Pardon me for talking to you of these things, but I tell you all as I would tell my father. And then—I never could speak about her to anybody, and that was killing. Yes: it is a madness that, in spite of myself, has carried me along with it. It was here in this cottage that I began to love her,—in this room. You remember the day she came with her sister? it commenced then, Father. After that I was allowed the privilege of seeing her often in the closest intimacy; and you yourself never ceased speaking to me of her purity, her goodness. How often have you not told me that she was one of the best and purest women in the wide world?"

"And I thought so," murmured the priest; "and I think so still; and no one here knows her better than I, for I alone have seen her with Almighty God's poor. If you could have seen her with the sick and the distressed;—how tender, how brave! Neither misery nor suffering deterred her. But I am wrong to tell all this. I—"

"No, no. I shall never see her again—*never;* but I hunger to hear of her."

"You will never in your whole life, Phil, if it please to grant you a long lease, meet a nobler-hearted woman, or one whose sentiments are more elevated. O Philip," added the priest, clasping his hands together, "if she were only a poor girl!"

"Yes, if she were only poor, sir; but she is not poor."

"No, she is not; and—and—well, go, my child, go away, since you cannot see her or be with her without agony of heart. Go away—and yet—"

The old priest, dropping his face into his hands, remained silent for a few seconds, then resumed:

"Philip, do you know what I have been thinking about? I have seen Miss Jarrette a great deal since her arrival at Glencreegan—daily—twice a day sometimes—and I thought over it—but it did not astonish me then, it seemed so natural that she should be interested in you—that she was always talking about you—always."

"About me?"

"Yes. She was anxious to know how you lived, and asked me to explain a soldier's life to her—the life of a soldier loving his profession, and leading the existence of a good man. A thousand little questions. She was absent on a visit to the Marquis of Clanricarde three or four days. The very day—nay, the hour she got back from Portumna she came over to me to ask if you were well, if you had written, and to ascertain what chance there was of your coming to Glasnavogue."

"There is no use in recalling these *souvenirs,*" said the dragoon, in deep dejection.

"She appeared so pleased, so happy when I told her of your intention of coming for my birthday, and the anniversary of the celebration of my first Mass. Then, again, when I told her of your coming with your troop, she appeared so intensely happy. 'He will come to dinner with you, *Padre,*' she said. 'There is no one at Glencreegan now, and we shall be just a family-party: my brother-in-law, my sister, *he* and you; yes,' she added, laughing so brightly, 'quite a family-party.'"

There was a silence broken only by the ticking of the cuckoo-clock in the passage.

"Do you know what I think, Phil?" asked the priest. "I think that she loves you, Phil."

"I—think—she—does," said the young man, each word being, as it were, dragged up by the roots.

"You think so too?"

"Yes, Father. When I left her the last day of my leave, just at Finnerty's meadow, she was so agitated, so moved. She saw me sad and despairing. She had acted coldly to me at Glencreegan the night before. She—oh, her eyes said so much; but perhaps I was a fool for thinking so. Perhaps I mistook that look of pity for— Oh, Father Tom, it has haunted me!" And Phil let his head fall into his hands with a gesture of despair.

"But," said the poor priest, totally dumbfounded, utterly upset, "I cannot understand this. If you love her, and she loves you, why—"

"That is the reason I am going to leave."

If there were no one in question but myself—if I were certain that my love for her was unperceived by anybody, certain that *she* knew nothing of it, I would remain, if for nothing but the rapture of beholding her; and I would love her standing afar off, without hope. I would love her for the sake of loving her. But no. She has perceived it—and—far from discouraging me— Well, Father, you see that I *must* go!"

"No: I do not see it. I know very well, my child, that I am speaking on a subject of which I am no master; but you are both good, young, charming; you love her, she loves you; and could you not—"

"And her wealth, Father! her wealth!"

"What matter about her wealth? Her wealth is nothing. Is it on account of her money that you have loved her? It is rather in spite of her money. Your conscience, Phil, will be at rest on this point, at all events."

"No: it is not enough, Father Tom. To have a good opinion of oneself is not enough. It is necessary that the good opinion should be entertained by others."

"O Phil, who that knows you could for a second doubt you?"

"But then there is another matter in addition to the money, another question more serious and more grave still. I am not the style of husband that would suit her."

"And who is more worthy of her than you?"

"It is not a question of my worthiness, Father: it is a question of influence, position, and all that sort of thing. I must go, my Father. I shall suffer horribly, but I will pray to God for strength. You will pray to God for me, won't you!"

As the young man spoke, a light knock was heard at the door.

"Never mind, Phil," said the priest; "I will send whoever it may be away."

Father Tom advanced to the door, opened it, and, uttering an exclamation, recoiled as if he had beheld a ghost.

It was Jacqueline. She at once perceived Philip, and went straight over to him.

"You!" she cried. "Oh, how happy I am!"

He had started to his feet.

She took him by both hands, and, addressing the priest: "I ask your pardon, Father Tom, for first coming to him. I saw you this morning, and I have not seen him for many weeks: not since a certain morning when he left me standing in the road—and he wouldn't return, although I called to him."

The young man felt himself unable to move a muscle, to utter a word.

"And now," continued Jacqueline, "he looks just as sad, sadder than on that morning. I'm delighted that I have come in. It was an inspiration."

She then turned to the priest: "I have come, Reverend sir, to ask you to hear my confession—yes, my confession. But you need not leave, Mr. Dillon. I shall make an open confession; I shall gladly speak before you; and—and, now that I think of it, it would be better to do so. Let us sit down."

She felt herself full of confidence and fortitude. She was feverish, but the fever which upon the field of battle imparts to the soldier ardor, heroism, and a contempt for danger. The emotion that caused Jacqueline's heart to beat so wildly was a lofty and generous emotion. She said to herself: "I want to be loved. I want to love. I want to be happy. I want him to be happy! Since he has not courage, I must have it for both. I must march onward alone, my head high, my heart tranquil, to this victory of our love, to this victory of our happiness!"

Jacqueline, from the moment she opened her lips, had gained a complete ascendency over Father Tom and his kinsman. They mutely allowed her to do as she would, to say what she pleased. They felt that the moment was a supreme one; they recognized that that which was about to come to pass would prove decisive; but neither one nor the other could foresee what was going to happen. They remained perfectly still, almost like a pair of automatons. They waited; they listened. Between these two bewildered men, the young girl was cool and collected. Her voice rang clear and pure as she commenced:

"I shall tell you in advance, Father Tom—and this will ease your scruples—that I am here with the entire consent and approval of my brother-in-law and sister. They know why I have come here, they know what I am going to do. They are not only aware of this, but approve of it. You understand this, don't you? What brought me here was your somewhat curt letter of adieu to my sister, Mr. Dillon, announcing that you could not

come to see us; that you were compelled to leave, *en route* for India. This letter deranged all my projects. I had resolved that this evening—always with the approval of my brother-in-law and sister—after dinner, when the *Padre* here would be indulging in his little nap, to take a walk with you in the park, to sit beside you on the trunk of a tree—I was childish enough to select the place beforehand;—there I would have delivered a little speech, carefully prepared, carefully studied, almost learned by heart; for, since you left me on that morning, I have thought of nothing but this little speech. I recited it to myself morning, noon, and night. This is what I proposed to do, and your letter upset all. I found myself in a difficulty. I reflected a little, and said to myself: 'If I deliver my speech to Father Tom it will be nearly the same thing as speaking it to *him*.' I have come, then, dear Father Tom, to earnestly entreat of you to listen to me."

"I am listening with all my might," gasped the good priest, his hands locked together, his body bent forward.

"I am wealthy, Father Tom; I am very wealthy, too wealthy—oh, much too wealthy. I like my wealth, because it enables me, through such pure channels as you, sir, to do some little good. I have always said to myself, 'I desire that my husband, above all things, will be worthy of sharing this large fortune. I wish to be very certain that he will make good use of it—with me, if I live; after me, if it please God to call me first.' I have always said another thing, 'He who is to be my husband I wish to love with all my heart'; and here, Father Tom, my confession actually commences. He is a man who, since he has met me, has done everything in his power to conceal from me that he loved me. But this man I *feel*, I know, loves me. Philip, is it not so? You love me?"

"Yes," said Phil, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, his eyes closed like those of a criminal, and almost shuddering: "I love you!"

"I knew that perfectly well, but I wanted to hear you say so. And now, Philip, I implore of you not to utter a single word. Anything you could say would be utterly useless, would upset me, would hinder me from finishing what I've got to say, and what it is absolutely necessary that I should say to you. Promise me to remain there, seated, without stirring, without speaking. You promise me?"

"I promise you."

Jacqueline now lost some of her courage, and her voice slightly trembled.

"Father Tom, I do not accuse you of what has happened; but, for all that, it is slightly your fault."

"My fault?"

"Oh, do not you speak either! Yes, I repeat it, your fault. I am certain that you have said too many flattering things about me to your kinsman, have spoken a great deal too much about me. Perhaps if it were not for this he might never have thought of me. And at the same time, *Padre*, you said a great deal about him, and of his goodness,—not too much, but a great deal. Then, you see, I had such confidence in you that I began to think of him with a great deal of attention. I commenced to compare him with all the others who have sought my hand. He appeared to me to be immeasurably their superior. Then, a certain morning arrived—the morning of your departure, Mr. Philip—and—and I—I learned that I loved you. Yes, Philip, I do love you. I implore of you, Philip, to say nothing; remain seated; do not come near me. Before I came here, I laid in a store of courage; already it has leaked away. I have still certain things to say to you, and the most important of all. Philip, listen to me. I do not desire a reply forced from your emotion. I know that you love me. If it—come to pass that you marry me, I do not desire that it shall only be for love. I also require that it shall be from conviction. During the happy time before you left to join your regiment you took such particular care to avoid me, to cut off every chance of interchange of thought, that I could not show myself to you in my true colors. There are in me certain qualities that, perhaps, you may not be aware of. Philip, I know what you are. I know to what I am binding myself in becoming your wife; and I would be to you not only a tender and loving woman, but also a firm and courageous woman. I know your entire life. Father Tom has told it to me. And now, dear Father, it is to you that I address myself. I want you to reply—not him. Tell me if he loves me, if he considers me worthy of him, would it be just to compel me to expiate my fortune so bitterly. Say, Father, ought he not to become my husband?"

"Philip," said the old priest, gravely,

"marry her. It is your duty; it will be your happiness. God will bless you both."

The young man approached Jacqueline, and, taking her hand, imprinted his first kiss on her forehead.

Jacqueline turned from him, and, going up to Father Tom, kissed him on both cheeks.

"You often told me, Father Tom, that Philip was as your son. I shall be as your daughter. You will have two children now instead of one."

And the *Angelus* pealed out, and the three, falling upon their knees, uttered the ever-refreshing, the ever-consoling, the ever-beautiful *"Ave Maria."*

. . . . . .

What a sight the little church presented on the day of the marriage, a perfect bouquet of flowers! The new altar—the gift of Mrs. Van Spuyten—shone resplendent with wax lights, and the new pictures were encircled in frames of glowing blossoms, while the altar of the Blessed Virgin was one mass of white roses.

The entire population of Glasnavogue was present, strengthened by contingents from the neighboring bogs and mountains; and fervent indeed were the "God bless the darlint!" that ascended from the lips of those whom the brave girl had succored in their hour of need.

"Och, but this is an elegant day for Glasnavogue!" exclaimed Jim Doyle, rapturously, as the bride, leaning on the arm of her husband, passed through the chapel-yard.

"For Glasnavogue indeed!" cried Mrs. Joyce, with a toss of her head; "for Father Tom, you mean!"

Two or three days before a great festival, the Almighty gave a feast in His azure palace, to which all the virtues were invited, and no one else. The number of virtues, the great ones and the little included, was very great. The little ones were, perhaps, more attractive and charming, but they all appeared to be on the very best of terms and to know one another intimately. But, lo! the Almighty noticed that two of those beautiful virtues seemed to be strangers to each other. The Lord of the house, leading one towards the other, said: "Beneficence," bowing to the one, "Gratitude," turning to the other. The two virtues were very much surprised; they had been travelling over the world since its creation, but had never met anywhere.—*Russian Legend.*

Easter-Day.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.

THE morning sunshine streams into
An empty tomb;
The light of Heaven is breaking through
The shrouding gloom.
Up, hearts, so lately with your grieving rent;
Up! sing for joy! you well have kept your Lent!
And Christ is risen!

II.

The Easter lilies' pallid cheeks
Have not a tear;
The violets have waited weeks,
But now are here;
Bring all the flowers that make the garden gay,
And place them in our Lord's dear house to-day,
For He is risen!

III.

But fairer in His blessed sight
Than any flowers
That turn their faces to the light,
Are hearts of ours,
Turned from the dross of earth, seeking the way
He shows to us this glorious Easter-Day,
For He is risen!

Historical Opinions on the Papacy.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS DENNEHY.

In Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe" we read: "It will ever be the great object of tyranny, whether regal or democratic, to beat down this central independent authority (*id est*, the Papacy); to render the censors of morals subservient to the dominant power; and, under the specious pretence of emancipating mankind from spiritual shackles, in effect to subject them to a far more grievous temporal oppression. . . . 'What does the Pope mean,' said Napoleon to Eugéne, in July, 1807, 'by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? *Does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?'* Within two years after these remarkable words were written, the Pope did excommunicate him, in return for the confiscation of his whole dominions; and in less than four years more the arms *did fall from the hands of his*

*soldiers,** and the hosts, apparently invincible, which he had collected were dispersed and ruined by the blasts of winter. He extorted from the Supreme Pontiff at Fontainebleau, in 1813, after the terrors and exhaustion of a long captivity, a renunciation of the rights of the Church over the Roman States; and within a year after he himself was compelled, *at Fontainebleau,* to sign the abdication of all his dominions. He consigned Cardinal Pacca and several other prelates, the courageous counsellors of the Bull of Excommunication, to a dreary imprisonment of four years amidst the snows of the Alps; and he himself was shortly after doomed to a painful exile of six on the rock of St. Helena.

"There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operations of chance, and which even the Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages. The world had not gone back a thousand years, but that Being existed with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years."

Macaulay wrote: "The history of the Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back, in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor.* The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we have no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. . . .

"But we can see that, during two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe

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* Alison quotes Segur, who wrote: "The weapons of the soldiers appeared of an insupportable weight to their stiffened arms. During their frequent falls, they *fell from their hands;* and, destitute of the power of raising them from the ground, they were left in the snow. They did not throw them away: *famine and cold tore them from their grasp.* The fingers of many were frozen on the muskets which they yet carried, and their hands deprived of the circulation necessary to sustain the weight."

He likewise quotes the following from Salgues's "Mémoirs pour Générale Histoire de France sous Napoleon": "The soldiers could no longer hold their weapons; they *fell from the hands even of the bravest and most robust. . . .* The muskets *dropped from the frozen arms of those who bore them.*"

Surely Napoleon's boasting inquiry was visibly and terribly answered, and the instability of the greatest earthly power strikingly witnessed in the punishment provoked by his tyrannical temerity.

* Some thirty-five years ago, Lord Macaulay wrote thus. When he penned these words, Napoleon the Third, Victor Emanuel, and Gambetta were—as the world knew them after—literally unthought of. They have come and gone, but the Papacy still confronts the world.—W. F. D.

that, as far as there has been a change, that change has, on the whole, been in favor of the Church of Rome."

The celebrated historian of Switzerland, John von Müller, says: "The Northern nations, rushing in upon the most beautiful countries of Europe, trampling under foot or disturbing and convulsing all social institutions, menaced the whole Western world with a barbarism similar to that which, under the Ottoman sceptre, has obliterated everything good, great, and beautiful that ancient Greece and Asia had produced. Yet the Bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, strong in their authority, contrived to impose a restraint on those giants of the North, who, as regards intelligence, were but children. They would not have been more successful than the Greek prelates, had they been subject to four different patriarchs.

"The Popes of Rome, to render their See independent, subject to its immediate action the whole Western hierarchy, and establish its sway far beyond the boundaries of the ancient Empire on the ruins of the Northern religions. . . . And one Faith and one Church were preserved in Europe amid the breaking up and subdivision into a thousand principalities of the newly-founded kingdoms.

"We know what Pope made Charlemagne the first Emperor; but who made the first Pope? The Pope, they say, was only a Bishop. Yes: but at the same time the Holy Father, the *Sovereign Pontiff*, the great *Caliph* (as he was called by Ao-Albufreda, Prince of Hamath), of all the kingdoms and principalities, of all the lordships and cities of the West. It is he who controlled by the fear of God the stormy youth of our modern states. At present even, when his authority is no longer formidable, he is still very puissant by the benedictions which he showers; he is still an object of veneration to innumerable hearts, honored by the kings who honor the nations, invested with a power before which, in the long succession of ages, from the Cæsars to the Houses of Hapsburg, a host of nations and all their great names have vanished.

"We declaim against the Pope, as if it were such a misfortune that there should exist an authority to superintend the practice of Christian morality, and say to ambition and despotism, 'Halt! so far and no farther!'"

The well-known English writer, Doctor Brewer, remarks: "The Papacy was not only the highest, but it was the oldest monarchy of Europe. Compared with it all other royal and imperial offices of power and majesty were of a recent development. . . . It was fenced round with traditions mounting up to heaven. It had been the great and chosen instrument of God for propagating and preserving the law, the faith, and the love of Christ among ignorant and unsophisticated nations,—a prophet among babes, an apostle among barbarians. It had been the chief, at one time the sole, depository of wisdom, art, law, literature, and science to uninstructed and admiring men. . . . deeds which the Middle Ages could understand; services of the highest nature rendered to mankind; the silent and even the obtrusive attestation of spiritual truths, of spiritual order and authority rising above the confusion and the janglings of this world,—these and similar influences were the true causes of the primacy of Saint Peter."

Herder wrote: "Without the Hierarchy, Europe in all probability had become the prey of tyrants, the theatre of eternal wars, or even a desert." While Beck, in his work on "The Middle Age," published in 1824, says: "The Hierarchy opposed the progress of despotism in Europe, preserved the elements of civilization, and upheld in the recollection of men what is so easily effaced—the ties which bind earth to heaven."

The following paragraph is from Rühs's "Manual of the History of the Middle Age," "The weak then found in spiritual authority a better protection against the encroachments of the powerful than afterwards in the so-called balance of power—a system which, as it was a thing purely abstract, devoid of all external guarantee, must soon have lost all influence. The Pope was always present to terminate the wars which had broken out among Christian princes, and to protect the people against the injustice and tyranny of their rulers. The clergy, therefore, everywhere showed themselves opposed to the power of kings, when the latter wished to become perfectly absolute. They wished not to domineer over them, but to confine them within the legitimate bounds of their authority. The priesthood was, consequently, always for princes, when vassals attacked the rights of the sovereign. Priests were the nat-

ural and constant guardians of the rights and liberty of all classes."

M. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization in Europe," says: "By its own constitution, by its action on the Christian population, and also by the part it bore in civil affairs, the Christian Church exercised prodigious means of influence. From this epoch, therefore, it operated powerfully on the character and development of modern civilization. I will endeavor to sum up the elements it has infused into it.

"In the first place, an incalculable benefit resulted from the existence of a moral influence or force, of a force which rested on moral convictions, persuasions, and opinions, in the midst of that deluge of physical force which poured upon society. If the Christian Church had not been established, the whole world had been overborne by pure physical force. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more: it sustained and spread the idea of a rule or law which was superior to all human law. . . . No society ever made such efforts as the Christian Church, from the fifth to the tenth century, to extend its sphere, and smooth the external world into its own likeness. . . . It attacked barbarism, as it were, on all its sides, to civilize by subduing it."

Such have been the words of some among the greatest writers of the world, of those who were alien to the Church and the spirit of faith which abides with her forever; and, grudged even though their testimony in many cases was, it is nevertheless of value in its own way and to its own extent, for it proves the power of right and truth and justice to overcome with their overwhelming weight all the prejudices born of early teaching, of preconceived opinions, and the falsehoods of tyranny and time.

St. Joseph's Client.*

BY MRS. MARGARET REYNOLDS.

"Lalla Rookh," as we used to call her, by way of a fond or pet name, had the most implicit confidence in Saint Joseph, and invariably spoke of him (not through passing impulse or enthusiasm) with an affection that never for an instant abated. How this beautiful and abiding faith and devotion to the humble Spouse of Mary first came about was, she once assured us, through reading St. Teresa's account of receiving unfailing help whenever she invoked him.

Lalla, at the time of reading the Saint's testimony, was sitting in the little octagon window of her city home, oppressed with the heat of the day, and wondering, as she looked up from her book and out on the dusty street, how the poor laborers who passed in file down the sidewalk managed to survive it.

The thought had scarcely crossed her mind, before her mother, who had been out on a little shopping errand, entered the room; she had her hand to her head, and, as she sat down, complained of a sudden pain, and marvelled at the many different colors constantly flitting before her eyes. A physician was soon in attendance upon her. "An attack of acute neuralgia," he called it, brought on by the intense heat of the sun; she was in danger, he said, and ordered that her room be darkened and all noise excluded.

"Day after day," said Lalla, "and night after night, I listened to her moans of pain, binding the ice about her head, and forcing the nourishment between her reluctant lips. I felt so helpless through it all, and the physicians (there were three) also seemed helpless. They could only allay the pain by inducing stupor; she was so old, they said, that her recovery was doubtful."

"Well," continued our friend, "when we are plunged in misery how prone we are to reflection; how wide-open our senses become! At least it was so in my case: the world never before seemed to me so real, or my own lot so full of woe. I felt bitter against everybody. My mother was, perhaps, dying, and even the kindest inquiry concerning her had a cold, conventional sound to me. I felt that the loss would be my own; friends might miss her, but I should *lose* her. Like a rush of bitter waters, there passed through my mind every slighting word, every wound of heart, however small, that had come to her through me; if she would only live until even *that* might be in a measure repaired!

"I sat by the bedside, gazing down upon her changed features and her helplessness. I pictured her to myself once again restored; I planned how I would dress her, where I would

* The details of this narrative in every particular are strictly true.

take her to walk and to visit; how her occupations should be made up of pleasant pastime; how she should never again know exertion, but live in peace and rest. One day two ladies came to visit her. I was used to having persons come and go, and, without turning to salute them, kept selfishly wrapped in my own reflections. I could not affect pleasure at sight of people who came with hopeless faces, and sighs, and dolorous shakes of the head. I wanted a word of cheer; I wanted to see Hope in some one's face; I would have been grateful even for the sound of a laugh, though foreign to the scene.

"'She looks so like my own poor mother when *she* was dying,' one of the ladies said, in an undertone, as they left the room together.

"I felt as though the world itself were slipping from beneath my feet. I bent over the dear sufferer. 'No,' I reflected, speaking hope to my aching heart; 'no: she is not dying; it is only the illness and the prostration that make her so ghastly!' I smoothed the damp forehead and kissed the unconscious lips. But soon again I abandoned myself to grief, and sank sobbing upon the pillows.

"The heat was still intense. The ice melted fast. One evening I hastened out in search of more. When I returned, the lamps were lit, and the parish priest, previously sent for, was present. He stood with me at the foot of the bed, contemplating the sufferer. His presence was the first comfort experienced by me since her illness.

"After performing the duties of his office, the Father still lingered. He said little, but, with folded arms, stood there, looking on.

"I wondered what was passing in his mind. Was it prayer? or was he making a meditation on death? For the few moments that he remained I felt I could have given him a kingdom; and the gratitude I experienced because he did not hasten away, seeming so willing to share my sorrow, I shall retain through life. But finally he departed as, of course, it was necessary for him to do; and when he had gone I looked forward to the long hours of the night with dread, asking myself repeatedly what would the morning bring.

"It was towards midnight when what is commonly termed the 'death-watch' began its ticking, directly over the bed. At another time, or in the case of another person's grief, I should have thought little of it; but now my whole nature seemed to strain to the sign. I got up. It is heathenish of me! I thought, and went over to the leaves garlanded on the wall, in which, no doubt, the cricket was concealed. I tore them from their place, scattering them upon the floor, and returned to my seat. All the stories I had ever in my childhood heard of 'wraiths' and 'banshees,' and the 'warnings' that follow certain families, rose in my mind; and then the 'ticking,' seeming louder and more rapid than before, was renewed. In vain I called faith and reason to my aid; in vain I argued to myself that it was but a harmless little cricket I heard. I bent over my mother. Her features were pinched now; her hands lying helpless and motionless by her side; her breathing was distressed and unnatural. I felt she had got beyond human aid; I felt that she was indeed dying. Overwhelmed with woe, I, for the first time in my life, knelt to pray to St. Joseph. I pleaded with him, and it seemed the first *real* prayer I had ever made. I told him I believed firmly that he *could* help me if he would, and promised, if he obtained my mother's recovery, a life-long devotion to him.

"Shortly after reciting this prayer, and unable, through weariness, to keep awake, I resigned my post as watcher to one equally as faithful, and lay down to rest. What I am going to relate now," resumed Lalla, "borders on the marvellous. Believe it or not, as you please; but this is what I saw in my dream, and I would scruple and fear enlarging a syllable beyond the bare fact concerning so sacred a subject as St. Joseph. I awoke several times, restless and alarmed, and just at daybreak fell into final slumber. I have a steel engraving of the Holy Family in my room. The Infant Jesus stands on a pedestal, His tiny right hand clasping His Mother's, who gazes upon Him in tender confidence; His left hand rests confidingly in St. Joseph's, who is seated by His side, holding his lily-branch, his face confronting the looker-on in an appealing way, as if beseeching constancy to his Foster-Child. I dreamed of this picture. I thought Mary faded entirely from it; the Infant also had gone, and in His place came the God-Man. Beside Him, and as if in following, stood St. Joseph; he held a lantern; its rays shed down upon a kneeling figure, which I thought to be myself. Our Lord's look turned to me as if in reluctance,

and, with His eyes bent upon me, I awoke. I pondered upon the dream while dressing; my heart somehow felt lightened and hopeful. I could not refrain, unworthy though I was, from looking upon it as a grace, and that it was to show me how our Lord, though disinclined to grant the favor I had asked, was forced to do so through the powerful intercession of St. Joseph. I hastened down-stairs. My mother was sleeping. When she awoke, I set about dressing her. To my surprise, she who had been unable to lift an arm the day before, raised both now to aid me.

"From that moment she improved; and there," said Lalla, pointing to an aged but still strong and cheerful lady, "there she is, a living proof of the power and goodness of dear St. Joseph."

A Lesson of the Hour.

The necessity of the moral element in any educational system is evident to every candid and thoughtful mind. Yet—and it goes without the saying—with many of our modern educators this necessity, admitted theoretically, is totally disregarded practically. Were words required to bring home forcibly to these instructors a sense of their duty to impart a religious training to their youthful charges, we would commend to their careful perusal a letter from the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., published in the New York *Sun* of March 9th.

The Reverend writer, speaking in particular of the sad political condition of Spain, says:

"Of Spain—carefully as I have endeavored during the last thirteen months to study her condition—I fear to write what I think. The love of this great country and her people was born with me, and I would fain prophesy of her all prosperity, glory, and happiness. But when I see that the Spaniard of to-day, even when he professes outwardly to be a Christian, will not permit one of his children to receive religious instruction in Sunday-school or secular school, and that religion to him is but a dead and empty form, I cannot help foreseeing that in the very near future the Church of Spain will be in a worse plight than is now the Church in France."

Dr. O'Reilly then points out, in unsparing terms, the evil influence of Governmental interference as especially manifested in its promotion of "secular institutions, the very soul of whose teaching is skepticism or downright hostility to revelation." In conclusion, he remarks:

"It is my conviction that unless Providence should intervene—a thing which should remain outside the calculations of the prudent and energetic—or unless the Spanish high clergy should awaken to a sense of their danger, and put suddenly forth their united strength to instruct and fore-arm their people, the end of the next half century will see the Church of Spain as helplessly prostrate at the feet of its then democratic Government as the French Church was yesterday at the feet of Gambetta and Paul Bert, as it may be to-morrow at the feet of Clémenceau and Rochefort.

"Under Heaven, the sole means of salvation for Christianity, no matter how denominated, in this old tempest-torn Europe, lies in catechetical instruction given to the children of both sexes in the most attractive and efficient forms in the Sunday-school and in the bosom of the family. Indeed, family instruction will very soon be the only channel left for imparting it, and thus counteracting the mighty and manifold irreligious influences at work everywhere outside of the home."

And, be it remembered, what is here said of "tempest-torn Europe" may with equal force be applied to our own country.

What gave the first promise of stability to this grand Republic of ours was the sentiment of religion that permeated and animated the breasts of the immortal Signers of the "Declaration of Independence" and the patriots who fought for liberty and their rights. If to-day we behold the sad spectacle of "corruption in high places," need we say that the cause thereof is the want of this moral or religious influence. "Facts speak louder than words"; and on all sides we have convincing proofs of the truth that irreligion, as it implies moral irresponsibility, will, here in our country, if not checked, end in the total disintegration of the Republic and the subversion of our social fabric. There is nothing so peculiarly distinctive about us as a nation that we should form an exception to other nations. And, we say it advisedly, as surely as irreligion has led to anarchy in France and other countries, so will it lead in this country, and perhaps with far more disastrous results.

Apart from this, the Christian parent who neglects the moral training of his child is doubly guilty in the sight of God. His duty is to bring up his child not only as a member of the family, but also of society; and the fulfilment of this obligation supposes the imparting of religious instruction, or the knowledge of the duties which we owe to God, to ourselves and to our fellow-man. To the Catholic child, the knowledge of these duties is presented in their simplest and most durable form in the instructions of the Catechism.

And a striking illustration of the importance of these instructions is furnished in the words of Father O'Reilly when he says: "The only means of salvation for Christian Europe lies in this catechetical instruction." In France, the Sunday-school and religious literature "counteracted, to a great extent, the influence of the infidel and immoral French press"; and the same forces are equally effective everywhere.

However, this subject is one that has been treated time and again. We did but intend to adduce a striking example to confirm arguments already brought forward. We have no reason to believe that among our Catholic parents there are so very many notably derelict in their duty as regards the moral training of their children. But we may hope that what has been said will serve to confirm the faithful in their good work, and recall the delinquent to a sense of his duty.

The Moral of Two Pictures.

In the Corcoran Gallery at Washington there are two paintings. One represents a baron of the Middle Ages, setting out on some expedition of war or plunder. Accompanied by his retainers, he is leaving a noble and stately castle, perched on a rocky height. The sun, shining brightly, causes the cavalcade to present a gallant appearance as it rides forth, banners flying, trumpets blowing, and armor burnished. By the wayside is a venerable monk, who in warning and menacing tones is denouncing their raid. But his voice is unheeded;—pride, passion, the love of glory, the thirst for adventure, and perhaps the desire of revenge, or the summons of a kingly superior, is stronger than the voice of Religion.

The other picture represents an abbey, situated in a lonely spot in a secluded valley, surrounded by foliage, lighted up for Vespers and Compline; the moon shines on the Gothic pile, and throws a mellow light on, alas! a very different procession to that of the marauding knight. He has been slain, and his companions in arms are bringing his corpse to the abbey to be buried—perhaps with his ancestor, who may have founded it. The abbot meets the procession at the door. If his interrogatories are satisfactorily answered; if he hears that compunction has marked the dead man's end; if he has received the last Sacraments, or ardently desired them; if he has forgiven his enemies, and made restitution of plundered goods, the Church is a Mother. She will leave his frailties to the bosom of his Father and his God; she will celebrate Masses for his soul; she will offer prayers innumerable, and she will piously hope that the merits of Christ, the good works of the faithful, and the intercession of the saints will secure him admission at last into heaven. She does not sing "Safe in the arms of Jesus" over a man whose life has been criminal; she does not send him straight to heaven, as our modern murderers and defaulters are sent; she leaves him to God, and hopes for the best. She says to God:

"Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

"Quærens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti, crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

But should the case have been otherwise, she will not inter his body in her consecrated ground, nor will any pompous inscription set forth his real or imaginary virtues. His monument will represent him as kneeling or reclining—in either case with his hands clasped in prayer,—and "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!" is the inscription on his tomb.

The Church is *not* a company of "faithful men" only; she is compared to a field where the wheat and cockle grow together. Her children are all "called to be saints"; the majority are saints, although not of the first order of sanctity; but some, alas! are not only not saints, but great sinners; and these the Church watches over and prays for. She does not drive them out, unless they despise and persistently reject her. So doing, she follows His example who walked with sinners, received Magdalen, forgave the thief, prayed for His murderers, told of the prodigal son, and went after the lost sheep, leaving the ninety and nine safe ones.

The Cathedral of Lubeck, built in the years 1170–1314, has a curious clock. On the end of the hour-hand is a little clock which keeps exact time with the large one.

The first Protestant version of the whole Bible in England was that of Miles Coverdale, issued in 1535, and dedicated to Henry VIII.

An Appeal.

We gladly give place to the following appeal in behalf of the starving children of Donegal and the West of Ireland. It comes to us with the fullest endorsement of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. We hope it will be responded to with promptness and generosity. Evidently, this is a case where to give quickly is to give twice:

SIR:—A few weeks ago I was strongly urged by those who are eye-witnesses of the terrible distress in some of the districts of Donegal, to raise a fund for the purpose of feeding the starving children at the schools. In 1880 I organized and managed a very large Children's Fund for Mr. Gordon Bennett's Committee, and it produced most satisfactory results. The distress at this moment, though limited to certain localities, is equally acute, and calls for *immediate* exertion, if the children there are to be saved from a lingering death, or, worse still, life-long diseases. In many places they are existing now upon *sea-weed*, with a small quantity of Indian meal mixed through it. I propose to give one good plentiful meal daily at the schools to the really hungry destitute children, irrespective of creed. I bar Indian meal as an article of diet; as used alone, it produces scrofula and ophthalmia in children. Three pounds weekly will furnish a good meal daily to one hundred children. There are several thousand to be fed. I began feeding one thousand children at Kilcar and Gweedore on Monday, the 12th; and added twelve hundred from Glencolombkill and Killybegs on Monday, the 19th.

There are many who think that emigration is the only remedy for the normal sufferings of the inhabitants of these barren regions; be that as it may, but few at a time can be shipped off to more fertile regions, and their still remains the question open of *their* ultimate success in a strange land; but in the meanwhile populations are starving, and, as a great advocate of emigration wrote to me, "Political economy cannot stand against the cry of a hungry child." Distance alone enables people to contemplate calmly the pangs of hunger suffered by these poor people. An eye-witness writes: "It is hard to see a strong man suffer, worse still to see the pallid hungry face of a starved woman; but to hear the cries of the children for food, that is not there to give them, is more than anyone can bear."

If these scenes were at our own doors we should not be satisfied with subscribing to an Emigration Fund, and leaving our fellow-creatures to perish. I know too well that acts and words, that all true Irish most deeply deplore, have steeled the hearts of many against appeals for relief; but no one can wish the innocent children to suffer; and it is for them that I plead to the English public, with a full hope and confidence of receiving a response. The subjoined letter from Dr. Lyons, M. P., one of many received, corroborates what I have stated.

Lists of subscribers, and the number of children fed, will be published fortnightly. Subscriptions may be sent direct to Mrs. Power Lalor, 19 Molesworth street, Dublin, or to any of the following ladies, who have charitably given their names for that purpose: the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, 59 Cromwell-road; the Countess of Airlie, 47 Lower Grosvenor street; the Countess Granville, 18 Carlton-House Terrace; the Countess of Bessborough, Bessborough House, Piltown; the Lady Emma Heneage, Tainlow Hall, Wragley; the Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Ayrefield, Bournemouth; the Lady Taunton, 106 Eaton-place; the Dowager Lady Rossmore, Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin; the Lady Castletown of Upper Ossory, Grantstown Hall, Errill; the Lady Napier of Ettrick, Bournemouth; the Honorable Lady Taylor, Bournemouth; the Honorable Lady Fitzgerald, Killiney; the Lady O'Hagan, 19 Chesham-place, S. W.; Mrs. Haggarth, 24 Wilton-crescent; Lady Bertha Clifton, Winton Hall, Lythard; Mrs. Morant, Brockenhurst Park, Lymington.

Yours faithfully,

MARY POWER LALOR.

LETTER OF DR. LYONS, M. P.

8 MERRION-SQUARE,
6th February, 1883.

DEAR MRS. POWER LALOR:—No aid can possibly be more timely or more needed than your proposal to give a wholesome, substantial daily meal to the poor school-children of Donegal.

Their pinched features, starved frames, and ragged clothes, as I saw them hurrying from school along the bleak, shelterless roads, to mothers that had often nothing save sea-weed to offer them, pained me to the heart, and left on me an impression never to be effaced.

Let me add, though I met many hundreds of them—and they often ran alongside my car to warm themselves—in not a single instance did boy or girl beg, or imply by look or gesture, expectation of money. If you can supply them with one good meal at school you will do a work of the truest benevolence and most practical charity. I heartily wish you God-speed in the good work, and it will be a satisfaction to me to aid it in every way I can.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT LYONS.

THE cross of daily life is only heavy for those who revile the Cross of Christ, and the path of life is dreary only to those who look not to the road of Calvary.—*Archbishop O'Brien.*

The Glastonbury Thorn.

To the Editor of the (London) *Tablet:*

Sir:—The account you published in your issue of January 27th of the remarkable, if not wonderful, flowering of the Glastonbury thorn in mid-winter, might, I feel sure, be corroborated by the testimony of many in these western counties who possess offshoots or slips from the famed original in holy Avalon. The tradition concerning this thorn-tree is well known; how Joseph of Arimathea, travelling through the land to preach the glad tidings of the Gospel, reached Glastonbury, where, fixing his pilgrim staff into the ground, it forthwith took root and blossomed. Annually, say our Somersetshire peasantry, the strange unwonted budding at Christmas-time may be witnessed at Glastonbury, and in other places fortunate enough to possess offshoots of the legendary staff of St. Joseph. As an old rhyme puts it:

"The miracle we now behold,
Fresh from our Master's hand,
From age to age shall long be told
In every Christian land;
And kings and nations yet unborn
Shall bless the Glastonbury thorn."

In former times the branches and leaves of the thorn became a lucrative item in the exports of the busy merchants of Bristol. King James and Queen Anne, and many of the nobility, even as late as the early Hanoverian monarchs, are said to have paid large sums for cuttings from the holy thorn.

The English Benedictine Monastery at Downside, in the same county, and not above twelve or thirteen miles from Glastonbury, possesses a fine specimen of the thorn. Many visitors to Downside during the long winter of 1881 will recollect the sight of this tree in full blossom, when all around was covered with snow.

Speaking of Glastonbury, I am reminded of an old writer's account of the reverence which our ancestors paid to that holy place. . . . "They durst not utter idle words. . . . in the church or churchyard, unless compelled by ye utmost necessity, and even then with ye greatest reluctance and remorse. . . . even from foreign countries the earth of this church-yard was sent for to bury with ye greatest persons: and it is reported that even a *Mahomitan* Sultan, having taken an English gentleman in the Holy Land, gave him his liberty, upon promise that he would bring him a *gantlett* full of that earth, which was accordingly performed; and the gentleman, returning to Glastonbury, declared the same upon oath. . . ."

Perhaps some of your readers will furnish us with more particulars of the "holy thorn."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Scrutator.

Catholic Notes.

The death of the amiable and worthy Bishop of Mobile, which occurred on the 9th inst., at the pastoral residence of St. Teresa's Church, New Orleans, is widely and deeply mourned. He was well known throughout the United States, and everywhere held in the highest esteem. An efficient and beloved priest, zealous and self-sacrificing, he became a model Bishop, spending himself for the welfare of the flock entrusted to his charge. Dr. Quinlan was born at Cloyne, County Cork, Ireland, on the 19th of October, 1826. At an early age he came to the United States, and, after completing his preparatory studies, entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., to prepare for the priesthood. He graduated in due time with the highest honors, and was elevated to the priesthood by the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati. After exercising the ministry for some years, he was appointed President of Mount St. Mary's of the West. His fitness for a still higher charge was soon recognized, and on the death of Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, in 1859, he was named Bishop of Mobile. The consecration took place in the Cathedral of New Orleans, on the 4th of December of the same year, Archbishop Blanc officiating. During the twenty-four years of his episcopal life, Bishop Quinlan administered the affairs of the diocese committed to him in a manner to win the love and respect of both clergy and laity.

The remains of the beloved Bishop were solemnly interred in the Cathedral of Mobile on the 13th inst., eight Bishops and forty priests being present. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour delivered a sermon, in which he paid a feeling tribute to the deceased prelate.

The little republic of Switzerland has gained an unenviable pre-eminence among European states for the frequency of divorce, statistics showing that the number of applications for the annulment of the matrimonial contract in 1881 was 1,171, as compared with 1,069 in 1880; and the divorces pronounced in 1881 were 945, against 856 in 1880. The proportion of divorces to marriages throughout the confederation is about 5 per cent.—a proportion unequalled in any other country, and in only one city, Berlin. On the other hand, the rate in Geneva is still higher (8.79 per cent). In Thurgau the proportion is 9.22 per cent. It need not be remarked that the candidates for divorce were exclusively Protestants, for in the cantons of Uri, Obwalden and Nidwalden (which are Catholic) not a single application for the dissolution of marriage was made in 1881. Still more significant is the case of Appenzell, a canton which the

Reformation divided into two, one (Innerhoden) exclusively Catholic, the other (Ausserhoden) entirely Protestant. With this exception, the Appenzellern have lived ever since under precisely the same conditions, their form of government, laws, customs, and traditions being almost identical; yet in 1881 the ratio of divorce to marriage in Ausserhoden was 13.18 per cent., the highest in all Switzerland; in Innerhoden the ratio is represented by a cipher: there were no divorces whatever.

This affords a striking confirmation, even more so than the statistics of divorce in New England, of the assertion lately made by the Rev. Dr. Dix, of Trinity Chapel, New York, viz.: that Protestantism is to blame for the evil of divorce. But let us record the gentleman's words: "From the total of marriages registered in the several States those contracted and solemnized by Roman Catholics must be deducted, for they—all honor to them—allow no divorce, following literally the command of our Lord Jesus Christ. Among Protestants or non-Roman Catholics, divorces run up to as high a ratio as 1 divorce to every 14 marriages in Massachusetts, and in Connecticut 1 to every 8. In the New England States alone 2,000 families are broken up every year, and 4,000 persons divorced. While the laws protecting marriage have been gradually weakened, and facilities for divorce extended, crimes against morality have been steadily increasing. In Massachusetts from 1860 to 1870, during which time divorces had increased 2½ times, while marriages had increased hardly 4 per cent., and while all convictions for crimes had increased hardly one-fifth, crimes against morality—filthy crimes, loathsome, infamous crimes—had increased threefold. . . .

"The civil contract theory of marriage is an outgrowth of that system which banishes God from the world and from human life. It is a principle of a rationalized community, of a society which has ceased to be Christian. Some of us are reproached for not being in accord with the spirit of the age and its movements; but the spirit of the age and its movements are practically atheistic. To drop all religious ideas, to cease to recognize God's will and law, to teach men to live without God, is the aim of the modern reformer, and his views of marriage are one among the signs of his general state of mind. But this is not only a sign of an infidel society; it is also an upgrowth from the system known as Protestantism. There can be no doubt as to the genesis of this abomination."

After the battle of Tel-el-kebir, one of the principal engagements of the late war in Egypt, some cavalry soldiers were heard relating how, having surrounded an Egyptian soldier, they had fired their revolvers at him without the least effect, and cut at him in vain with their sabres, so great was the agility he displayed in eluding them. The conclusion they finally came to was that he was a sorcerer. Some time later on, a priest, when visiting an ambulance, heard the other side of the story from the lips of the very Egyptian soldier who had thus wonderfully escaped. He was a Greek by birth, and at the close of his story showed a medal of our Lady which he wore round his neck, saying: "It is to her I owe my escape from the revolvers and the sabres; I was alone, on foot, and almost without arms, against six or seven men on horseback and well armed."

The zealous Irish Jesuit, Father Murphy, lately gave a very successful mission in the Cathedral of Buffalo, after which he lectured to an immense assemblage, on the wrongs and sufferings of the Irish people. A lecture on the Church, in the public hall of Canisius College, in the same city, also drew a large audience. We are delighted to hear of the continued success of Father Murphy's labors, and we trust he will be permitted to remain in the United States many months more.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Grace, in a letter written some time ago, justly said of Father Müller's able and popular works that "they are neither elementary nor dryly dogmatic. They give reasons and authorities, explain and illustrate, and, written in a plain and easy style, they well deserve to be entitled 'Catholic Theology Popularized.'" In a subsequent letter the same prelate said: "The science of theology, or the philosophy of religion, has been sealed except to the clergy and the highly educated among laymen. Few of the latter, however, care to go through the drudgery of study in a language foreign to them, and with forms and terminology requiring long practice to become familiar. Yet the greatest need of the Church in the present day is to have Catholics thoroughly instructed in the principles of their religion and the reasons for their faith. I conceive this to be your motive in writing these books,—to supply the means by which this most needed knowledge may be placed within the reach of every earnest Catholic,"—and earnest non-Catholics are by no means excluded. "It is this that constitutes the supereminent excellence of these books." The more Father Müller's works are read the more will Bishop Grace's unqualified recommendation of them seem merited.

The Pittsburgh *Despatch* relates the following anecdote of the late Father McCarthy of that city, as an illustration of his fidelity to duty:

"Father McCarthy had to undergo many hardships while doing missionary work in Arkansas. At one time, after he had travelled many miles to attend a

sick-call, he came to a river. He found on the banks a native with a dug-out, but this man refused to ferry him across because he was a Roman Catholic. The priest remonstrated with him in vain Finally, he saw a log floating in the river, and, placing his clothing upon that, swam with it across the stream, holding the pyx between his teeth to keep it out of the water. He arrived at his destination just in time to administer the last rites of the Church to the sick person. The one who refused to take him across the river was an employé of a railroad. When the managers of the road heard of the incident they discharged him."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Conway, of the diocese of Killala, in the course of a recent pastoral, stigmatizes secret societies, and shows the evil, danger, and fruitlessness of such organizations. The good Bishop's words are particularly appropriate to the circumstances of the present hour, and deserve to be repeated everywhere as a warning to those who may be in danger of connecting themselves with seditious fraternities.

"Such associations," says Dr. Conway, "afford a fitting shelter to the infidels and revolutionists wherein to hide from the light of day their foul conspiracies against religion and society, but they never formed a true champion of justice and liberty. Their efforts have ever been cursed with sterility. The only result secret organizations have anywhere achieved has been uprooting of the faith, the degradation of the national spirit, and the establishment of a tyranny, dark, treacherous, and irresponsible, that pressed on the unhappy members with a weight and cruelty, compared to which the evils they are ostensibly created to remove might be considered liberty itself."

The Rev. Joachim Adam, for many years the worthy and beloved pastor of Santa Cruz, Cal., has been appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. Father Adam is well and favorably known to the readers of The "Ave Maria," who will be pleased to hear of his promotion to so honorable and important an office. For several months past he has been residing at Los Angeles with Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora, whose health, we regret to learn, is very feeble.

A priest in France communicates this edifying instance of gratitude to God, in which so many, nowadays, like the lepers of old, are wanting:

"A poor servant girl is in the habit of bringing me every month 20 francs ($4) for the benefit of Christian schools. I wished to check her generosity, which seemed to me to be excessive for one in her condition in life, but her answer was such as to put an end to my objections: 'Father, I have had the happiness of receiving a Christian education in the Sisters' school, and I am only paying a part of my debt of gratitude to God.'"

Youth's Department.

Easter Hymn.

BY J. A. S.

CHRIST hath risen! Christ hath risen,
Let all heaven and earth rejoice,
Join the pæans of the angels,
Swelling in one glorious voice!
Alleluia! alleluia! praise be to the God made man!

From the far celestial city,
Through the pearly gateway's bars,
Comes the strain of glorious music
From that land beyond the stars!
Alleluia! alleluia! praises to the God made man!

Thus all men and angels joining
In this heaven-born hymn of praise,
Hail once more the glorious Easter,
Blessing God in all His ways!
Alleluia! alleluia! praises to the God made man!

"Alleluia!" sing the angels,
"Alleluia!" swells from men;
All the powers of earth and heaven
Joining in one grand "Amen!"
Alleluia! alleluia! praises to the God made man!

The Paschal Candle.

AN INSTANCE OF THE PROTECTION OF ST. JOSEPH.

FATHER DUVAYRE was in great preplexity. Easter was drawing near; he had no paschal candle, and no money to get one. The three hundred parishioners of Melleronde, all poor laborers, found it very hard to make a living for themselves. No collection was ever taken up in the church; the pastor would have been ashamed to ask his parishioners for anything; he knew them so well, and felt such fatherly compassion for their miseries.

The names have already, no doubt, revealed to our readers that the scene of this history is laid in France, where the priests receive their support from the Government, and not di-

rectly from their people. Father Duvayre was accustomed to make three parts of his small allowance: one for his church, one for his parishioners, the third for himself. And it occasionally happened that he borrowed from his own little portion to increase the other two; but he never thought of returning such loans. He lived on the vegetables of a little garden which he himself cultivated; his only cassock had long since turned from black to green, and his hat looked rather odd from long use. The good priest had no thought to bestow on such trifles. Like the eagle, he lived on the mountain-tops, and his heart drew an inexhaustible supply of happiness from the ever-flowing fountains of truth and love.

This poor priest, at his arrival in Melleronde, had conceived a gigantic plan which was to raise up his church from its ruins, and, like Solomon, to build a tabernacle to the glory of the Most High. He took up a pilgrim's staff, and, in the first place, called on his Bishop. The results of this visit were, a fervent blessing, the strongest encouragements, and the sum of one thousand francs with which to begin the work. The priest could not have made a better beginning of his collecting trip. He spent three years in travelling, on foot, over the muddy country roads, in rain and frost, to which he seemed insensible, as well as beneath the summer sun. Joyfully accepting all sorts of mortifications, which he regarded as his gain, he returned to his residence, each time with a happier heart. On a certain Sunday he announced to his people that the church was to be rebuilt. By turns architect, mason, carpenter, slater, glazier, painter, sculptor, Father Duvayre, after the greatest labors and the most heroic sacrifices, at length saw the realization of his dream. But he was not yet ready to say, *Nunc dimittis.*

The Bishop had consecrated the house of God; the Divine Victim was daily offered up; but the ambition of the zealous priest was not yet satisfied. He wished to gild his wooden altar, procure silver candlesticks, to purchase a new pulpit, and make a confessional. And thus his purse was ever empty, the very smallest sum always finding its immediate use. Hence the arrival of Easter found him unprepared. No paschal candle! Get one on credit? That was out of the question, for Father Duvayre's resolution never to go into debt was inviolable. He began a novena to St. Joseph. The church of Melleronde was under the invocation of this venerable patriarch, who, for special reasons, owes his protection to those that are occupied in erecting dwelling-places for Christ—Him for whom there was no place in the inns of Bethlehem.

The novena terminated on Holy Thursday, which fell that year on March 25th. Father Duvayre had nothing that he could sell: his watch, the half-dozen silver-sets given him by his mother on the day of his nomination to the pastorship of Melleronde; his large arm-chair, a *souvenir* from his pupils in the seminary; the prayer-desk, purchased for him by his sisters,—even the ivory crucifix, a magnificent work of art, bequeathed to him by a friend whom he tenderly loved,—all had been sacrificed cheerfully for whatever they would bring, in order to carry on his great work.

On the morning of Holy Thursday a strange idea came into the good priest's mind. At three leagues from Melleronde was the *Chateau* of La Verdye, occupied by a retired banker, immensely rich, and who was moreover a Jew. M. Corberoy did not live within the limits of his parish, but this was not the only reason why the pastor of Melleronde had not called on him on his collecting tour: the Jew had the reputation of being extremely selfish and miserly; moreover, he cordially hated Christians, and would never speak to a priest.

Father Duvayre hesitated for a minute or two. The idea of going to La Verdye seemed strange to him, and yet he concluded that it was an inspiration of St. Joseph. The good priest was as simple as a child. For men of this kind, to hear is to obey. After reciting his Office, he set out, saying his Rosary as he went along. In the avenue of La Verdye he was overtaken by the carriage of the ex-banker, who was softly reclining on his silken cushions, and who cast a look of scorn on the intruder who dared to enter his premises. Father Duvayre walked more slowly; M. Corberoy could not send him word that he was out. The splendor of the residence of this son of Israel caused the priest to sigh. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not," he said, as he offered up a fervent prayer.

M. Corberoy had just seated himself at the table, when a servant asked whether he might bring in a poor man who was waiting.

"Give him a piece of bread, and let him go."

"But he says that he must see you, must speak to you."

"Then let him wait."

The priest did not venture to sit down on the velvet-covered bench in the hall; he saw a stool in the yard, took possession of it, and continued to invoke St. Joseph.

Dinner took a long time. After getting up from the table, M. Corberoy lighted a cigar. The servant had been very much impressed in favor of the dust-begrimed man who appeared so worn-out—(it is needless to remark that Lent was observed in all its rigor by Father Duvayre).

"Will Monsieur admit the poor man now?" asked the valet.

"Ah! is he waiting yet? Bring him in; but tell him to be brief."

Father Duvayre made a respectful bow and made known his request. The banker laughed a little laugh which sounded unfavorable. Was it not ridiculous, amusing, absurd, and exceedingly impertinent to ask him, a Jew, for a contribution to celebrate the Resurrection of the Nazarene crucified by his fathers? It was enough to vex, to provoke beyond all bounds even the most patient of men, and the proprietor of La Verdye had never been accused of being over-patient. But how should he begin to fulminate his anger against a man so mild of countenance, so modest in demeanor? That man could not have much idea of the luxury of the table. How emaciated he was! And that rough garment with which he was clothed was but a series of darns. M. Corberoy, who was naturally observant, was astonished to see in this poor priest a man far above the common. Surely in coming to La Verdye he had no intention to insult the proprietor; his mistake was unintentional. Besides, here was a favorable occasion for the ex-banker to find out what a minister of the Crucified really was.

"Well," said M. Corberoy, assuming a somewhat haughty air, the air of an upstart, "sit down, sir, and tell me your history, your whole history."

The priest blushed up to the very roots of his hair. He was not accustomed to speak of himself. He did as he was told, however, with his usual modesty and candor. He spoke of the fondly-remembered house of his parents, where he was the eldest of ten; of the seminary, his second home, the vestibule of the sanctuary, the remembrance of which was as a balm to his heart. He described his church enthusiastically, told what had been done (without telling how and by whom); spoke of the piety of his parishioners; described the charms of the quiet country life that he led, where his time was divided between God and God's creatures.

How he does talk! What eloquent words escape his lips! (Surely, the angels and St. Joseph inspire him what to say.) When he ceases to speak, the banker, who had been greatly moved, rises and says, respectfully, whilst his voice trembles:

"Sir, allow me to express my sympathy and my admiration. I do not know which of us two is in the right way, but I envy you. Happy are you in your faith and your devotedness! You shall have a candle, Monsieur l'Abbé; and from this day I open to you an unlimited credit for your church, your poor, and yourself, if you will do me the honor to accept me for your banker."

St. Joseph had intervened. The country around Melleronde will long continue to talk of the big paschal candle that was offered by M. Corberoy. At his return from La Verdye, Father Duvayre had a new pocket-book well supplied with bank-notes. Prayers are every day offered up at Melleronde for the generous benefactor. The curé goes to La Verdye every Sunday. He feels persuaded that St. Joseph, having made such a good beginning will some day bring M. Corberoy into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

In the range of colors adopted by the Church for the celebration of her mysteries, the black and white occupy the two extremes: the black, to represent the labor and penance of man in his fallen state; the white, to figure the purity and joy of his rehabilitation. Whilst, therefore, the inferior clergy, united more intimately with their fellow-men, wear the black *soutane,* their ordinary habit, expressive of mourning and suitable to penitential works, the Supreme Pontiff, crown of the hierarchy and type of a redeemed humanity, is attired in a white cassock. This is relieved by a red mozetta or tippet, which covers his shoulders and breast, and reminds him that, like his Divine Master, he must live and die a martyr of charity.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILST Fernando and Clara were living very contented amidst the rough mountains and dark forests of Bohemia, doubly happy in their lovely, blooming children, Don Alonso was leading a sad life in distant Spain. Yes: Alonso was one of the most miserable of men, though short-sighted people, who looked only at external splendor and riches, esteemed him the happiest of mortals. When the report of the death of the child, leaving him in possession of a rich inheritance, had been brought him, he, too, thought himself happy; and he could scarcely conceal the secret joy of his heart from his weeping wife and children. Alonso now had all he wished for: a magnificent palace in the capital, numerous beautiful castles and productive estates, with endless wealth in ready money, and treasures of gold, silver and precious stones. But he soon found that all the riches of the world cannot make a man happy when a good conscience is wanting.

This Alonso experienced on the very evening of the day on which he received the information of Fernando's death. He was dwelling in a fine country villa in the neighborhood of Madrid, and was just then sitting on a bench in the garden, enjoying the cool evening air. His wife sat beside him, stricken with sorrow, her eyes red and swollen from weeping over the death of the beloved boy. "I should not have left the sick child," she sighed; "perhaps if I had remained he would still be alive. I shall reproach myself as long as I live for having been so cruel as to forsake the little angel, despite his supplications and tears."

"Why trouble yourself about that?" muttered Alonso. "Let the dead rest, and think of the living. Reflect what happiness falls to your children by this death."

"I have never thought of such a thing," said the noble Donna Blanca. "Is it possible that one could rejoice at the death of another because he has left behind a rich inheritance! It is not right to esteem temporal goods above the life of a human being." With this she arose and went to her apartment.

Don Alonso's two youngest children now came running up. Little Isabella held in her hands a little dove killed by a bird of prey, and, looking up at her father with her large dark eyes, said: "Oh, dear father, look at this poor little thing! Just see how its snow-white feathers are spotted with blood! Look at the red spots on its neck and breast. My! but that old kite must be a cruel bird to kill this little innocent!"

"Yes, but he has got his reward!" cried little Iago, who carried the dead kite by its outstretched wings; "the gardener gave him his dues. And it's right, too: whoever kills, must be killed himself."

These words pierced the father's heart like so many arrows. "Go out of my sight," he cried; "and don't bother me with your childish talk!" He arose and plunged into a dark arbor, repeating to himself the words, "Whoever kills, must be killed himself. Oh!" said he, "it is terrible that my sentence should be pronounced by the mouth of my own children, who have no suspicion of my crime!"

After a few days Alonso entered his palace in Madrid. A numerous company of the nobility awaited him at the main entrance, to greet him as Grandee of Spain. In the hall were suspended many large paintings, with frames of gold. Don Alonso entered with proud steps, and saluted the assembled guests with majestic mien; but as he threw his eyes on one of the paintings he suddenly became deathly pale. The picture represented the massacre of the Innocents at Bethlehem. What pierced Alonso's guilty soul was the sight of a particular soldier, who, with the savage countenance of a murderer, was driving a dagger into the breast of a tender boy, whilst a stream of blood was flowing from the wound. The thought flashed across his mind, "That represents me: so have I murdered the innocent!" He turned his eyes quickly to the opposite wall; but there another picture met his gaze: it was the beheading of St. John the Baptist; and with horror did Alonso regard the bloody head of the Saint on the dish. "That is what I have deserved," said he to himself. "That Saint died innocent; if my crime should be revealed, my head would be struck thus from my body."

Alonso noticed that all eyes were turned upon him, and he imagined that their frightened gaze saw the crime on his soul. His hand, in which he held his hat, adorned with a diamond clasp, trembled visibly, and he was very near letting the hat fall. His knees shook, and he felt as if he might faint.

"He is ill!" exclaimed many voices.

"Yes, I am," whispered Alonso, catching his breath; "take me away."

He was conveyed to a room near by, and placed on a sofa. He begged to be left alone. All went out except Blanca, his wife. "For God's sake," said she, "what ails you? what's the matter?"

"Have those two pictures taken out," he cried; "a banquet-hall is no place for them."

"You have often before seen them, and praised them as masterpieces."

"It is different now," replied he; "that bleeding child and that bloody head are disgusting to me. I will not put my foot into the hall as long as they remain there."

The Countess was terrified, and for the first time the suspicion crossed her mind that her husband must have been guilty of some deed of blood.

The physicians having advised Don Alonso to retire to the country for the restoration of his health, he repaired to one of his castles. When he arrived, his attendants, in their glittering uniform, and the inhabitants of the place, in their Sunday attire, were assembled in the court-yard to greet him. But somehow it seemed to Alonso that this ovation did not come from the heart, especially as he noticed many sad countenances. "I know not what to think," he reflected. "Is the error in myself, or am I like one sick of the jaundice, to whom everything looks yellow? or is everything around me really changed, and are all men turned against me?"

The principal attendants accompanied the Count to his private apartment; and there the conversation turned on his brother, their late lord, and on his only son, so unexpectedly snatched away. Tears stood in the eyes of all. "Pardon our weakness," said a venerable old man with white hair; "our grief over the sudden death of the amiable little Count is so great and so fresh that it cannot immediately give place to joy. I have served your father and your brother, of happy memory, for nearly fifty years, and never experienced anything but love and kindness from them. I saw Fernando only a short time ago at your castle, when I went to see you on business. He was as fresh as a rose. I had this little grandson of mine with me. Both were of the same age, only the young Count was more beautiful and blooming. How kindly the amiable little heir talked, showing intelligence far above his years! You, Don Alonso, broke off the conversation, and ordered young Fernando to go to his room. I thought to myself: 'Oh! sweet child, as I have been the friend and servant of your grandfather and father, so may I joyfully hope that my grandson will be your friend and servant.' But God has ordered it otherwise. However, I hope that you and your children will make good the loss we have suffered."

"I hope so, too," answered Alonso, dismissing the officials. He then retired to his rooms, and dined alone.

On the following day, which was very rainy, Don Alonso wrapped himself up in a dark-colored cloak without any ornament, and put on an ordinary hat, in order to visit the neighborhood a little without being recognized. He wanted to find out what was thought of him, and if there was the slightest suspicion how he had come into possession of his new dignity. He met in the woods an old peasant woman wearing mourning. He at once entered into conversation, noticing that she did not recognize him.

"For whom are you in mourning?" asked Alonso: "for your husband, your son, or your daughter?"

"Oh!" said she, "for some one as dear as a son or a daughter to me—for our young heir."

"And you are in mourning for him?" asked Alonso.

"We all put on black," she answered; "the sorrow was general. We old people, to be sure, would not have lived to see him come to age; but it would have been a great happiness for our children. A star of good fortune has gone down for them."

"Well," said Alonso, "and do you all think that your present Count is no star of good luck for you?"

"Humph!" whispered the peasant, mysteriously, "that's a thing we don't like to talk about. What we heard of the sickness and death of the dear child did not please us at all, you see. There wasn't a single member of the family with him. If they so inhumanly

treated their own flesh and blood, what good can we expect from them?" She was silent for a minute, and then said, bursting into a flood of tears: "We all believe if the poor child had fallen into better hands he would still be alive."

To the astonished Alonso, these words were like the strokes of a poniard. As he just then came to a by-path, he said hurriedly to the peasant woman: "Good-day! my path lies up here"; and left her.

"Well," thought Alonso, "is it possible that these people already suspect—nay, perhaps know, what has happened. Then, woe be to me; this would be a fearful revelation!"

Thus everything that the miserable man saw and heard, served to keep his conscience in continual anguish. He often found in people's sayings a meaning they themselves did not intend, and took everything to himself. "I am in perpetual misery," he would say to himself. "What good is the diamond star on my breast, if the heart that beats beneath it will never more find rest and peace!"

The thought of Pedro, too, was always a thorn in Alonso's side. He had written Pedro: "For the present I leave you in possession of the estate; I cannot think of making it over to you by a deed as your property, for fear of exciting suspicion by such a valuable donation; however, after my death it shall be yours. Meanwhile, be sure to keep away from me. Nobody must know that you stand in any confidential relations with me."

And Pedro pleased himself as well as Alonso by being very careful to keep at a distance. Great as had been Alonso's former affection for Pedro, so great was now his hatred of him whom he regarded as an assassin. He hated him as an abominable criminal, though he himself had used all kinds of threats and promises to induce him to commit the deed. His self-love blinded him so, that the crime appeared more horrible in another than it did in himself, the first author of it.

As Pedro was no longer heard from, Alonso became very uneasy. One day he was informed that the gay-hearted lute-player had become very melancholy and had disappeared from the castle, no one knew where. All the inquiries of Don Alonso resulted in obtaining no reliable news of him; therefore he became much terrified. "If his conscience tortures him as mine does me," thought he, "he may go so far as to confess his crime. There are examples of criminals becoming their own accusers and preferring to die on the scaffold rather than to live on, enduring the misery of a guilty conscience. Yes: he'll bring himself, and me also, to the scaffold."

At last news was received that Pedro had thrown himself into the sea from a rock where his hat, mantle and broken lute had been found. Alonso was now freed from a great anxiety. But the anguish his conscience caused him, was only the more terrible. "And this man, too," said he, "I have ruined, not only for time but for eternity, by making him commit suicide. What can I expect but to follow him to hell? Oh, I am seized with despair!"

Alonso plunged into the dissipations of the gay world, seeking the most fashionable society. When, even there, he could not rid himself of his secret unrest, he retired to the solitude of one of his castles, avoided all intercourse with men, and often remained whole days in his room. He went out walking only on rainy days, or late in the evening, always choosing as his resort the least frequented places. His countenance and whole manner betrayed the deepest sadness. When late in the evening he still wandered through the dark woods, the wood-cutters, meeting him as they returned home from their day's work, would say one to another: "Poor man! he has everything one could wish for,—money in abundance and fine estates: but I declare I would not exchange places with him, he looks so miserable." Alonso himself, when he saw these wood-choppers or the farming peasants so joyful at their hard work, or heard them singing gaily, would often exclaim: "It were better for me that I had been trained to the axe or the plow, and thus remained innocent of the crimes into which I have been so easily betrayed by ambition, glory and riches. Oh! the most frightful, the only real evil is sin! Poverty, hard work—nay, the most painful illness and the hardest of deaths are but a grain compared to the overwhelming burden of a guilty conscience. Happy, blessed is he who preserves his conscience pure; he is rich, were he the poorest in the land. A good conscience is the jewel that out-values all the world's treasures; stars and insignia of honor are but playthings compared to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14TH.

The pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity are earnestly requested in favor of the following petitions: Conversion to the Faith for 6 persons and 3 families; change of life for 35 persons; spiritual and temporal favors for 27 persons, 4 families and 1 community; recovery of health for 26 persons and 2 families; return to the Faith for 4 persons, and happy death for 4; vocation for 1 person; success of an undertaking for 1 association, 1 school, and 4 persons; success of a novena; peace and concord for 5 families, 3 persons and 2 congregations; success of 2 lawsuits; sale of property for 2 persons; payment of debts for 1 family and 3 persons; recovery of property for 1 person; virtue of temperance for 2 persons; thanksgiving for favors received for 1 person; employment for 3 persons; 32 particular intentions.

OBITUARY.

We recommend the following deceased persons to the pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity: BROTHER BERNARDINE, C. S. C., who died a pious death at Notre Dame, Ind., March 12th. Dr. NICHOLAS G. LEAK, who was drowned at New Haven, Ky., Feb. 12th. Mrs. THOMAS KEEGAN, who died peacefully at Joliet, Ill., March 4th. Mrs. ELLEN O'BRIEN, who departed this life in Philadelphia, Feb. 21st; Mr. BERNARD CARLIN, who went to his reward at Utica, Ill., Feb. 22d; SISTER MARY ANTONY (Miller), who departed this life Feb. 19th, in the Convent of Mount Immaculate Conception, Cincinnati, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, in the 27th year of her age, and the 7th of religion; Mrs. MARTHA JOHNSON, of New Haven, Ky., who died an edifying death a few days ago; Mr. BAYLIS CHAMBLIN, St. Louis, Mo., who died a most pious death Feb. 25th; PETER NELSON, a young student, who departed this life at Notre Dame, March 3d, after receiving all the consolations of religion; MICHAEL CARMODY, who departed this life in Chicago, Jan. 24th; Mrs. JULIA BENNETT, deceased Nov. 27th, at Sacramento, Cal.; EPHRAIM F. CALLAHAN, of New Providence, Ind., who died peacefully, Dec. 25th; JOHN CAHILL, of Trenton, N. J., deceased Feb. 22d; Mrs. EMMA MONTAGUE, who died in Dubuque, Feb. 23d; GEORGE and CATHARINE REDMOND, deceased some time ago; Mrs. KATE BURNS, whose death occurred at Stuart, Iowa, Feb. 28th; Mrs. KATE HANNAGAN, of Marengo, Iowa, who died March 3d; MARIA GARREU, deceased a year ago, at Newark, N. J.; SISTER M. CECILIA (Murphy), of St. Scholastica's Convent, Atchison, Kan., whose holy death occurred March 2d; Mrs. HARE, Mrs. O'KEEFFE, Miss BELLA BREEN, Mr. DONNELLY, deceased lately in New York; Mrs. CECILIA RENOUT, who died happily some time ago, in Hanover, Pa.; Mrs. MARY KELLY, of Allegheny City, an exemplary and devout client of Mary, who slept in the Lord Dec. 21st; WILLIAM NCNULTY, who departed this life Feb. 28th; PATRICK O'NEIL, PATRICK MALONE, MARY O'BYRNE, ANNE KELLY, EDWARD FLOOD, and GEORGE KEYS, all of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Dr. O'REILLY, a model Christian lady, who died suddenly in Louisville, Ky.; Mr. JULES JANIS, of St. Genevieve, Mo., deceased March 4th; Mr. PATRICK VERDON, of Pennsylvania, whose holy death occurred March 1st; RICHARD PURCELL, recently deceased; Miss TERESA JENNINGS, Mrs. MARY HOLLYWOOD, Mr. JAMES HOLLYWOOD, Mrs. KING, and Mr. EDWARD HARTY, all of St. Louis, Mo.; also six other persons whose names have not been given.

May their souls, and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace!

May they rest in peace!

A. GRANGER, C. S. C.,
Director of the Confraternity,
(Notre Dame P. O., Ind.)

NOTE.—When writing for the holy Water of Lourdes—and, in fact, in communications generally—it would be well to give the address of the writer in full, with street and number if residing in a city. This will prevent unnecessary delay in answering, and in the delivery of the holy water. Those who have been recipients of favors through the agency of the Holy Water or the intercession of the Blessed Virgin would do well to send a statement of the facts to the Director of the Confraternity, with a view to their publication, for the edification and encouragement of others who are in need.

For Our Lady's Dome.

Thomas E. Mullin, $10; Mrs. Mary McAtee, $1; Charles E. Starr and family, $10; Mrs. J. M. Hill, $1; William Byrne and family, $20; Mrs. John Goodfellow, $1; Three persons who owe something to the Blessed Virgin, $3; Mrs. Mary Cooney, $2; Thomas Hanly, 50 cts.; William Burke, $1; Mrs. E. McIntosh, $1; Elizabeth Lamb, 50 cts.; Mrs. C. M., $5; Mrs. James Coady, $1; Mary McKinnon, 50 cts.; James Easley, $1; Mrs. Catharine Verdon, 50 cts.; J. A. Dougherty, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. A. Dougherty, 50 cts.; Two Children of Mary, Oconto, Wis., $1; Anna McKernan, 50 cts.; Miss Agatha Casey, $2.50; A Friend, $5; James Long, $5; Margaret Long, $5; Nora Hullihan, $2; Michael Cooney, $5; James Cooney, $2; Patrick Cooney, $5; Mary Hughes, $1; Mrs. Deilel, $1; Mrs. Bridget Donivan, $5; Mr. Michael, $5; Daniel Pealy, $1; Mrs. Schang, $3; Mrs. Bridget Keely, $10.

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Calendar of the Week.

[Besides the Feasts of the Calendar proper for the United States, we give also those of the Roman Calendar as used in many dioceses.]

March.

Saturday, 31.—Of the Octave.

April.

Sunday, 1.—Low Sunday.
Monday, 2.—Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin (March 25th). *Not a holyday.*
Tuesday, 3.—St. Joseph, Confessor, Spouse of the B. V. M., and Patron of the Universal Church (March 19).
Wednesday, 4.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.
Thursday, 5.—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.
Friday, 6.—St. Gabriel, Archangel (March 18). Rom.: St. Xystus I., Pope and Martyr.
Saturday, 7.—St. Benedict, Abbot (March 21). Rom.: St. Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Nemesis.

BY E. R.

THERE is a presence haunting me by day,
And troubling all my visions thro' the night;
A dreaded shape I cannot drive away,
Which banishes from life all true delight.
It is the consciousness that of the years
So rich with blessings, I have made no gift
Worthy of Him who all true struggles cheers:
This weary weight no earthly power can lift.

Oh, ye who till the fertile fields of life,
Be not content with any share of gain!
Press on, nor falter in the fitful strife!
And ye shall never share the bitter pain
Of him who, as he views his meagre store,
Says, "Lord, forgive! I might have done much more."

The Catholic Church and Modern Science.

A LECTURE BY THE REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

AMONG the many questions that have engaged the attention of thinking minds, especially within the last few years, no one has excited a livelier or a more widespread interest than that concerning the relation between religion and science; or, more specifically, the relation between modern science and the Catholic Church. Among those who let others do their thinking for them, or who are content to get their information second-hand (as it is too often, alas! doled out to them in garbled articles by an infidel press), and even among those whose intellectual acquirements should teach them better, there seems to be an impression, and, in many instances, a conviction, that there is a conflict between the teachings of the Church and the truths of science; that the doctrines of the former can no longer be reconciled with the conclusions of the latter; that, in a word, if the Church wishes to keep abreast with the advance of science, she will have not only to modify many of her dogmas, but will be forced to abandon some of them entirely, as no longer tenable. Then, again, this impression, or conviction, of these good people is confirmed by what they have heard or read about the attitude of the Church towards science in ages gone by. They have been told that the Church is the enemy of progress; that she not only does not now, but never did, encourage scientific research; and they are ever ready to point to instances which they consider as verifying such views. They adduce as facts of sober history tales of libraries burned, genius hampered and persecuted; and finish the charge with some terrible episode in the lives of the "Martyrs of Science."

It is concerning some of these points that I wish to address you a few words this evening. I will first consider some of the objections brought forward by modern science against the teachings of the Church, and then define as clearly and as succinctly as possible the nature and scope of science and religion, and state what now is, what always has been, and what ever must be, the relation between human science and the Church of God.

But although I have it in purpose to speak of the Church in her relation to modern science, it is by no means my intention to come forward as the Church's apologist.

THE CHURCH NEEDS NO APOLOGISTS.

Her past history is her apology. Her *raison d'être* is seen in the miraculous transformations she has effected in the moral, social and intellectual condition of mankind since her advent into this world. All the civilization and enlightenment we now enjoy; all that is great and good and noble in the world; all that is pure, grand and sublime in humanity, is owing to her. It was she that made the present condition of the world possible; it is she that we have to thank for all the advantages and blessings, in the natural as well as in the spiritual order, that we now possess; without her, progress and civilization, as we now understand them, would have been impossible; without her, we should to-day be no better than was the world when the Church entered upon her mission of refining and spiritualizing, nearly nineteen centuries ago.

Neither is it my intention in any statements I may make to minimize, even in the slightest degree, any doctrine the Church proposes for our belief, or assert anything that is inconsistent with the strictest orthodoxy, or, if you will, with the most pronounced Ultramontanism.

THE CHURCH HAS NO RETRACTIONS TO MAKE;

she knows not what it is to make concessions in what she has once defined to be of faith. How, then, can one who pretends to be a Catholic do what the Church never has done and never can do? Conscious of her divine origin, of the Spirit of Truth being always with her, to assist her and preserve her from error, she continues her office of teacher of the nations, despite all that the world may say and do against her.

Such, then, being the spirit of the Church, there is only one course open for those who would be her children, and that is, to follow faithfully the path she has marked out for them. No liberalism, then, in matters of doctrine can be tolerated; no concessions can be allowed. What the Church teaches *must* be accepted as divine Truth—all that so-called science may teach to the contrary notwithstanding.

With these few premises, I will at once proceed to examine some of the difficulties that modern science is thought to have raised against the teachings of Revelation. The objections generally brought forward, and those to which most interest attaches, are those which have been given the appearance of reality by

RECENT STUDIES IN GEOLOGY, BIOLOGY, AND ASTRONOMY.

There are others, it is true, that have been suggested by investigations and discoveries in other departments of science; but the arguments drawn from the sciences just mentioned are those on which the rationalist most relies in his controversies with the defenders of revealed Truth.

The principal objections made by the geologist against the Bible are based on

CERTAIN PASSAGES OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS,

and notably on interpretations that have been given to the first chapter. The objections are as far-reaching as they are interesting; and, if they were well-founded, we might indeed despair of ever seeing a reconciliation between the teachings of science, on the one hand, and those of religion, on the other. They embrace, among others, such questions as the age of the world, the six days of Creation, the origin and antiquity of man, the unity of species, and the nature and extent of the Noachian Deluge. Now, although there is material in each of these subjects for one or even many discourses, I think it possible to give them all a satisfactory notice this evening, and that, too, without making any unreasonable demand on either your time or patience.

And, first, as to the

AGE OF THE WORLD.

Astronomers and geologists tell us that millions, yea, hundreds of millions, of years must have elapsed since the creation of the world—if, indeed, the world be not eternal,—and hence, they say, science is in direct contradiction to the generally received opinion, which places the age of the world at about six thousand years.

But here, at the outset, our learned astronomers and geologists make

SEVERAL SERIOUS BLUNDERS.

They mistake a generally received opinion for a doctrine or definition of the Church; whereas, as a matter of fact, the Church has never defined anything regarding the age of the world, and most probably never will, as the age of the world has nothing whatever to do—at least as far as I can see—with the object of her teaching, viz.: faith and morals.

Again, we are told that the conclusions of science respecting the age of the world are at variance with Scripture, when, in reality,

THE BIBLE NOWHERE SAYS ANYTHING WHATEVER

about the matter, so far as stating the age of the world is concerned, except what is contained in the first words of Genesis: *In principio creavit Deus cœlum et terram,*—"In the *beginning* God created heaven and earth." But when was the beginning? No one knows. Nothing can be more indefinite. It may have been six thousand years ago, as some have thought; or it may have been, as Proctor and others contend, five hundred million years ago. Scripture says nothing on the subject more definite than the words quoted, and the Church has never made any declaration whatever; so that scientists are given all the latitude they could desire, as far as time is concerned. True it is, there have been commentators on the Sacred Text who, thinking that the creation of the world was simultaneous with the creation of man,—and it must be pleaded in their behalf that, when they wrote, there was no special reason for believing that the case was otherwise,—have maintained that the age of the world is about six thousand years; but, then, the opinions of commentators, however learned, are by no means to be confounded with the official teachings of the Church. As well might we say that the theories and hypotheses of individual scientists are always to be accepted as demonstrated truths, as facts that cannot be gainsaid. If this distinction between opinion and doctrine, between theory and demonstration, were always borne in mind, we should hear less of the so-called conflicts between science and religion. What the contest should be called—what, in fact, it has always been—is

A CONFLICT BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS:

commentators and theologians, if you will, on one side, and scientists and philosophers on the other.

The second objection urged regards

THE DAYS OF CREATION.

It was long considered—and indeed there was no particular reason for holding a different opinion until lately, when the study of geology began to open new avenues of thought—that the six days spoken of in Genesis were the ordinary days, of twenty-four hours each. But geology and astronomy come forward and tell us that their records speak of untold ages that must have elapsed during those six days, and consequently that the Scriptures are again at fault. The Sacred Text is once more examined, and it is found that the days spoken of do not necessarily mean periods of twenty-four hours each, but that they may be interpreted as meaning indefinite periods of time. Nay, more: there is strong presumptive evidence for believing even from Scripture that the days referred to were not true solar days, but that, on the contrary, they were

PERIODS OF TIME,

just such as geologists and astronomers demand. According to Scripture, the sun was not created until the fourth day; consequently there was no alternation of day and night as we now know it, and no way of dividing time into days of twenty-four hours each, like that which existed after the sun appeared, on the fourth day.

But this interpretation is not a new one, or one that has been provoked by the advance of modern science. True, recent scientific investigations have caused this interpretation to be the one now generally accepted; but as far back as the time of St. Augustine, and even farther, the difficulty of considering the days of Genesis as ordinary solar days was apparent. Indeed the Saint himself, in his masterly work on Genesis, inclines to the opinion, as being the more reasonable, that the days spoken of were indefinite periods of time. In this opinion he is followed by the greatest theologians and commentators of the Middle Ages, among others, Albertus Magnus, and the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas Aquinas.

THE ANGELIC DOCTOR

says that the opinion according to which the days of Genesis are solar days is plainer and the one more conformable to the letter of the text; but, as if foreseeing the discussions the text would eventually give rise to, declares the opinion, which make the days periods of time, to be the more reasonable, and better adapted to defend the Sacred Scriptures from the ridicule of unbelievers, and adds that it is the one that pleases him most. And this opinion—it can never, I think, be considered as more than an opinion—not originated by modern science, although given new weight and rendered more probable by recent discov-

eries,—this opinion, maintained by St. Augustine and the great Doctors of the Church during the Middle Ages, is the one that is now almost universally accepted. As in the case of the age of the world, the Church has never pronounced on the subject, and most likely never will. It is an opinion that does not in the slightest degree militate against any of her teachings, and, far from being contrary to any of the declarations of Scripture, is the only one which, even aside from the light thrown on the subject by science, seems tenable. It is consequently an opinion that anyone is free to choose and defend As a Catholic, then, one is at perfect liberty to consider the days of Genesis as true solar days, or as indefinite periods of time.

But you may say that there are more serious objections to be answered before science and Scripture can be harmonized. What about difficulties concerning the origin and antiquity of man, and about the unity of the human species, put forward by a class of scientists who call themselves evolutionists?

WHAT, IN A WORD, ABOUT EVOLUTION?

It is scarcely necessary to state that it would be simply impossible, in a brief lecture, to give anything like a detailed answer to this question, or even to give a *resumé* of what evolutionists actually teach. The subject of evolution, although but little discussed until about twenty-five years ago (about the time of the appearance of Darwin's work on the "Origin of Species"), is now one that excites more interest than any other one subject whatever. It already has a literature of its own, and the number of works pertaining to the question is daily increasing. It is treated of in magazines and newspapers, is discussed from the rostrum and the pulpit, and is a frequent topic of conversation in the railway-car and in the drawing-room. Everybody talks about evolution, and often too without knowing any more about the matter than the fact that some one who was an evolutionist said that man is descended from a monkey. Still, although we cannot give even a *resumé* of the teachings of evolutionists, we can state a few facts and principles sufficient, however, to answer our present purpose.

One of the fundamental teachings of evolution, and the one about which we are just now most particularly concerned, is that which declares that

ALL THE HIGHER FORMS OF LIFE,

animal and vegetable, have been derived, by the interaction of natural causes, from lower forms, and that the lowest and first forms of organic life were produced by the action of the forces of nature on inorganic matter. On this one point all evolutionists agree, although there is a great variety of opinions as to the causes that have operated, and the processes that have obtained, in the gradual development of the organic world from its first beginnings to what it is now. For what I will have to say on the subject, however, this difference of opinion is of no moment.

Now, at the outset, I must tell you that evolution is, at its best, only a theory—only a hypothesis. It is simply an assumption, and an assumption too that rests on several other assumptions. No one who has studied the question with even moderate care, and who understands the distinction between theory and doctrine, between hypothesis and demonstrated fact, will pretend to say that it is anything more. It assumes in the first place the truth of Laplace's mechanical explanation of the formation of the universe, as put forth in his

CELEBRATED NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS—

a hypothesis that maintains that the earth and all the heavenly bodies once existed in a state of incandescent vapor; were once immense clouds of fire-mist, which, after the lapse of countless ages, were condensed into the solid orbs we now behold. From the very nature of the case, this is a hypothesis whose truth can never be demonstrated. It may be shown by astronomers and physicists and geologists to be more or less plausible, but it can never get above the rank of a theory. It is, if you will, the best mechanical explanation of the formation of the universe that has yet been given; but it is nothing more than an attempt to account for what can never be known with any certainty, without a special divine revelation—a revelation which one can safely say will never be made.

Again, evolution assumes that organic was derived from inorganic matter, by the simple interaction of the forces of nature.

In the words of Prof. Huxley, "If the hypothesis of evolution be true, living matter must have arisen from non-living matter; for by the hypothesis the condition of the globe was at one time such that living matter could

not not have existed on it, life being entirely incompatible with the gaseous state." It assumes the truth of the theory of

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION,

and that, too, in the face of unanswerable, I might say, conclusive scientific evidence against it. Anyone who has followed the investigations on the subject by the eminent French *savant*, M. Pasteur, or watched the delicate and ingenious experiments devised by Prof. Tyndall, will, I think, be forced to admit, whatever may have been his preconceived notions, the force of their arguments, and to acknowledge the justness of their conclusions against the possibility of spontaneous generation. Since the researches of these eminent experimentalists were made known, no one laying any claim to scientific knowledge has thought of regarding spontaneous generation as anything more than an old and exploded theory. Even Darwin himself considered spontaneous generation as "a result absolutely inconceivable." Dr. Carpenter, one of the most eminent biologists of the age, regarded it as an "astounding hypothesis"; whilst the celebrated Dr. Virchow, at the Conference of German Naturalists and Physicians at Munich, in 1877, did not hesitate to declare that it is a "theory not supported by any evidence," and as one "utterly discredited."

Then, again, as a third postulate, evolution assumes as a fact the

TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES,

the change suddenly or gradually of one species, of either animal or plant, into another. But this is an assumption for which there is not the slightest evidence whatever. Not a single fact in the whole range of natural science can be adduced favoring the truth of the transmutation of species; not a single instance can be cited of a single species, whether plant or animal, that has ever, either through the agency of natural causes, or by the artifice of man, been changed into another species. The bird fancier and the florist can produce varieties, but species never. There have been produced by cultivation different varieties of roses, different varieties of pigeons, but there is not on record a solitary example of the change of one species of pigeon or of one species of rose into another species.

And yet if there were any truth in the theory of the transmutation of species, some conclusive evidence in support of it should have certainly been discovered ere this. For hundreds of years there have been thousands of observers of thousands of species and of millions of individuals of animals and plants, in all parts of the world, and yet not a single instance has been brought to light to justify a theory that is absolutely essential to the hypothesis of evolution. According to the calculation of probabilities, the present chances against the transmutation of species, and consequently against evolution, are as infinity to nothing. Even Prof. Huxley, with all his evolutionary tendencies, is forced to admit, in speaking of the Darwinian hypothesis, that "it is our clear conviction that, as the evidence stands, it is not absolutely proven that a group of animals, having all the characters exhibited by species in nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural."

If then there is no evidence for the transmutation of one species into another in the lower forms of life, there is still less when it comes to consider the

CHANGE OF ONE OF THE HIGHER ANIMAL FORMS INTO MAN.

Between the brute creation and man there is an impassable chasm. Between the most perfectly developed ape and man with all his wonderful gifts of mind and soul there is an infinite distance that no "missing link," and no series of missing links, can bridge over. From the highest exhibition of brute instinct to the lowest manifestation of human reason there is a void as great as that which separates earth from heaven.

Such are a few of the assumptions of the evolutionist, every one of them absolutely necessary to establish the truth of his hypothesis, and yet none of them with any demonstrated foundation in fact. What, then, is our conclusion as regards

EVOLUTION AND FAITH?

Evidently, to say the least, that evolution has proved nothing against the teachings of faith, from the simple fact that evolution, so far, is, at best, a conjecture, a theory, not only unproven, but a theory that, as it is now taught, would seem to be unprovable.

But supposing the nebular hypothesis and spontaneous generation and the transmutation of species, and all the other postulates

necessary to establish the fact of evolution, be granted; supposing that, as new facts are discovered, and as nature is more carefully scrutinized, it be shown that there has obtained that development from lower to higher forms of life that the evolutionist speaks of, what then? I might reply that it would be time enough to answer the question

WHEN THE EVIDENCE IS FORTHCOMING;

but as it seems to bear somewhat closely on the subject I have chosen to treat, and as, even aside from this, its answer, if not altogether new, may have a certain interest for some of my hearers—at least, as illustrative of the liberty of thought that the Catholic enjoys regarding this and similar questions—I think best to give it at least a passing notice.

Before going further, however, it will be necessary to state more precisely the meaning of a few terms. I have given a general definition of evolution, yet one that will answer our purpose sufficiently well. But as all who hold the doctrine are not at one as to the causes and processes that have been obtained, it will be well to define the beliefs of

THE PRINCIPAL CLASSES OF EVOLUTIONISTS.

First, then, we have the atheistic evolutionist, or the evolutionist who denies the existence of a divine Creator. To this first class belong Hæckel, Vogt, and Büchner, and many of their disciples in Europe and in this country. The second class comprises the school of agnostic evolutionists, those, viz., who, while not admitting the existence of a divine Creator, still do not explicitly deny His existence. They simply relegate God to the Unknowable; because, they say, we can know nothing about Him. Among the more prominent representatives of this school are Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, and Bain. Evolutionists of the third class are theists, or those who profess and maintain a belief in the existence of a personal God. To this last class belong the ablest scientists and philosophers of the age. Among those best known we may mention the names of Owen, Sir John Herschel, Sir William Thompson, Prof. Gray, Mr. Wallace, and M. Naudin.

It is quite evident that

A CATHOLIC

could not hold the theory of evolution in the sense in which it is maintained by atheists and agnostics. To do so would be in direct opposition to the first article of his Creed. But could he, consistently with his faith, hold it as taught by theists? Before answering this question we must properly understand another term of paramount importance in the discussion of the subject. That term is

CREATION.

Creation, in its primary and strictest sense, is the origination by God of something without pre-existing material. But, besides this primary or absolute creation, there is also a secondary or derivative creation, which obtains, for instance, when God, after having created matter directly, gives it the power of evolving under certain conditions all the various forms it may subsequently assume. In the first instance, God creates matter absolutely; and then, by giving it certain powers and properties,—in other words, by imposing on it what we call natural laws,—creates potentially all the forms that may afterwards be evolved from matter thus under the action of the forces and properties given it.

Now the question comes again: Is there anything in the theistic idea of evolution contrary to the declaration of Scripture or to the

TEACHINGS OF CATHOLIC FAITH?

I trust you will not consider me as proclaiming a novelty, or as giving expression to a heterodox opinion, when I state it as my belief that there is not. According to the words of Genesis, God did not create animals and plants in the primary sense of the word, but caused them to be produced from pre-existing material. "Let the earth bring forth," "Let the waters bring forth," He says; showing clearly that creation, in these instances, was only secondary or derivative.

So far, then, the way seems clear. But was this creation instantaneous, or was it something effected only after the lapse of time, through the operation of natural forces; were the animals and plants called immediately into existence from crude inorganic material by the *fiat* of Omnipotence, or were they slowly and gradually evolved from the same inorganic material, and developed from lower to higher forms, in accordance with laws that God Himself had established in the beginning?

It is popularly supposed that the creations spoken of

WERE INSTANTANEOUS;

but the evolutionist contends that they were

gradual, and the result of the interaction, according to divinely preordained laws, of natural forces on matter. In either case, the creative act of God is maintained; and in the second case, it seems to me, as much as in the first. The evolutionist simply maintains that God did potentially, what the ordinary Scriptural interpreter believes He did by a distinct exercise of infinite power.

Thus understood, then, it seems clear that there is

NOTHING IN EVOLUTION

contrary to Scripture. But may there not be some dogmatic definition of the Church against it, or may it not be contrary, at least in its spirit, to the teachings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church?

As to the Church, she has never pronounced on the matter, and there is not—I speak under correction—a single definition that declares, even by implication, that evolution is opposed to faith. But we must go still further. We are not satisfied with steering clear of opinions that are manifestly heretical; we wish also to avoid, much less advocate, opinions that a *consensus* of theological authority would consider as rash or dangerous. What, then, do the

DOCTORS AND FATHERS OF THE CHURCH

say in relation to the subject? It need not be observed that they could not have said anything about evolution as we now understand it, for the simple reason that the subject, as taught to-day, was quite unknown. But, still, they may have laid down principles that will meet all our difficulties. And that they did so, is a fact that, I think, no one who weighs what they have written can deny.

In his great work on Genesis, St. Augustine, when speaking of the creation of animals and plants, repeats time and again his belief that they were brought into existence by the operation of natural causes. He tells us explicitly that they were created potentially, and that they were afterwards developed into the manifold forms we now behold. "As," he teaches, "the seed contains invisibly within itself all that is found in the full-grown tree, so also the world, after its creation by God, contained all the germs of the various forms of life that were afterwards produced."

St. Thomas follows St. Augustine's teaching regarding derivative creation, as does also the great Jesuit theologian Suarez, and many others of acknowledged authority. I will not take up your time in reading quotations or making references, as I do not purpose giving you a treatise on the subject, but only to point out a few well-authenticated facts. Those who have the leisure or the inclination can make a detailed examination of the question for themselves.

Thus, then, we see that that system of evolution which acknowledges

GOD AS DIRECT CREATOR

of matter and force, and as at least the indirect Creator—a Creator through secondary causes—of all the manifold forms of organic nature that we know of, is not inconsistent with either the declarations of Scripture, the definitions of the Church, or the teachings of the Doctors and Fathers. Consequently, as matters now stand, evolution is not contrary to Catholic faith; and anyone is at liberty to hold the theory, if he is satisfied with the evidence adduced in its support.

But, you may ask, can this system of evolution be made, consistently with Catholic doctrine, to

EMBRACE ALSO MAN?

In answer to this question, I will simply say that, as to the soul of man, the reply must be a decided negative. Each individual soul, according to Catholic teaching, is created directly and absolutely by God Himself. But as to whether theistic evolution may embrace man's body, considered as separate from, and independent of, the soul, I will only observe that the theory has been defended by no less an authority than the eminent Catholic naturalist and philosopher, St. George Mivart; and I am not aware that his position has been proven by theologians to be untenable. The hypothesis may be rash, and even dangerous, but I do not think that, considering it simply in its bearing on dogma, anyone could pronounce it as certainly and positively false. But—and this is important to bear in mind—it is at most a matter of mere speculation, and such it will probably always remain.

So also is the evolution of the lower forms of animal and plant life

ONLY A THEORY—

"a fascinating theory," as the great Agassiz called it,—but nothing more. Organic forms *may* have been evolved according to the laws of theistic evolution, but *were* they? We are

now dealing with a question of fact, not of fancy. To this I think we can reply with the eminent German physiologist, Du Bois-Reymond, when facing a similar question, *Ignoramus et ignorabimus.* "We do not know, and we never shall know." We know that God has created all things that exist. How He has created them is a mystery that does not concern us. We know that all that is grand and sublime and beautiful in nature is the work of His hands, although we may never know anything more than we do now of the wonderful methods and processes employed. Probably we should show more wisdom by humbly acknowledging that we are dealing with one of those mysteries of the natural order of which a solution will never be vouchsafed us in this world. At any rate, what ever advances science may make, we can rest secure in the thought that there is nothing in evolution, outside of the atheistic and agnostic systems of it, that contravenes the teachings of Holy Church. For us this is sufficient.

Having thus disposed of that insurmountable barrier, as unbelievers are pleased to call it, which evolution is ordinarily considered to oppose to a consistent acceptance of revealed Truth, I will proceed to those other subjects that at the present time are regarded as offering special difficulties to the theologian. I refer to the much vexed questions of the unity of species, the antiquity of man, and the Noachian Deluge.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Memories.

CONTRAST.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

In the spring of 1855 I left my distant home to visit a lady whom I had not seen for several years. We had been schoolmates, and graduated at the same time and in the usual way, with medals, honors, premiums, and a very high opinion of ourselves; both of us full of bright anticipations, and vowing to continue our intimacy as long as we should live. All of our pretty plans were most unexpectedly frustrated. My father's business interests lay in the far South; and as they required his personal attention, he decided to move his family to Galveston to put an end to his sometimes long and unavoidable separations from us, which the distance and the requirements of his affairs involved.

Cleo and I had parted, as school-friends often do, in tears, and vowing eternal constancy to each other, while both of us thought that a malignant fate had blighted our happiness. You see that, without being conscious of it, we had got some mythological ideas mixed up with the religious ones we listened to on Sundays at the fashionable Protestant church we both attended with our parents; otherwise, we should have known there was no such word as FATE in the Christian vocabulary. Our friendship, however, retained all of its early warmth, and through a regular correspondence we were kept informed of each other's movements. In this way I learned, as time passed on, that Cleo was happily married to Mr. Albert Harwood, a gentleman of wealth and leisure; that she had everything that earth could give, and that they led a very gay and fashionable life, which, as she depicted it, must have been as a region of enchantment. Under everything—like a little brook under the mosses—ran a current of warm, natural affection, and there was evidence of a singular constancy towards that which seemed good to them outside the charmed circle in which they lived. Cleo did not formulate this in her letters; she only betrayed it now and then, without meaning to do so, just as we sometimes see the accidental glimmer of a golden thread that is woven into a rich drapery.

A year after their marriage a little girl-child was born to them, of whom I received the fondest and most glowing accounts, which were continued in pæans as time went on. First, words could not express the young mother's delight; there were not enough adjectives to describe the child's perfections: she was "simply the most wonderful little thing that was ever born!" In one letter I was informed of her "cunning, pretty ways, and that she had a dimpled chin"; in another came the news that "her beautiful little teeth were budding out like seed-pearls." Later on, she wrote: "Her hair has grown out all over her head in curls that look like spun gold; and, oh! I wish you could see her, for her face is exactly like the faces Angelico saw in his dreams and painted when he awoke." Some time afterwards she imparted another wonder

ful event: the child began to talk, "pretty broken bits of words, so sweet and quaint that we never want her to speak in any other way. She's the very sweetest, daintiest plaything that ever breathed!" By-and-by, "she walks alone; she trips like a fairy; she tries to sing scraps of tunes, and she can scold like a little magpie. She saw the stars one night through the window, and told her nurse to go and bring her a basketful; and when she found out that there was no ladder in the world long enough to reach them, she sobbed herself to sleep. I ran away, and left her with Joanna, who would have given her all the stars in the firmament, with free will, had there been a way to get them. It was such a strange fancy that it has frightened me, for I have just read 'Kilmeny'; and, suppose my little girl should be lured away from me as Kilmeny was from her mother? Why such a fancy should enter my head is more than I can explain, for I have a nurse so faithful and vigilant that, if necessary, I would trust my darling to the end of the world with her, fearing nothing. I have not told you about Joanna, have I? I assure you she's a strong pillar under our roof-tree. When baby was only four weeks old, dear Dr. Richards, who has been our family physician ever since I can remember, told me of her. Six months before her own baby was born her husband was killed by a sand-bank, or something, falling upon him. Her child lived only a few weeks; and 'there she is, if you'll take her, with nourishment enough for three babies. She's in perfect health, only a little downcast at losing her boy; but she'll get over that when she has a warm, living baby on her breast again.' I agreed to see her, and a neat, pretty, modest young Irishwoman presented herself. After a little talk, I was almost inclined to engage her at once; and what decided me was the soft, tender way she held baby, and the loving, longing look that filled her eyes as she looked at her pretty, sleeping face. She came that evening, and I have never, for an instant, had cause to regret it. Her misfortunes made me glad to be kind to her; and even had she not suited me, she should have received assistance; but since she has proved herself so faithful and careful a foster-mother to my darling, she has won my heart entirely, and shall never know either care or want in the future, if I can prevent it. She loves baby as if she were her own child; and I need never see the little witch, she's so well taken care of. My husband calls her 'the good fairy godmother.' And what do you think he says? why, that if I had insisted on nursing baby myself,—as I wished to do at first,—and had given up all my time to her, and been afraid to leave her to go out with him, and grown pale and thin, he should have got to hate her, and me, too, and lived at his club. He laughed, and pretended he was jesting, but I believe it would have happened just so. Is it a wonder that I almost rave about Joanna, since I know that she has been the means of saving my happiness from shipwreck? When, when are you coming to see me?"

I sent a long, affectionate reply to Cleo, in which I confided to her my engagement to Lieut. Hastings, of the United States Navy, whose ship had just left Galveston on a short cruise. My letter was full of girlish happiness and bright anticipations, connected with my approaching marriage, and the handsome *trousseau* already in preparation, and all those inconsequential, pleasant nothings that girls delight in. After this came a break in our correspondence, which was not caused by a cooling off of our friendship,—oh, no! that was too deeply rooted,—but the new relations into which I had entered naturally gave a turn to my thoughts, while my attention was engrossed by receiving and answering the frequent letters of my betrothed, and by episodes of shopping which bewildered me, and developed such unwomanly ignorance as to colors, fabrics, shades, and the fitness of things generally, that my mother was on the verge of distraction, and declared that we must go to New Orleans for our purchases, then the best market in the world for choice French goods. The plan was successful in the highest degree; we found not only the finest and most beautiful of everything, but modistes whose advice in the matter of selection was invaluable. Going shopping, and returning home, consumed no little time; then letters—from Max—had to be answered before all else. And so the correspondence between Cleo and me began to flag. One letter from her, accompanied by a costly wedding present, reached me a short time before the appointed day. I was expecting Max every hour.

My father came home one day at an unusual hour, looking very gloomy. He walked

up and down the veranda with slow, heavy steps, as if he had something on his mind that he lacked the courage to impart. I had but one thought, one dread, and with blanched cheeks I went out to him, and, throwing my arm around him, looked up into his face, and said: "Is it anything about the ship, dear papa?" —as if there were but one ship in the world.

"Yes and no," he answered, smoothing my hair; "the ship is all right, but she's ordered North. *The fever has broken out in Galveston.* We must get away and quickly. There were ten cases last night, twice ten to-day."

"And you, papa?" I whispered.

"I cannot go with you—yet. Go, tell your mother, and begin to pack up."

I went as he bade me, but made up my mind on the instant not to leave him. I would manage it somehow. I was not afraid: I had been always impervious to contagion. He should not be left alone while the pestilence was abroad. The claims of the younger children on my mother's care made it an imperative duty for her to go to a place of safety with them; I would not be missed as she would be. Her poor heart was torn between conflicting fears. She could not endure the idea of my father being left alone under such circumstances, and to consent for me to remain with him was to her tender nature a pang as if she had consented to my death. My father expostulated, and at last insisted angrily that I should go with the family; but my will was strong, and, with my love, finally prevailed. I was to stay, and, as he said, in a broken voice, "suffer the consequences of my rashness."

Early dawn found everything ready for the removal. The mocking-birds were filling the air with their mad carols from among the magnolia trees; dew-drops, like pendant crystals, glittered on every leaf; the jessamine vines, filled with white starry blossoms; the great roses, fainting with their fragrance; the spicy carnations, the feathery pampas grasses, the scarlet lilies, glistening as if sprinkled with diamond-dust, stirred gently with rhythmic motion as the soft salt air from the bay breathed over them. The east grew luminous with ripples of gold, and floating mists tinted with rosy hues; all nature smiled in unison. Could it be that under this glory and loveliness of earth and sky the deadly pestilence was lurking, was filling with venomous miasms this transparent atmosphere? I could not realize it, and wondered if my dear father's anxiety for the safety of his family had not exaggerated the danger?

The sad parting was over; no one said, "We may never meet again," although each heart was full of the thought. We forced back our tears, and spoke brave, cheering words to one another; and smiled, as we embraced and said "good-bye," such smiles as are sadder than tears. My father and I watched the smoke of the steamer that bore our loved ones from us until it vanished in the distance, then we returned to our now silent home.

All who could do so left the stricken city, but there were enough remaining to furnish a plentiful harvest for the fiery pestilence. In some cases whole families were swept off, and there was scarcely a house exempt from it. The dead were buried at night, lest under the scorching heat of the sun the quickly decomposed bodies should diffuse a more poisonous and infectious element abroad. I used every precaution—disinfectants, fires night and morning, etc.,—to defend ourselves. When morning came, and my father and I met at breakfast, both as well as usual, I used to wonder how it would be when night came, and watched for his coming with straining eyes and ears; then when he appeared, and I saw with quick glance that it was well with him, my joy was dashed by the thought of the morrow's possibilities.

Then came demands for help for the more destitute sufferers. "Give whatever they want," my father said one morning, laying down the newspaper; "I have given large sums, and will give more; but they want bed-clothes, mattresses, wine, raiment. Strip the house of everything that will help, Janet." I literally obeyed him. All supplies were sent to a central depot under charge of the gentlemen of the "Howard Association," whence they were distributed by themselves, the Catholic priests, and the Sisters of Charity, to all sufferers, irrespective of creed—to the pure and to the fallen alike. How gladly I would have given my help,—I was not afraid,—but my father positively forbade my leaving our own grounds for any purpose whatever!

There was one little thing that struck me with a loathing horror such as nothing else of all the horrors around had inspired me with, and that was the appearance of a peculiar fly, about the size and shape of the common house-

fly, with blood-red, transparent body and white, transparent wings: a fierce, alert insect, which looked as if its sting might be death. Sometimes one or more would appear on the gauze window-frames, the light shining through them making them look like great drops of blood. I found one on my mirror, and turned sick with fright. I struck a match and held the flame near it; it shrivelled together and dropped dead. Henceforth and for myself, my only dread was of this fly, born of the pestilence. Another phenomenon gave additional gloom to the terrible time, and filled the minds of the ignorant with vague, superstitious horror. The sun by day and the moon by night shed a pale, green, ghastly light, while the sky appeared cloudless. One night—almost gasping for breath, the heat was so intense—I went to an open window, removed the gauze frame, and leaned out, hoping to catch a breath of air. I had never seen the foliage and shrubbery so luxuriant as this summer; the branches bent under the weight of their exuberant life. Now I noticed them dark, and glistening with unwholesome dews; while, stretching away under them far and wide, the lime-covered streets, on which the ghastly moonlight shone, looked as if an untimely snow had fallen in the depth of summer. The silence of death which brooded over the scene was suddenly broken by piercing shrieks not far away—the shrieks of some one dying of the fever,—then sudden stillness fell. It was all over. After a little while a distant, rumbling sound—attended at intervals by the monotonous, brief cry of a human voice, which would cease with the rumbling noise for a few minutes—disturbed the silence once more. It drew nearer; I could distinguish the words, "Bring out your dead," while the dead-cart halted to receive the body from which the soul had just parted. I had known all this was going on, but now stood face to face with it for the first time. I would have prayed had I known how; in that desolate hour I felt, for the first time in my life, the need of an unseen hand and a higher hope than I knew of. The streets, so ghastly under the green moonlight, were deserted; was everyone down with the fever, dying, or dead? A figure appears—a tall man, in long black robes; something glistens around his neck; a small crown-like cap covers his head; he walks swiftly, and I see that he carries reverently, close to his breast, something white. I know at once that he is a Catholic priest hurrying to comfort and give God-speed to some soul in its agony. His stole, glistening around his neck, is seldom laid off, for his priestly functions are in constant requisition. He is out of sight. Now appear two women, in dark garments, hastening in an opposite direction; I know they are Sisters of Charity, by their peculiar head-covering, which flutters like white wings—suggestive of Angels of Mercy—as they pass out of sight to whisper consolation to the dying.

Who were those men and women that braved the pestilence—aye, gave their very lives, without money and without price or reward; that were as swift to go to the lowest hovel to aid a dying slave, as to the stateliest dwelling of the rich? what was their motive? why should they remain, when other ministers of religion had left their flocks, to fly with wife and children to places of safety? I could not tell, I did not know, for questions of religion had never formed part of my training; no belief, creed, or dogma appeared necessary to our human happiness. Not that we objected to religious principles; but we were indifferent, and felt well enough off without that which seemed to make a great deal of trouble and enmity in the world. I did not understand these vexed questions; but here was a thing I could comprehend in its highest, noblest sense, for I had heard or read this saying: "For what can a man do more than give his life for his brother?" Was this the acme of the human or moral law?

Once more the call, "Bring out your dead," broke dismally through the silence. Something like terror seized me, and, covering my ears close with my hands, I flew back to my sleeping-room, and, throwing myself on my bed, after a few uneasy tossings I fell asleep.

The next day a carriage drove through the grounds and stopped at the hall-door. I rushed down in time to meet my father, supported by two gentlemen who led him in. The fever had seized him. For an instant I felt like one frozen, but there was no time for emotion, there was not a moment to be lost. "Caught at last, little girl!" he said, shivering. "But you won't stay caught, darling," I said, as bravely as I could, as I walked beside him, holding his hand, while Dr. Frazer and the other gentleman—Father Elderkin—almost carried him up the broad staircase and put

him to bed. Obeying their orders, I flitted back and forth, getting together everything that might be needed. He did not die; but the fight for life or death was a desperate one. The doctor and the priest alternated their visits; the Sisters of Charity, one or another, nursed and kept watch; I never left him. I noted, unseen by them, their pale lips moving in prayer as they bent over the sufferer; I saw them, when for a moment their attentions were not needed, telling their beads under their wide sleeves. I heard the priest speak brave, gentle words of God, of faith, of hope, to my darling. Then came the crucial hour: my father was unconscious, and in the very shadow of death. It was the terrible crisis out of which so few come back to life. Father Elderkin remained with him, offering deep, silent prayers, and, I firmly believe, his own very life, for his preservation, body and soul; he moistened the dry, parched lips, and kept note of the weak, rapid pulse; he knew every sign so well, and exactly when to drop, a drop at a time, the brandy upon his tongue. Now and then he touched my father's forehead with holy water, in the Sign of the Cross; while I watched all with keen eyes and jealous love, to see if the "prayer of faith would save the sick man." If it did, how could I help believing? When the change took place, it was favorable; but not until it was decidedly so did the brave, faithful priest prepare to go. He whispered a few words to my father, and blessed him; then, promising to look in the next day, he went his way to minister unto others in the same spirit of divine charity. The great wonder to me was that he had done all that he did for a stranger and an alien to his own faith. It was afterwards that I learned his *motif*, in this golden sentence of St. Paul: "And now there remain faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity."

But Father Elderkin's work was done: he had taken the infection from my father, and, after a few days had passed, he "rested from his labors," having indeed given "his life for his brother." My father was deeply touched when he learned of the good priest's death. He was very silent for a day or two, evidently weighing something of great moment in his mind. "Janet," he said one evening, as I leaned over to kiss him good-night, "I have been close to eternity, and, with God's help, I never mean to be so near it again without some preparation; and it seems best to me to begin by becoming a member of that faith whose holy spirit I have seen practically exercised by its priests and nuns during the pestilence."

My father took no important step from impulse; his was one of those grave, strong characters, one of those slow, deliberate minds, that, if they take more time than others to arrive at a decision, never waver, or temporize, or turn back when a result is once established to their satisfaction. In the self-sacrificing acts of those saintly men and women, so unobtrusive, and yet heroic, giving help to the stricken, the dying, the destitute, until many of them laid down their own lives, willing victims of a divine charity, I, too, had learned lessons which answered the questions of my soul. We had long, sweet talks together, my father and I, and read together, until together we were received into the One True Fold, where soul, mind, and will, rested content.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Annunciation.

FROM A HOMILY OF ST. BERNARD.

REJOICE, O Adam, Father of our Sorrow!
Behold the dawn of gladness once again:
Rejoice, O Mother Eve! rejoice thou, rather,
Who first hast stained our world with sin and pain.

For thy sad sake the sword of sorrow pierces
The hearts of all thy daughters here below;
For thy sad sake they reap the double portion
Of earthly shame, of suffering and woe.

O woman! see, the happy hour is dawning,
Which turns to praise thy shame, to joy thy grief;
O man! cast forth thy bitter taunts no longer,
Cease to reproach, thy triumph shall be brief.

Thrice cruel words! "The woman whom Thou gavest,
She gave the fruit to me, and I did eat."
Through woman hast thou fallen? Aye, remember,
A woman only lifts thee to thy feet.

Therefore, O mournful Eve, fly thou to Mary,
Fly, Mother, to thy daughter full of grace,
Who satisfies the Father for the Mother,
And wipes away the stain of the disgrace.

Our God in the sweet treasures of His goodness
Hath sought and found how aid shall be supplied;

For Mary's wisdom shall blot out thy folly,
And her humility efface thy pride.

For one who gave the fruit of death and sorrow,
Another gives the fruit of endless days;
Change then, O man, thy false, unkind excuses,
Into a burst of gratitude and praise.

"O Lord! the woman who to me is given,
She gave the Fruit of Life, and I did eat;
And by this Food my spirit hath been quickened!
O taste beyond compare! O Food most sweet!"

For this, God's angel comes to thee, O Mary;
Virgin most admirable, greatest, best;
Winning His pardon for thy fallen parents,
And for thy children, life and peace and rest.

C. P.

The Catholic Masters.

St. Philip Neri.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

To St. Philip Neri (born in 1515, at Florence, and ordained priest at Rome, in 1561,) do we owe the beautiful name and origin of an art-form which arose in the sixteenth century, when heresy and schism menaced our Holy Church. St. Philip was the first to suggest methods of expressing Scriptural stories in musical form. In order to draw young people to church, and keep them from the baneful influence of the secular amusements of those days, he used to explain and teach Bible histories, and intersperse his instructions with *Laudi spirituali*, sacred hymns adapted to the subject he taught. In order to make these meetings still more attractive, the Saint dramatized in simple manner sacred stories or events from Scripture, such as David and Goliath, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son.

Palestrina was one of the musicians who aided St. Philip in these musical dramas (*azioni sacre*), which were held "in a room, or hall, adjoining the church, called an oratory," and some of the great master's sweetest music is found in the choral parts of these "oratory" scenes. Thus originated the name; and although it gained broader form with the development of the secular drama called "opera," the primary meaning and intent of oratorio rests with St. Philip Neri.

But both oratorio and opera had their germs in those early sacred plays called mysteries, or miracle-plays, which arose from the necessity of engrafting Christianity on heathen practices, in order to attract these nations to the service of the new religion, in which they were to find a more beautiful faith than any their mythology could give. Symbolism was the only channel, and the dramatic element (which among all nations has, from the earliest times, been the ruling element) was the most speedy method of embodying the instruction of Bible histories and religious story. At first these plays were in the hands of priests, who in those early days of our holy Faith were the supreme guides of their congregations in social as well as spiritual matters.

During the following centuries, in the south of Europe (where the old Roman theatrical representations were by no means extinguished) secular and oft-times profane elements began to mingle with the holy legends, so that the miracle-plays fell into disrepute and were banished from the churches. With these, the simple stories arranged by St. Philip and set to music by Palestrina had nothing in common, except to develop the germ of their first pure purpose into the roots of the grandest and noblest art-form in the world of music.

Giacomo Carissimi,* who devoted himself to the development of the sacred *cantata*, composed a number of oratorios full of effective music, especially in the choruses.

But with the oratorio proper was another form of oratorio called the Passion, from the very ancient custom of representing, during Holy Week, the Passion of Christ. A priest recited the part of Jesus, another that of the Evangelist, and a third the other parts; the people (*turbæ*), the disciples and the Jews were represented by the chorus. In this manner it is still performed in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome. The music sung in form of chants is very subordinate to the words; dramatic element is entirely wanting, except the sympathetic expression which truly musicianly singers can give to the phrases.

The rich and varied forms of the Masses used in the Catholic Church during the latter half of the sixteenth century developed the grandeur and simplicity of the choral; and

* Born at Marino, near Rome, in 1604.

Luther, although he banished the words, kept the music of the Church, and employed a Catholic (Ludwig Senfle, chapel-master at the Catholic court of Munich,) to aid him in the composition of the chorals and sacred melodies which his careful musical instruction at the convent enabled him to give to the world.

In the cultivation of this new form—oratorio—modern tonalities were rapidly developed, and even Church music yielded to the newer methods of harmony. The Venetian masters, however, were the first to forsake the severer systems of the ecclesiastical keys. The three principal music schools of Italy—Rome, Venice and Naples—were yearly graduating masters of extraordinary genius; the art which the Church had so zealously guarded was henceforth to pass into the hands of laymen; and although music formed a necessary part of priestly education, it was not so earnestly studied as a science by the religious orders.*

Of the masters in the Roman school after Carissimi (who, although trained in the Venetian school, made his reputation in Rome by great advances in his treatment of orchestration and recitative), the best known are Allegri, the composer of the renowned *Miserere*, still performed every year in the Sixtine Chapel during Passion Week; and Felix Anerio, the successor of Palestrina in the honor of being named "Composer to the Pope's Chapel." Many others, of course, gave brilliancy to that school as composers and teachers, but want of space forbids their mention here.

Of the Venetian school, Claudio Monteverde, whose use of the dominant seventh revolutionized old methods of tonal progression, and Lotti, whose church music is full of expression and sympathetic feeling, are perhaps its most distinguished Catholic masters. They had hosts of pupils and successful imitators in clearness of musical form and devotional feeling; among them was Antonio Caldara (1678–1763), chapel-master at the court of their most Catholic majesties the Hapsburgs, in Vienna.

From the time Alessandro Scarlatti (1650–1725) entered upon his engagement as chapel-master of the king's music at Naples, the Neapolitan school rose to peculiar distinction. In the world of music it may well be said, "Greater is he who serveth than he who sitteth at the feast"; for Scarlatti was a true servant and follower of his Roman and Venetian predecessors, and adhered most strictly to their art principles; and although he forwarded the development of dramatic music, he never introduced opera style into his compositions for the church. His pupil and successor, Francesco Durante, sent out musicians of such extraordinary genius that Italians may be said to have been what the Netherlanders once were, "masters who ruled and taught the world of music."

Nicolo Jomelli, surnamed "the Gluck of Italy"; Nicola Piccini, the rival of Gluck at the court of Louis XVI of France; Paisiello, the gentle tone-artist; and Pergolesi, whose graceful, delicate *Stabat Mater* and whose *Salve Regina* are still sung, are among the masters of the Neapolitan school founded by Scarlatti. But the composers of the eighteenth century, borrowing, as they often did, for the music of the Catholic liturgy *motivos* from their operas instead of the Gregorian Chant, church music began to lose the noble recitative of the Gregorian, and modern tonalities became in time so different from the simple *cantus firmus* that the intonation of the officiating priest and the response of the choir were changed from their original form. The magnificence of the church service was greatly increased when the dramatic melodic element (kept within limits of propriety and sympathetic expression) found its way into the liturgy; but the music, although good, *was not church music.* When the composer of sacred music depended wholly upon his own inventiveness, the difference between the aria of an opera and that of a Mass became more and more indistinct; and the Italian masters of the eighteenth century, among whom we find Guglielmi, Paisiello, and Zingarelli, gave much delicious melody, but—harmonic foundation was wanting, and the music of their followers became insipid and monotonous.

Thus the glory of the Italian schools of

* This is perhaps the reason why "operatic Masses" and "religious operas" began in the eighteenth century to corrupt the noble art-form of the music of the Church; and to Catholic musicians there is great truth in Ritter's words: "The only radical means towards a change for the better would be, in my opinion, to oblige every student of theology to make himself acquainted, up to a certain degree, with the rudiments of music, and especially of composition. . . . Every university or seminary of theology should have a professorship of sacred musical art."

sacred music passed away, as German and French Catholic composers arose; but in the Austrian offshoot of the Neapolitan school, men of musicial genius, well versed in all musical learning, mingled Northern brain with Italian heart; and the grand Catholic masters, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, although their works lack the essential religious character required by the traditions of the Palestrina style, have rescued the music of the Church from Italian degeneracy, and given it a nobler impulse.

Music, the science which announced the Birth of the Redeemer, has ever faithfully served at the altar of Holy Church; born at the altar, patiently studied and tenderly guarded in convent and monastery, given to the world by Catholic musicians in the glorious forms of Mass, psalm and oratorio, Church music still stands patiently awaiting a master to bring once more before us its long hidden treasures. "Such art treasures are plentiful, and only wait for the loving hand to be brought to light again. . . . Efficiency is not obtained by a merely superficial occupation with the subject of art: it is the fruit of the devotion of a man's whole life."*

This the early Catholic masters knew, and this it was which made them MASTERS.

*Ritter, "History of Music."

Venerable Bede.

Venerable Bede was born in Northumberland, A. D. 672, and at the age of seven was entrusted to the care of Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth, and under him he was educated. In the monastery of Wearmouth and in the adjoining abbey of Jarrow, to which Bede seems at the end of his life to have been specially attached, he spent the whole of his life—a life of incessant study and teaching. His death took place A. D. 735, and he was busy with his literary labors almost till he drew his last breath. The account of his last hours has been written by the loving hand of a pupil who was present. He tells how, though worn out with difficulty of breathing, and suffering from a swelling in his feet, apparently from dropsy, the zealous teacher was still unwearying in his work. He had in hand a translation of the Gospel of St. John, and he only concluded it on the day on which he died. That work done, he asked to be laid down on the floor of his cell in the place where he had been ever wont to pray, and, with his head supported in his pupil's hands, died as his feeble voice was uttering a *Gloria Patri* as an act of thanksgiving for the work which he had been permitted to complete.

The writings of Bede are well deserving of all attention, both for the historical information they supply and as a monument of one of the most diligent workers of his time. The "Ecclesiastical History" is but a tiny fragment of his voluminous labors. At the close of this volume, which is the fruit of his ripest years, he enumerates more than thirty works which he had written, many of them of large extent and prepared with much care. In his treatise on the Acts of the Apostles he had access to a valuable MS. which seems to be at present among the treasures of the Bodleian, and he has not failed to notice and comment on various readings in such wise that his remarks have their interest for biblical students of to-day. Of course the largest portion of the works of a monk of the seventh century must be in connection with biblical subjects; but Bede has left something of another character, too. Some of his letters remain; he wrote the lives of such of the abbots of Wearmouth as he had known; he labored on orthography, chronology, and rhetoric, and wrote a book of hymns and another of epigrams.

Of Bede's numerous works none other has the wide interest that attaches to the "Ecclesiastical History." It was finished two years before his death, and consists of five books. The first contains in its first twenty-two chapters, by way of prefatory matter, a brief notice of the history of Britain and its inhabitants from the time of Cæsar's invasion till the introduction of Christianity among the Angles by the missionaries who were sent over, under Augustine, by Pope Gregory the Great. This book carries the story of English Christianity down to the death of that Pontiff in 604. The second book contains the further history down to 633, the year in which died Edwin, King of Northumberland. The third book ends 635, at which date Wighard had been sent from England to Rome to receive consecration from the Pope as Archbishop of Canterbury; but he having died there, the Pope selected the famous monk of Tarsus, Theodore,

to be Archbishop, and in him provided a most vigorous head for the Church in Britain. In the fourth book we are told much of the reforms which were introduced by Theodore, and the history is continued till the death of St. Cuthbert, in 687; while the final book brings it down to 731, and contains a most interesting account of the various episcopal Sees then existing in the land, and of the peaceful state of the whole country—so peaceful that there was, as it were, a beating of swords into ploughshares, for many of the nobles left the secular life and became members of one or other of the flourishing monasteries.

Correspondence.

THE LATE FATHER BERNARD, TRAPPIST.

Rev. and dear Father:—In your last issue you published a short notice of the death of the Rev. Bernard McCaffery, Prior of the Trappist Monastery of New Melleray, Iowa. As you expressed a regret that you had not material for a more extended account of the life and labors of this worthy son of St. Bernard, I write to communicate some facts that may be of interest to your pious readers.

I had the happiness of knowing Father Bernard well, and of him it could be truthfully said, "To know him was to love him." I have never known, in all my acquaintance, one more loved and venerated than he—loved for his kindness and charity, venerated for his rare sanctity. Like all holy persons, though uncompromisingly severe on himself, he was always most lenient to others, granting them every privilege consistent with strict duty. An uncharitable expression never escaped his lips. He always had a kind word to say of the erring, and invariably excused the motive when compelled to condemn the act.

For upward of thirty years he was a zealous and untiring laborer in the cause of religion in the Northwest. During all that period, besides his community office, he attended, without assistance, the church attached to the monastery. It was one of the largest parishes in Dubuque County, consisting of upward of two hundred families; and as they were all farmers, and scattered over a large territory, it was difficult to attend. Father Bernard's custom was to hear confessions all day on Saturday, often beginning early in the morning and continuing until ten or eleven o'clock at night. He was always in his confessional again next morning from five o'clock until eight. He then said Mass, after which he heard confessions until ten o'clock, when he would say a second Mass and give an instruction.

If unbroken prayer is one of the characteristics of the saints, the holy Trappist did not differ in this particular from what we read of God's holy servants. I frequently made short journeys with him, and was in his company time and again; I can say I never knew him to interrupt his prayer, unless it was to speak on some pious subject. He discoursed of God and the future life with an earnestness I shall never forget.

Father McCaffery was born, educated and ordained in Ireland, coming to Dubuque with the pioneers of his Order. The country was then a veritable wilderness; but the labors and hardships incident to missionary life, instead of diminishing, seemed only to stimulate his zeal. He was the worthy *confrère* of the late Bishops Smyth, of Dubuque, and O'Gorman, of Omaha, and the warm friend of the late Father Donahoe, the venerated founder of the Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M. An eminent scholar and a man of unquestioned efficiency, Father Bernard was himself, if we mistake not, proffered the mitre; but his humility made him shrink from the responsible dignity, and through the intercession of his abbot he was permitted continue the austere life of a Trappist priest. So great was his humility that, although an eloquent speaker, he would never preach to the congregation of which he was the beloved pastor; and in his instructions to them he always endeavored to convey his meaning in the most simple and homely manner; it was only when his love of virtue or zeal for God's service got the better of his reserve that the deep theologian and orator became apparent.

But if there was one virtue that shone preeminently in this holy religious it was charity. Wherever sorrow, sickness or sin made its appearance, there was Father Bernard to be found, consoling, advising, encouraging, exhorting. It mattered not what the time, season or distance might be, he was ever ready to go when summoned to administer the consolations of religion to the sick or dying, at whose bedside he seemed a very angel.

His austerities exceeded even the rigor of his rigid rule; he never took more than one meal a day, and that consisted of a few potatoes and a cup of milk. He seemed dead to all feelings of heat and cold. I have known him to hear confessions for hours at a time sitting on a log outside the hut which first served as a chapel, while Masses were going on inside; and this, despite the biting cold of a winter's day in Northern Iowa. For years he suffered from a painful malady (dropsy); but when asked about his health, he would only say, "Well enough, only rotten with pride."

Such a life as Father Bernard's could not but attract the notice of those outside the Church; he

made many converts, on whom he stamped, in a marked degree, the impress of his own virtues.

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to even enumerate a tithe of the good deeds done during a long and devoted life; it is sufficient that they are recorded by the angels of God, to whom alone most of them are known. We firmly trust that, through the mercy of our Divine Saviour, who said that not even a cup of cold water given in His name shall fail of its reward, good Father Bernard is now enjoying that heaven for which he so long and earnestly labored; so that while we regret that his Order and the Church has lost a worthy priest, we rejoice in the hope that heaven has gained another saint.

Faithfully yours in J. M. J.,

* * *

Catholic Notes.

The publication of Mr. Keatinge's review of "Mozley's Reminiscences" recalls a remarkable vision of St. Teresa. No Catholic now doubts that the Oxford movement was the work of the Holy Ghost. The Saint thought herself standing on the shore of a vast sea, and on the water she beheld a great ship with all sail set, floating majestically along. While she was gazing at the beautiful object, it suddenly began to disappear beneath the waters, with sails set and pennons flying. It sank deeper and deeper, till nothing but the tops of the masts could be seen above the water. While thus gazing on the spectacle, saddened and wondering, the ship, after a time, began to rise from the deep, first the masts and rigging, then the hull, until it appeared as at first, and then resumed its onward course. St. Teresa lifted up her heart to God, desiring to be enlightened in regard to the apparition. She was given to understand that the ship represented the English Church, that England would fall away from the Faith, but that after *three hundred years* it would be restored. When the Oxford movement began the three hundred years were just accomplished.

The city of Argenteuil, France, possesses one of the most precious relics to be found in the whole world. In the ninth century Charlemagne deposited there the seamless Tunic worn by our Divine Saviour when He ascended Mount Calvary, and on which lots were cast by the soldiers charged with the Crucifixion. The Bishop of the diocese, Mgr. Goux, wishing to give a new impulse to the veneration always paid to this sacred relic, some time ago consulted the Congregation of Rites in regard to instituting a new office for his diocese in honor of the holy Tunic. The answer of the Congregation has been favorable. Before applying to the Sacred Congregation, Mgr. Goux had the reliquary of Argenteuil opened in his presence. From the document which he drew up on that occasion the following extracts have been made public:

"We, Pierre-Antoine-Paul Goux, Bishop of Versailles, having gone to Argenteuil on the 17th of July last, for the purpose of renewing the seals placed on the reliquary by our venerable predecessor in 1844 (in our previous visits we had ascertained that these seals were in danger of falling off, the cords holding the reliquary, to which they were attached, having become decayed by age), we found the sacred reliquary placed, as we had ordered, in the reception-room of the Sisters of Mary Joseph, whither it had been borne in procession by M. l'Abbé Tessier, his vicars, and other ecclesiastics.

"After having knelt and prayed before the holy relic, we broke the seals and opened the reliquary. We then piously took out the sacred vestment, which we spread on a table prepared for the purpose, in order to examine in what state it had been left by the mutilations of former times, especially of 1793.

"We have ascertained that the holy Tunic is no longer entire; considerable portions of it remain, divided into four pieces, one large and three smaller ones, the following being an approximate measurement of them: the largest piece, one metre and twenty-two centimetres in its greatest length and one metre in its greatest breadth, shows the form of the neck and the sloping of the sleeves at its upper part. On the surface of this piece are five holes of different sizes, and the piece appears to be about half the Tunic. The three other fragments measure respectively sixty-two centimetres by forty-three, thirty-six centimetres by twenty-two, and forty-two centimetres by fourteen. Besides these, are some very small fragments, one of which—about ten centimetres in length—has the form of a round hem, and seems to have been detached from the neck or from a sleeve.

"The texture of the holy Tunic is formed of threads of the color and about the thickness of camel's hair. The woof is not close, and is silky to the touch. We noticed in the principal piece numerous large reddish stains, as of blood."

There is no country so barren or inaccessible, no nation so uncivilized, to which the Church does not send her missionaries to announce the doctrine of the Redemption. Even the desert plains of Patagonia, so often visited by frightful hurricanes, have not escaped her vigilant eye and motherly care. Since the discovery of America, zealous missionaries have often attempted to penetrate into this hostile country, but their endeavors were without success: they were all killed by the natives, or forced to return to Europe. In the year 1875, Pope Pius IX charged the followers of St. Francis de Sales with the mission of evangelizing Patagonia and the adjacent islands. The zealous Dom Bosco, of Turin, was placed at the head of the mission, the chief aim of which, according to the Holy Father's instructions, was to be the education of children. How successful the Fathers have been in their enterprise may be judged

from the present condition of the mission. There are now five establishments: Carmen de Patagones, with 1,600 converted Indians; Quardia Mitra, with an equal number; Conesa and Choele, founded but a short time ago; and St. Francis Xavier, where 500 Liranes Indians have been baptized. In Central Patagonia also several hundreds of Indians have already embraced the true Faith. A number of asylums and educational institutions have been established, which are in a flourishing condition.

His Eminence Cardinal Ignatius Moraes Cardoso, Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, who died last month, was held in such high esteem for his noble qualities as a man and his examplary character as an ecclesiastic that the entire Church of Portugal mourns his death.

The Rev. James Conlan, of the diocese of Cleveland; the Rev. Father Collins, O. S. D.; and the Rev. James Harrigan, of St. Mary's Church, Troy, all recently deceased, are commended to the prayers of the faithful.

May they rest in peace!

New Publications.

IDEAS FOR A SCIENCE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT IN ADDRESSES, LETTERS AND ARTICLES ON A STRICTLY NATIONAL CURRENCY, TARIFF AND CIVIL SERVICE. By Hon. Peter Cooper, LL. D. New York: Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company. 1883.

The well-known author of this contribution to useful knowledge was, as he states in his preface, actuated by a high sense of duty in publishing it. Persons actuated by a similar motive will perhaps read it, and even believe in nearly all that they find therein. A quotation on page 61, from the *New York Mercantile Journal*, sufficiently exhibits the self-sacrificing patriotism of the devoted man of whom the people of the United States showed so little appreciation in the presidential campaign of 1876. "With a split at St. Louis," said our venerable fellow-citizen, Mr. Peter Cooper,—"with a split at St. Louis, and the election of President thrown into the House of Representatives, I regard my possible selection as President of the United States with positive alarm. And yet," continued the aged patriot, as a mild zephyr from the southwest wind gently lifted his locks and brushed them out upon his shoulder—"and yet I am ready for the sacrifice." How pleasant it is for us to know that so painful and alarming a sacrifice was never demanded, but that the good old man was permitted to end his days in peace amidst the comforts of the domestic circle! The exterior of the book is creditable to the publishers,—neat, but not gaudy,—and it is just the sort of work to impart an air of respectability to a small library.

Youth's Department.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

SOON other afflictions came upon the unhappy Alonso which served to aggravate his remorse of conscience. His younger children were infected with small-pox, and, one after another, were snatched away in the very bloom of childhood. Their loss pained the parents excessively; but the fact that they died of the small-pox made Alonso reflect seriously. He said to himself: "In order to get Fernando out of the way, without raising suspicion, I made out he had caught this hateful malady; and, now, my own children die of it. Is this a punishment of God for my deceit and cruelty? But would God have punished the innocent children instead of their guilty father? That cannot be." He reflected long and seriously; at last the thought struck him: "For the innocent children, their early death may have been a benefit; for me, guilty as I am, a punishment: this is the testimony of my conscience. An infinitely wise God can, by a single means, bring about many different results; it is only we short-sighted men that have often to employ many different means to reach one end, which, even then, is often unattained. I must, therefore, think that the death of my children, by which they have been transferred to heaven, still remains a vengeance wreaked on me for my crime against my brother's child." But he argued with himself again: "Pshaw! these are only imaginations of mine"; and he tried to repel these contradictory thoughts from his mind.

Alonso's eldest daughter, Eugenia, a most amiable young lady of eighteen, had just then an opportunity to marry well. An excellent young man, who was not only called but was in reality a nobleman, sought her hand. Eugenia felt much honored, and was rejoiced at

this offer, which was in perfect accord with her own desires. Her mother was heartily willing to give her consent, considering the exceptional qualities of the young man; but her father rejected him with contempt, because he thought him neither rich nor respectable enough, and forced Eugenia, contrary to her inclinations, to marry an old duke of dissolute life, who was, however, rich and influential. The unhappy young woman soon became an invalid, and died a few years afterward.

This fresh blow shook Alonso to the depth of his soul. "And I am to blame for this early death of my beloved daughter, too!" he said. "My ambition forced upon her that cursed marriage which has caused her death! She has left no children. I, who murdered the only child of my brother and my good sister-in-law, will yet lose all my children. I shall never see a grandchild."

And so it happened. Philip, Alonso's surviving son, his first-born and the best-loved of all his children, became the victim of the godless principles instilled into him by his father. He had been educated, according to his father's wish, for the world. "Honor above everything!" was his sole maxim.

His pious mother gave these words their right meaning. "In a certain sense," she would repeat, "the saying is certainly true. Honor with respect to virtue is what brightness is with respect to gold. Honor without virtue is but false glitter—deceitful gilding of a base metal. But true honor is one with virtue,—not only glitter of gold, but pure gold. We must avoid whatever dishonors us, not only before men, but in the sight of Heaven. In this sense, my son, say always: 'Honor before everything!'"

But the son paid little attention to his mother, and guided himself entirely by the example of his father, whose highest desire was to be considered honorable by men. Philip, therefore, fell into many foolish acts, which, however, he thought necessary to maintain his dignity as a true nobleman. Thinking himself insulted by a young noble of his own rank, he felt it his duty to challenge him to a duel. He inflicted a wound on his antagonist from which he died instantly; but he himself received three stabs which caused his death in a few days.

When his father heard this mournful news, he was deeply grieved, and became sad even unto death. "Three stabs!" he repeated to himself; "that is the most terrible of all!" He was reminded of the three wounds by which, according to Pedro's account, little Fernando had been assassinated. His anguish now reached its highest pitch.

Much as Alonso tried to conceal his inward disquiet from every human being, he did not succeed. His wife could not fail to notice it, and was greatly troubled. Often did she ask him, in the tenderest accents: "O dearest husband! what is the matter with you? What is it that troubles you? Pour out the griefs of your sad heart into the heart of your faithful spouse. This will certainly ease your mind; and perhaps I may be able to advise you, and speak a comforting word."

But Alonso persevered in his obdurate silence. "My crime," he would reflect, "is too great to be confided to any human ear."

When his wife regarded him with sorrowful, beseeching look and weeping eyes, he would only say: "Don't bother me! It's nothing but a harmless affection of the brain, for which I can assign no cause, and for which there is, probably, no remedy."

But the anguish which by day the miserable man so violently compressed, broke out by night in spite of himself. The bloody deed that occupied his every waking thought came up before him in his dreams. He would often exclaim, in a loud, heart-rending voice, as if addressing some one: "Why do you always show me those three bleeding wounds? They can pain you no longer! I was blind! I was crazy! Oh, forgive me! You are in heaven, and I—I am already in hell, and the flames envelop me on all sides; sparks of fire rain down on me!"

Such ravings did his terrified wife hear in the awful stillness of the night. In the daytime Alonso would often sit in his room with his head resting on his hand, so buried in thought, that, on one occasion, he did not even observe that his wife had entered, and was standing beside him. "There lies a curse on my house!" he cried, in tones of anguish; "I designed to give another's inheritance to my children; but they are all dead and gone! For this end I caused his death; and I survive all my own children. I proposed to transmit the glory of an ancient noble house to my descendants; but, alas! I shall be the last of my race! Fool that I was! I thought to enjoy a heaven

on earth, and I have created myself a hell!" His poor wife shuddered and trembled at these fearful words, and stole out of the room unobserved.

The noble woman, who was deeply bowed by sorrow at the loss of her beloved children, was still more grieved at the sad condition of her wicked husband. She loved him notwithstanding his crime, and had the most heartfelt compassion for the anguish he endured. His silence was the most trying to her; for it forced her to refrain from speaking to him. Her strength finally gave way under the abiding oppression of her heart, and she fell into consumption.

One day, when the Countess had become very weak and was not far from her end, her husband sat by her bedside. She made a sign to her maid to retire, pressed his hand in her own, already growing cold, looked at him sorrowfully, and, with the most amiable sweetness, said to him: "Dearest husband, soon I must part with you!" And when she had somewhat repressed her tears, she continued: "Listen to my last words—words of love, of peace, of reconciliation. Oh, long have I known the crime that is weighing on your soul! I suspected it from the very beginning. I have often heard the avowal, without your knowing it, from your own lips. Your crime is fearful, but with God there is grace and mercy. Make your peace with the All-merciful whilst you have life. I hope to go to God; oh, save your soul, that we may not be forever parted, that we may meet again in heaven!"

Alonso, whose eyes had remained tearless as long as his heart rejected sympathy and repentance, now broke into a flood of tears. "O my angel!" he exclaimed, "though you knew I was a devil, you still had compassion on me and loved me truly! Your love now gives me new life. The love and mercy of God are greater than my crime. You, upon whom I have brought so much misery—you forgive me! and surely God will forgive me too! I will turn to Him with my whole heart. I hope to meet you again in heaven."

The Countess smiled sweetly. Death was near. Once more her eyes met his, then, heaving a gentle sigh, she departed. Alonso fell on his knees by the death-bed, raised his folded hands, and his eyes, full of tears, to heaven, and prayed as he never prayed before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Mariner's Vow.

IN a letter addressed to a friend in Tours, the captain of the French ship *Falcon* recounts how he was miraculously preserved from shipwreck on the open sea, finding a haven at last on the coast of England:

"A thousand thanks for your good prayers! I have been exposed to a terrible death, but my confidence in the Blessed Virgin has saved me. In that terrific hurricane, which has made so many victims, my vessel was very near being wrecked. The waves rose more than thirty feet above us. Suddenly the coast, with its seething breakers, appeared only two miles from our starboard, and the fury of the storm was driving us onward to certain destruction. Inevitable death stared us in the face. We could do nothing at all, for the fury of the wind forced us to hold to the gunwale with both hands.

"I called my crew together, and began a solemn prayer. There was no cheek that was not bedewed with tears at the thought of our dear ones whose loving faces we should never behold again in this life. We promised the Blessed Virgin that, in case we should be saved, we would have a Solemn High Mass said in her honor, at which all, officers and crew, would be present. We vowed, also, to walk to the church in procession, with bare heads and feet, and clothed in a garment of penance. Five minutes after this vow was pronounced, the wind turned westward, and thus we kept clear of the coast. Other ships quite near us were wrecked; but we felt that Heaven was protecting us. My poor vessel was terribly shattered: the sails torn to ribbons, the rigging parted everywhere, and the masts broken.

"Thus we were driven about for eleven days, drenched to the skin, having nothing to eat but moistened biscuit, and unable to get a wink of sleep. At last we were able to make land here on the coast of England. I feel completely broken down, though I am not really ill.

"Thank our Blessed Mother for me. The escape was truly miraculous."

Thus we see how courage and confidence in Mary, Star of the Sea and Patroness of sailors, was gloriously rewarded.

Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception (or of Our Lady of Lourdes).

"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"

REPORT FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ST.

The pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity are earnestly requested in favor of the following petitions: Conversion to the Faith for 8, and return to the Faith for 5 persons; change of life for 13 persons, and recovery of health for 21; return of a lost brother; recovery of sight for 1, and of hearing for 2 persons; spiritual and temporal favors for 17 families, 1 congregation, 2 seminaries, and 7 persons; special graces for 4 persons; peace and concord in 1 family; virtue of temperance for 8, success in business for 2, and happy death for 3 persons; success of 2 novenas; payment of debts for 1, vocation for 2, employment for 6, and thanksgiving for favors received for 1 person; 30 particular intentions.

FAVORS OBTAINED.

A pious associate writes to inform us that, being in very straitened circumstances, out of employment, and in debt, she petitioned for the prayers of the Confraternity, and obtained speedy relief. with employment which may be permanent, and for which she asks a remembrance in the prayers of the Confraternity. Furthermore, that a relative whom she had recommended has given up intoxicating drink and avoids dangerous company.

Another associate writes as follows: "Rev. Father:—Hoping these few lines may cause others to have more love for, and confidence in, her who is our perpetual help, I write to inform you of a favor obtained through the use of the Holy Water of Lourdes and by a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. About three months ago a young man, who is living with us, became so much afflicted that he could not work. His hands and feet were swollen out of shape, his neck was covered with boils, and there was every indication of blood poisoning. He became completely disheartened. As he was poor, and moreover no good medical aid being at hand, I advised him to make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He did so, I and my little daughter joining him in the novena. I gave the afflicted young man a few drops of the Holy Water of Lourdes, and kept a candle burning one hour a day before a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The morning after the commencement of the novena the young man came in smiling, and said that he was much better. Each day found him further improved. and before the close of the novena he was out and at work as usual, although the weather was wet and cold, and every way unfavorable to him. He says he knows it was our Blessed Mother that obtained his cure. Oh, if more would take their cares, both spiritual and temporal, to the feet of our Blessed Lady, they wou'd find comfort beyond measure. Hoping I may always have a share in her love, and may be able to bring others to love her, I am, etc. E. D."

A gentleman in Illinois writes: "Please return thanks for the conversion to the Faith of a young lady, formerly one of the children of a public school often recommended to the prayers of the Associates."

OBITUARY.

We recommend the following deceased persons to the pious prayers of the members of the Confraternity: Mr. JOSEPH F. GOOKIN, of South Boston, Mass., a most exemplary young man, who was killed instantly Feb. 23d. SISTER M. CLARISSA, of St. Elizabeth's Convent, New York, who slept in the Lord Feb. 3d; JOSEPHINE SMITH, who departed this life at Campbells, Mass.; ANDREW, ALEXANDER and ELIZABETH DEVILBISS; PATRICK CUNNION, and CATHARINE TRIMNIE, recently deceased; Mrs. ROSA BRADLEY, who died suddenly in Philadelphia, Feb. 5th; ANNE BURNS, deceased Feb. 3d, in Baltimore, Md.; Messrs. THOMAS and JAMES MARTIN, both pious Christians; Mr. JOHN CAHILL (for many years a subscriber to THE "AVE MARIA), who departed this life at Trenton, N. J., Feb. 22d; Mrs. ANN MONGARREN, Mrs. SUSAN HARE, Mrs. ANN BAXTER, Mrs. CATHARINE FANNING, Mr. and Mrs. RIORDAN, Mr. PETER HARANNA, Mr. and Mrs. HARRINGTON, Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, all of Potoka, Ind.; SISTER MARY BAPTISTA, SARAH GRAHAM, MARY BUCKLEY, and WILLIAM KELLY, all of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. MARGARET McDEVITT, of Pittsburg, Pa., who died happily about a week ago; JOHN and MAURICE CODY, who were lately killed in Brooklyn, N. Y.; DENNIS DWYER, of New York city, whose death occurred March 7th.

May they rest in peace!

A. GRANGER, C. S. C.,
Director of the Confraternity,
(Notre Dame P. O., Ind.)

For Our Lady's Dome.

Bridget Conway, and other Friends, $13; Edward Keenan, $5; A Friend, $10; Mr. and Mrs. Radiger, $10; Cornelius Mooney, $1; F. B. Drexel, Banker, $50; Mrs. Bridget Keeley, $10; Mr. James Long, South Bend, Ind., $5; Mrs. Margaret Long, South Bend, Ind., $5; Michael Cooney, Lakeville, Ind., $5; Patrick Cooney, Lakeville, Ind., $5; Mrs. Bridget Donovan, $5; Mr. Michael Donovan, $5; A devout Client of St. Joseph, $5; Donations from various sources, $29; A Child of Mary, $10.

THE WORKS OF DR. BROWNSON.

Philosophy, Theology, Politics,

AND

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

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The Catholic Church and Modern Science.

A LECTURE BY THE REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE question of the unity of the human species is one that has, more or less, engaged the attention of philosophers for centuries. But the impetus given to the study of biological science, particularly within the last twenty-five years, has created for the subject an interest it never possessed before. It has been taken up not only by speculative scientists and sentimental philanthropists, but also, and especially, by practical, learned, truth-loving naturalists, philologists, ethnologists and archæologists the world over. All the races and tribes of the earth have been visited in the interests of science; their anatomical and physiological characteristics have been noted and compared; their manners and customs have been studied with scrupulous care; their languages and literatures have been consulted by scholars of every shade of opinion; their monuments and records have been ransacked to satisfy the demands of *savants* and learned societies; their traditions and religious beliefs have been examined even in their minutest details. The hieroglyphical writings of the ancient Egyptians and Aztecs have been deciphered; the cuneiform inscriptions of Western Asia interpreted; the remains of prehistoric man in the Old and New Worlds questioned; and all this with what result? One in perfect harmony with the teaching of the Church which maintains, and ever has maintained, the oneness of the human species.

The bearing of her doctrine of the unity of species,—*i. e.*, that all mankind is derived from common parents,—on some of the fundamental teachings of faith, is so evident as to need no comment. But precise as

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH

is on this point, its truth has not been in the least impaired by the investigations and discoveries of modern science. On the contrary, all demonstrated conclusions in every department of knowledge have, as every Catholic knew would be the case, only tended to corroborate what the Church has always taught, and to strengthen more than ever her position in the eyes of the intellectual world. I know that there have been men, with theories to support—specialists who wished to obtain notoriety,—who have maintained the unprovable hypothesis of the multiplicity of species. I am aware also that there have been those who have divided mankind into species according to geographical distribution, or color, or language, but no one has ever regarded their theories as anything more than vague and unfounded conjectures.

Another and more interesting question is that regarding the

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Scientific men now maintain that man has been on earth much longer than is popularly supposed, and much longer, too, than is consistent with the declarations of the Sacred Text. Instead of the 6,000 years that are generally assigned as the time that has elapsed since man appeared on earth, scientists assure us that his advent dates back much farther. Some will tell you that man has inhabited this earth for at least 40,000 or 50,000 years; whilst others, like Sir John Lubbock and Sir

Charles Lyell, will claim for him an antiquity of 200,000 years, and still others more than a million. They tell us that the present remains of prehistoric man, the instruments of defense, etc., found in Europe and America, teach us that all our ideas about his antiquity have to be entirely modified.

Now, at the first blush, the

GREAT DISAGREEMENT AMONG SCIENTISTS THEMSELVES

about the question at issue should put us on our guard. No two of them view the question in the same light. No two of them, in any given instance, ever arrive at the same conclusion as the result of their investigations. Geologists particularly are fond of giving a great antiquity to man, and to the period during which animal and vegetable life has existed upon this earth. According to Lyell, the life period of the earth must be somewhere about 300,000,000 years. Yet, in the face of this statement, the great mathematicians and physicists Sir Wm. Thompson and Prof. Tait come forward, with conclusions based on well-known laws of physics, and assert, as a certainty, that it would have been simply impossible for life, as we now know it, to have existed on the earth for more than 10 000 000 or 15 000 000 years at most—only the one-thirtieth or the one-twentieth of the time claimed by Lyell and his followers. Allow me to quote you Prof. Tait's own words, as found in his admirable work, "Recent Advances in Physical Sciences": "We can at once say to geologists that, granting this premiss, that physical laws have remained as they are now, and that we know of all the physical laws which have been operating during that time, we cannot give more time for their speculations than about ten, or, say at most, fifteen million years. But I dare say many of you are acquainted with the speculations of Lyell, and others, especially of Darwin, who tells us that even for a comparatively brief portion of geological history three hundred millions of years will not suffice. We say, so much the worse for geology as at present understood by its chief authorities, for, as you will presently see, physical considerations, from various independent points of view, render it utterly impossible that more than ten or fifteen million years can be granted."

Now, looking at Lyell's proportion of man's age to that of the life period of the earth, viz., 200 000 to 300 000 000—*i. e*, 1 to 15 000, in the light of Thompson's conclusions—we find that the age of man must, according to Lyell's own figures, be brought down to a period somewhere between 6,600 and 10 000 years. This result is, however, only approximate. Still it is equally decisive as against the unwarranted assumptions of geologists.

But what about the

ANTIQUITY OF MAN ACCORDING TO THE BIBLE?

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the Scriptures give any date as to the creation of man, or any definite data that would aid one in calculating how long he has been upon the earth. The dates usually put at the head of chapters or parts of the Bible are not a part of the inspired writings, but only the determinations of individual commentators, from such data as the Sacred Text afforded them. These data, often vague and uncertain, are mostly the genealogies of the patriarchs, reigns of kings, periods of servitude, etc.; and, owing to various causes, which it is unnecessary to explain at present, it is found that even the oldest versions of the Bible we now possess—viz., the Septuagint, the Hebrew, and the Samaritan,—seriously differ from each other in their chronologies.

No orthodox writer, according to Riccioli, an eminent Jesuit astronomer, places the era of creation of man higher than 7000 B. C., or lower than 3700. Of two hundred different values collected by the chronologer Dessignoles, for the time elapsed from the creation of man until the coming of Christ, the least was 3 483 and the greatest 6 984 years, giving a difference of 3 501 years. Adding to these results the time that has elapsed since the coming of Christ (1883 years) we have as a minimum of man's antiquity 5 366 years, and as a maximum 8 867 years. The mean of these two sums would be a little over

7,000 YEARS,—

a result that many chronologists hold to be better founded than the popularly received figure that places the age of our race at about 6 000 years. In conclusion I would add that it is now considered by those who have made Biblical chronology a study, that, from the data given in the Bible, it would scarcely be safe to maintain that the time which has elapsed since the creation of our first parents

has been more than 8,000 years. It may be a little more; but, judging from the data calculated from, it is a little less.

Here, then, we have, on the one hand, the latest conclusions—the results are only approximate—of science, which put the antiquity of man at about 8,000 years; and, on the other hand, the computations of Biblical chronologists, which, giving a latitude of fully thirty-five centuries between the lowest and the highest values, afford certainly all the time that the geologist or astronomer can prove necessary to reconcile the facts of his science with the known data of Holy Scripture.

As far as the Church is concerned, the antiquity of man is

AN OPEN QUESTION.

She has never pronounced on the subject, but, as in many similar instances, has left it to be decided by learned men according to the data afforded by chronological investigations.

In the calculations to which I have just alluded I have taken the results of geologists, whose views on the subject are extreme. But there are not wanting eminent scholars in every branch of modern scientific inquiry who maintain that the antiquity of man is far less than some of our "advanced thinkers" would make it; and that there is yet no valid reason for considering it greater than it has popularly been supposed to be, viz., 6,000 years. At all events—barring all fanciful computations, like those based on Indian or Chinese chronologies; or idle conjectures, like those founded on the relics discovered in Scandinavian graves, in French peat or gravel beds, or in Swiss lake-dwellings—there is certainly no conflict between science—I do not mean *theory*—and religion on the subject of the age of our race. More than this: as fully convinced as I am that

THERE IS NO CONFLICT NOW,

so fully am I convinced that there never will be any; but that, on the contrary, every new scientific discovery, when properly understood, will, as in every other case, only tend to confirm the teachings of the Inspired Record.

One more difficulty, and I have done with the objections I proposed to answer. We are told that there is a conflict between the teachings of science and

THE ACCOUNT OF THE FLOOD,

as contained in the Bible. I might admit that there is a conflict between the teachings of certain scientists and the Bible; but this would prove nothing against the Bible. That there is even the slightest conflict between the Mosaic narrative of the deluge and the demonstrated conclusions of science, I emphatically deny.

It is the popular belief—a belief, too, that the words of the Bible seem to favor—that the flood was universal; but science steps forward and tells us that, for many reasons I need not mention, the deluge could not have been universal. Admitting, as we may, that there was nothing more miraculous about the deluge than the employment by God, at a fixed time, of physical agents, as we now know them, for the accomplishment of His purpose—the destruction of the human race in punishment for their crimes,—I do not see that we are obliged, even by the words of Scripture, to believe that the deluge was universal as to the surface of the earth, but universal only as to that part inhabited by man. The end for which the flood was sent—the washing away of the wicked from the face of the earth—would have been attained as well by local as by a general deluge. The frequent use of universal for particular terms in every part of the sacred text is well known. But there is no reason whatever why the terms employed in the narrative of the flood should be used in a general rather than in a particular sense; and the Church, as in the other cases I have spoken of, has not given any decision on the question. Hence, in the present state of the discussion, we are at perfect liberty to believe that the waters covered the whole earth, or extended over only that portion—a very limited territory it was—of Western Asia then occupied by the human family.

But the

OBJECTIONS OF SCIENTISTS ARE AT FAULT

on other grounds. Geology, it is generally conceded, can tell us nothing at all about the catastrophe of which all peoples have their traditions; and, more than this, there is no certain geological evidence even of the existence of such a flood, at the time spoken of, as Moses describes.

Again, as much as the question has been discussed, it has not yet been proved that a universal flood was impossible. There are still able scientists, eminent geologists and

physicists, on the affirmative as well as on the negative side of the question. Like many other questions of no practical importance, it is most likely one that will ever remain in dispute.

So much, then, for the serious (?) objections offered by our "advanced thinkers" against the teachings of the Church. When examined, they prove to be objections founded on mere assumptions, or series of assumptions—or, more truly, they are no objections at all.

What, then, about the much-vaunted conflict between Science and Religion? Is there, then, no conflict? And is Science, then, in reality, the handmaid of Religion, as the defenders of Revelation claim she is?

I have already answered these questions incidentally, but I deem it best to emphasize now what I have said, and to state more clearly what we are to understand by science, on the one hand, and the teachings of the Church, on the other. As we have just seen in the difficulties we have been considering, all the objections were based on

MISUNDERSTANDINGS OR MISINTERPRETATIONS

At most, the conflict has been one between individuals—between scientists and interpreters. This has arisen from mistaking—a common error nowadays—the theories, guesses, and vagaries of scientists for true science—for positive knowledge—for demonstrative certainties,—which they are not; and from regarding the opinions, hypotheses, provisional expositions of individual theologians and commentators as authoritative teachings of the Church.

Modern science, as it is generally spoken of, —I do not refer to facts and phenomena,—is, at best, nothing more than conjecture. There is nothing positive about it. In the language of mathematicians, it is a

VARIABLE QUANTITY,

and, as we have seen, a very variable quantity it is. The theories, the explanations, the science, therefore, of to-day is abandoned for that offered to-morrow. It has been well said that modern science, as ordinarily understood, is but the opinions of the scientists of the day. How much it is a matter of conjecture is seen from the questions we have already considered. But these are not special or isolated instances. We find the same uncertainty, the same difference of opinion, in every department of science.

At one time it was thought that the manifold revolutions, of which geology speaks as having taken place in the earth's crust, were brought about by the action of fire. At another time it was held that water was the all-powerful agent in the changes observed. Again, it was supposed that the effects of upheaval and subsidence, of mountain and continent making, were brought about suddenly and violently, like our present volcanoes and earthquakes, only that the action was on a much more stupendous scale, and of much greater extent. Now it is thought that these same effects may be accounted for by the slow operation of causes not known.

So it is with the various forces and elements with which the physicist and chemist have to deal. Light and heat were not long ago considered as very attenuated kinds of matter, and, from the fact that they had no appreciable weight, they were named imponderables. Even now, there are not wanting those—and this, too, among our "advanced thinkers"—who still hold to the corpuscular theory of light and heat. But there are others again, and for the nonce they are in the majority, who look upon light and heat—sound, magnetism and electricity also—as only modes of motion, as merely different manifestations of one and the same force,—a force, however, about whose real nature they are obliged to confess that they know absolutely nothing.

Again, the ordinary text-books on chemistry enumerate some sixty-five or seventy forms of matter that are called elementary,—forms of matter that are incapable of decomposition, and from which all compound bodies are formed. But there are to-day—and their number is increasing—some of the ablest experimenters and most profound thinkers in chemical, physical and astronomical science, who, for reasons that seem almost conclusive, maintain that all the so-called elements are only modifications, allotropic conditions, of one and the same primal substance.

Yet more: just now the greatest diversity of opinion, giving rise to the most ingenious hypotheses and the most profound problems, obtain regarding the nature of matter itself.

WHAT IS MATTER?

Are we to look upon it, as do most of the chemists of the day, as something made up of atoms of which we know nothing? Shall we, with Boscovitch and Faraday and others, regard it

as nothing more than centres of force, doing away thereby with the idea of matter altogether, and reserving only that of force? Or shall we accept the latest explanation of the mystery,—the vortex atom theory of Sir William Thompson and Helmholtz, who consider matter as simply rotating portions of a perfect fluid that fills all space? These are questions which not only *have not* been answered, but also questions which *can not* be answered. Everywhere, even in apparently the simplest things, we are confronted with mysteries. And it is the speculations about these mysteries, the attempted answers of philosophers to questions proposed regarding the simplest phenomena, that we call science! Truly, there is a grave misapprehension somewhere. What is palmed off on a credulous public as science is not science, unless we choose to designate by this term the constantly changing hypotheses that are in turn offered in explanation of the facts and phenomena daily observable in the world around us.

From what I have said, however, I would not have you infer that I am

OPPOSED TO THEORIES IN SCIENCE.

Far from it. They often serve a useful purpose, and, as a matter of fact, if we wish to go beyond the limits of simple observation we cannot do without them. But in the name of exact science, in the name of true philosophy, I do protest against the disposition, the custom I should say, that now prevails with some of our would-be scientists, of foisting the crudest hypotheses, particularly when there is question concerning the relations between science and religion, into a place that should be reserved only for positive knowledge, for incontestable truth.

So far, I have spoken of modern theories only in relation to science and dogma, but I have said nothing about their bearing on

POLITICS AND MORALS.

The various theories of matter and force would, at first sight, seem to have little or no connection with morals or politics; and yet, as interpreted and developed by a materialistic and an atheistic philosophy, they are as intimately related as cause and effect.

Granting, with Hæckel, Straus, Vogt, and Büchner, who have no belief in a personal God, that there is nothing outside of matter and force, we can see at once what must be the logical consequences of such a premise. We could then hold, with Prof. Woleshott, that "The will is the necessary expression of a state of the brain produced by external influences. There is no such thing as free will. A crime is the logical result, direct and inevitable, of the passion which animates us. Without phosphorus, no thought." . . . "Thought is a movement of matter, conscience is also a movement of matter." We could then maintain, with the German pantheist, Prof. E. Van Hartmann (Philosophy of the Unknown), "that it is important to make the beast life better known to youth as being the truest source of pure nature, wherein they may learn to understand their true being, in its simplest form, and in it rest and refresh themselves after the artificiality and deformity of our social condition. . . . Let us only think how *agreeably* an *ox* or *hog* lives, almost as if he had learned to do so from Aristotle."

In speaking of Darwinism, the blasphemous Hæckel observes: "Darwinism is doubtless insufficient, but that which, in spite of this, should contribute to its being admitted, is that it excludes the intervention of God. This is its inappreciable merit." Again, in speaking of this theory of morphology (as summarized in *The London Times*), he says: "In this way the Creator is disposed of not only as superfluous, but as a Being who, if He existed, instead of being all-wise, would every now and then have committed the indiscretion of attempting to create eyes and wings which His power did not suffice to perfect." And in another place he observes: "With this simple argument, the mystery of the universe is explained, Divinity is annulled, and a new era of infinite knowledge ushered in."

No wonder that Dr. Virchow—certainly no great friend of the Church—thought it

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

"Gentlemen," he says in his Address to the Congress of German Naturalists at Munich in 1877, "I will only hope that the evolution theory may not bring upon us all the alarm that similar theories have actually aroused in the neighboring country. At all events, this theory, if consistently carried out, has a very serious aspect, and I trust that it has not escaped your notice that Socialism has already established a sympathetic relation with it. We must not conceal these facts from our-

selves." In the same address he solemnly declares: "Every attempt to transform our problems into doctrines, to introduce our hypotheses as the bases of introduction,—especially the attempt simply to dispossess the Church and to supplant its dogmas forthwith by a religion of evolution,—be assured, gentlemen, every such attempt will make shipwreck, and its wreck will also bring with it the greatest perils for the whole position of science."

To the question why such pernicious doctrines as those I have just quoted for you should be sustained in the name of sober science, I will let that close observer and acute thinker, St. George Mivart, give the answer: ". . . . A passionate hatred of religion (Lessons from Nature, chapter xiii), however discreetly or astutely veiled, lies at the bottom of much of the popular metaphysical teachings now in vogue.

"A belief in the necessary inconsistency of science with religion is persistently propagated among the public by writings and lectures, in which more is implied than asserted. In such lectures, attempts have again and again been made to strike theology through physical science, to blacken religion with coal-dust, or to pelt it with chalk, or to smother it with sub-Atlantic mud, or to drown it with a sea of protoplasm.

"*Delenda est Carthago.* No system is to be tolerated which will lead men to accept a personal God, moral responsibility, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Let these unwelcome truths be once eliminated, and no system is deemed undeserving of a candid, if not a sympathetic, consideration; and, *caeteris paribus,* that system which excludes the most efficaciously becomes the most acceptable."

If the doctrines which the Church proposes for our belief were as variable, and had no better foundation than the conjectures we are asked to accept as science; if the logical tendencies of her teachings were as disastrous in their consequences as those of popular materialistic science, then, indeed, we should have a difficult case to plead in maintaining her position against the various so-called systems of science and philosophy that are constantly attacking her in the name of freedom of thought and intellectual advancement. Fortunately for us, such is not the case.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS EVER THE SAME.

She teaches the same truths now as she did nineteen centuries ago, and with a certainty —because resting on Truth itself—that precludes the possibility of error. Not once in her whole history has she ever contradicted herself, or promulgated a proposition for the belief of her children that scientific investigation has proved false. In every age she has been called upon to pronounce on questions in every department of human knowledge, and her answers have always been consistent, both with her previous decisions and the demonstrated conclusions of science. Certainly, no one could desire a stronger proof of her divine origin, or more convincing evidence of the constant presence of the Spirit of Truth watching over her and preserving her from error. Not so with other systems of belief. The religions of Brahma and Buddha and Swedenborg are intimately mixed up with false systems of astronomy, geography, anatomy, and physiology. The latter being disproved on simple scientific grounds, the former are shown to be false. But the Catholic Church has never committed herself to any theory, even when, humanly speaking, such a committal, at least in a few instances, seemed inevitable. And, yet, with all this she has ever permitted, notwithstanding what her adversaries say to the contrary, her children

THE GREATEST LIBERTY OF THOUGHT.

The latitude she allows regarding current scientific theories—I refer not to atheistic and materialistic assumptions—is a proof of my assertion. More than this: not only has the Church permitted the greatest liberty of thought in doubtful matters of science and philosophy, or, more truly, in all matters not opposed to revealed truth, but she has also been

THE FIRST TO FOSTER AND STIMULATE,

in every age, the growth of every science, and to encourage and remunerate those who distinguished themselves by their researches or discoveries.

But it may be said that the

CASE OF GALILEO

implies the contrary. To this it may be answered that no one now, who makes any pretension to scholarship, would repeat the charge as it has been so often made. The now published records of Galileo's trial prove to a demonstration that Galileo's chief difficulties arose, not from his discoveries, or from legit-

imate scientific theories, but from his going beyond his province, and insisting on having a question of Scripture interpreted in conformity with what was in his time an unproven and an unprovable hypothesis. The fact that Galileo until the day of his death received from the Pope a handsome annuity, not only as a reward for his scientific achievements, but also to enable him to continue his researches, should, we think, effectually silence those who bring forward his case as an illustration of the intolerant spirit of the Church towards those engaged in the study and advancement of natural and physical science.

Time prevents me from saying more about this and similar charges made by the enemies of the Church against her attitude towards science and its alleged "martyrs." That there is nothing in the teachings of the Church incompatible with

THE HIGHEST EXERCISE OF REASON,

that there is not a single conclusion of true science inconsistent with any article of faith, are propositions that every Catholic regards as self-evident.

The illustrious Dr. Brownson, one of the greatest philosophers our age, or any age, has produced, says, in his "Convert," in reference to this subject: "I never in a single instance found a single article, dogma, proposition, or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed, or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

To the words of the profound Brownson—who, according to the opinion of an eminent Protestant writer, had critically examined and mastered more systems of philosophy than many persons claiming to be professors of philosophy had ever heard the names of—allow me to add the testimony of one who, for the depth, extent and variety of his attainments, and for his accurate and profound knowledge in every branch of knowledge, sacred and profane, and who, for his original researches as well as for the astonishing number of works on all subjects his prolific pen has given to the world, deserves to be called the Albertus Magnus of the nineteenth century. I refer to the illustrious Abbé Moigno, of Paris, who, according to M. Dumas, Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, "has, for the last fifty years, marched at the head of the scientific movement," and who is, without question, the first scholar of the age. In his brief autobiography prefixed to the fourth volume of his last great work, *Les Splendeurs de la Foi,* he says: "I am seventy-three years old [he is now seventy-nine]; I have read everything, I have understood everything, and I have never been troubled with the slightest doubt or temptation against faith. I have always believed, and I believe more than ever, all the truths of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church, with a calm, serene, lively, strong faith, without, I repeat it, any cloud being interposed between dogma and my mind. I have sounded, as far as I have been able, all the mysteries of religion and science, and my faith has never been shaken: my voice, then, is that of an enlightened, convinced, and faithful witness."

But this is sufficient. Allow me to make a brief summary of what I have said, and I will conclude. We have seen, then, that all real scientific discoveries only go to corroborate the doctrines that the Church proposes for our acceptance. We have learned that the so-called conflict between Science and Religion is a conflict between private individuals, —scientists and philosophers with their hypotheses, on the one hand, commentators and theologians with their provisional interpretations, on the other. We have found, too, that the most prominent scientific theories of the day, aside from the consequences falsely deduced from them, are perfectly reconcilable with Catholic dogma; that the Catholic student enjoys the greatest possible liberty of thought in matter of science and speculation; and that the Church, far from impeding his progress, true to her divine mission, and true to her past history, is the first to encourage and assist him.

The Church has nothing to fear from scientific progress, but much to gain. Every new conquest of science is a new argument in the natural order confirmatory of the verities that God has been pleased to reveal. No one can have greater reason to rejoice at the advance of science than the Church, for she is conscious

that every acquisition of science will be an addition to her sacred treasure of heavenly, divine truth. Science is the handmaid of Religion. Between true science and true religion; between modern science—in so far as it is science—and the Catholic Church, a conflict not only does not exist, but is not even possible. Both point in the same direction; both should lead us to the Author of all good—God, our Father.

A Cry—(Ireland, 1883).

A YOUNG GIRL'S QUESTION.

O MARY, MARY! men have called thee Queen;
Lost on life's seas, they cry to thee, God's star;
Mother of God, ruler of souls that lean
With golden wings upon Heaven's golden bar,
Listen to us, though we have wandered far,
Hear us, O Queen!

Upon thy petals pale the blood-drops fell;
Remember it, sweet Mary, in this hour,
Forget the triumph songs that round thee swell,
Behold the red stain on the lily flower.
The chalice filled; the slender stem's frail power
Failed, and it fell.

Mother of Sorrows, by thy toil and pain,
Our Lady, hear us; to this earth look back;
We strive, we labor—yea, we die, in vain;
Shadows of death each day fall cold and black;
Lost is the light and hidden is the track,
O Queen of pain!

Mary, a cry has gone throughout the lands,
"The mist for clothing, and the moon for heat."
"Is this Thy mercy, Christ?" O empty hands,
Starved children's faces, weary, frozen feet!
Hear us, O Mary! though thy Heaven is sweet,
Waste are the lands.

Hear us, pale Mother! O white Mary, hear!
Lest, blind with famine, our young children deem
Thy star too faint by it their way to steer;
Thy love grown cold; thy spotless Heaven a dream;
Lest *thy* Child pitiless to ours should seem,
White Mary, hear!

U. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

THE AGED WOMAN'S ANSWER.

O young, impassioned heart, oppressed
With the o'erwhelming weight
Of tender pity and deep ruth
For Erin's hapless fate!
The vision of her children crushed
By hunger and by cold,
"The starved face, the frozen feet,"
Have ta'en a bitter hold
Of thy warm, eager, loving soul,
That cries out in its pain,
"Is this Thy mercy, Christ?" . . . Oh, yes:
Believe in the long train
Of patient sufferings, silent pangs
Which work out joys to come,
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
In no far-distant home.
O Una, thou dost call on her,
The Virgin-Mother pale,
To stretch her hand, to raise her voice,
To stop the famished wail.
Oh, doubt it not, she bends o'er each
Poor suffering child to-day,
As erst she wept o'er Rachel's babes
Slaughtered amidst their play.
She might not then stop the fell blows,
Or dry those mothers' tears,
But, bowing down her head, she thought
On the eternal years.
And as, with trembling feet, across
The pathless desert wild
(More bare than Erin's unploughed shores)
She bore *her doomed* Child,
Did not her wistful eyes behold
Heaven opening to the train
Of little children clad in robes
Washed white in blood and pain?
'Tis often hard God's hand to read
In fiery scrolls of woe;
"What I do, *now* thou knowest not:
Hereafter thou shalt know."

GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Memories.

CONTRAST.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

(CONTINUED)

In those days of dread and trial, long, loving letters came from MAX, pleading and urging me to fly from the pestilence. My life, he wrote, belonged to him, and he commanded me, by the deep, true love he bore me, and for the sake of his future happiness, to obey him; but I could not leave my father there alone, and, if the worst came, I knew MAX would forgive me. I feared to send letters from a place where everything was reeking with infection,

though I sent a brief message daily by telegraph, to quiet his anxiety; and he afterwards told me that at the sight of one his heart would often turn sick with dread of the possible tidings within, so that he could scarcely summon courage to open the envelope. I had promised that he would be informed by Dr. Frazer if the worst should come.

There were signs, scarcely perceptible as yet, that the pestilence was abating. Its harvest had been rich, for it had gathered much precious golden grain with the worthless tares whose evil growth is always a curse to the land: the just had suffered with the unjust, until the passion and pain of life were over, and each received the reward of his works—one, "eternal in the heavens"; the other, where the darkness of despair reigns forever. My thoughts were not morbid, but how could I think of other than serious questions, living as I had been for weeks on the very borderland of eternity?

One evening a black cloud darkened the sunset and rolled in heavy masses over the bay. Everyone lifted his eyes in hope; deliverance was at hand, and a cry went up from every soul that it might not pass us by. It grew as dark as midnight, and the air was filled with a rushing, muffled sound, which mingled with the sullen, wrathful boom of the great rollers sweeping in from the bay. Men held their breath, wondering what new horror to expect, when suddenly there was a blaze that seamed the clouds with fire and fringed the waves with liquid flame, followed instantaneously by an explosion as if the heavens were rent asunder. I fell fainting in my father's arms, and when I recovered consciousness I heard the rain falling in torrents, and a wild wind blowing, while a continual phosphorescent glare flashed and throbbed overhead, and peal followed peal of thunder, whose reverberations made our house tremble. It was a fearful night, and I almost fancied that the "princes of the powers of the air" were contending with the spirits of the pestilence for the mastery. The storm subsided by daylight, and a cool northwest wind swept the sky of its cobwebs and the atmosphere of its poison.

The next morning a most unwonted spectacle presented itself: every object was powdered with frost—untimely even in October in this region; then the bells rang, and *Te Deums* were sung, for all knew that the Carnival of Death was over.

Before his illness, my father had been gradually arranging his business in such order as would enable him to leave it in the hands of his factor—a worthy, honest man. Since his illness, he had completed the unfinished details, and one evening he announced that we would leave for the North in the next steamer, and that he had written to my mother to meet us with the children in Boston.

"Dear father," I exclaimed, throwing my arms around his neck, "what lovely news! Will you write to Max to meet us there, too?"

He laughed, and kissed me. "Yes," he said: "a few lines, which you may enclose in *your* letter."

"And we'll have to do so much shopping!" I said, as I went to shade the lamp; "for the house is stripped, you know."

"For the little we have given, Janet, we have been repaid ten thousandfold," he replied, with a grave, sweet smile. "Send what's left to the Sisters of Charity; and when we join your mother, I'll give you *carte-blanche* for whatever is needed."

"Have you told her that you had the fever?" I asked.

"Not yet, my child. It will be time enough to tell her when she can see for herself that it did not quite kill me. That's something of a bull; but if she had been told of my illness, she would have hourly imagined I was dying or dead. I have written her word that her husband and daughter have become Catholics, and here is what she says—my sweet, pagan wife: 'If it makes you and my Janet happier, I am thankful; as to its making either of you better, it is an impossibility, for you are both as good as human beings can ever expect to be. Some people grow sour and exacting and glum when they take up religious ideas; my grandfather thought it was a sin to laugh or amuse oneself; and whenever we'd be sent on a visit to him, we heard so much about reprobate spirits and the punishments of the wicked, and had to read so many awful things in the Bible, and were reproved so often for our frivolity, that we used to go to bed expecting to be dragged out of it by goblins, and tossed into the flames of the lower region on pitchforks before morning. I hope your new creed is not of this stripe,' etc.

"I don't think it is," said my father, with a

quiet smile, as he re-folded the letter and laid it tenderly away in his large pocket-book with others of hers.

. . . . . .

Our family reunion was a singularly happy one, made more so, I fancy, by deep thankfulness that, for some of us, our separation had not been eternal. And Max was there, so overflowing with delight that, so far from reproaching me for all he had suffered, and telling me that my escape was simply the luck of those "fools who go where angels fear to tread," he commended my courage a great deal more than it deserved, for, as I have said before, I never had a sensation of fear—for myself—while the pestilence raged. My motive was to be near my father; and Max whispered a trite old saying—nearly as old as Adam—in my ear, "A good daughter makes a good wife."

My mother, seeing that our religion was not of the same type as her grandfather's, made no objection when my father told her he wished to have the children baptized and brought up in the Catholic Faith. "I suppose," she said, after the ceremony, which she witnessed with much interest—"I suppose by-and-by I shall feel lonesome at being left out in the cold; will you take me in, if I do?"

"When that time comes, dear wife, all you have to do is to knock the faintest little knock that was ever heard, and He who keeps the door will open and bid you enter," said my father, laying his arm gently around her, as if he wished even then to lead her into his Father's house.

After spending two happy months in Boston, we returned home just before Christmas, from a winter-land where everything was sheathed in ice, or piled over with snow-drifts, to a "land of sun and flowers," of balmy winds, and spicy aromas. And Max was with us; his short cruise was ended, and he had six months' leave. After our house was 'plenished and set in order, we were married quietly one morning in church, no religious difficulties being in the way to prevent; for, as it turned out, Max was a Catholic by birth, but had drifted away from the practices of his faith as he grew up, though always venerating it in his inmost heart, and promising himself that, when he should have attained such and such things in his profession, he would "make it all right."

Two years sped by, unmarked by change. Max was put in charge of some naval business at Galveston, so we had not known yet the bitterness of separation; and, to crown my happiness, I was the mother of a healthy boy-child, who at once became the Grand Llama of the household, white and black.

Sometimes, in the fulness of my joy, *I felt afraid,* as I suppose the dwellers on the slopes of Vesuvius often do under the bright sunshine, surrounded by olive trees and vineyards, when they think of the hidden fire beneath them,—only my dread was as undefined as the shadow of a cloud, and almost as fleeting. Such happiness as mine was not natural in a state where "man is prone to trouble as the sparks are to fly upward." With the help of the Sacraments, these forebodings were held in abeyance, and I knew that whatever darkness lay in the future for me, I should be led and comforted and grow strong for the burden. The cloud that the shadow boded came at last, and unexpectedly. Max was ordered to join the *North Carolina,* then lying at Norfolk, whose destination was an Asiatic station. He was to be gone three years. He was promoted to a higher grade, but that was small comfort to me, although it pleased him.

A year later, my boy sickened and died, after only a few days' suffering, which blanched his face and closed his beautiful eyes, but did not rob his dimpled form of its roundness and symmetry of outline. Do you know how mothers suffer when such a sorrow comes—a sorrow which is the crowning consecration of motherhood? Distinct and peculiar from any other grief is that of a woman who is thus chosen to give her flesh and blood to the Lord—wrote one who had thus suffered. The Church sang her songs of rejoicing over my dead child, but my human grief could not yet rise to such heights—a grief that Mary knew, and Jesus pitied; therefore, none chided: they let my sorrow have its season, and were very tender and patient with me, and, by-and-by, I began to find comfort in the thought that he was forever secure from all evil.

When I married Max I was perfectly aware that long separations were one of the inevitable conditions of his profession, and I had made up my mind to face them bravely when they came; but I had not reckoned on the bitter trial just past, which made his absence more difficult to bear. The little grave out

there, under the white jasmine,* bore other flowers, after awhile, than the fragrant violets that covered it—flowers whose seeds were of heaven: my mother's conversion, and the full reconciliation of my husband with his long-neglected faith. His letter announcing this good news was grave and touching, giving evidence of the most earnest and sincere purpose, to which he remained true and steadfast.

I have shown you now why and how the correspondence with Cleo Harwood was interrupted. She only knew by the marked newspapers I sent her from time to time of the events that had happened in the interval. It was now the third year since Max went away, and one morning my father handed me a letter from Cleo, full of the old, constant affection, and urging me to visit her. "If you don't come, and come right away, I'll never speak to you, or write to you again as long as I live. Do, *do* come, Janet; I know the change will be good for you as well as for me."

There were two reasons which inclined me to go: the cruise of the *North Carolina*† was up; she was due at Norfolk about the middle of October, where it would be so easy for me to meet Max, instead of his coming a long, weary journey to me. And Cleo had said it would be good for her to have me. Did she need me? Could I help her, even if she did? Perhaps some domestic infelicity had arisen; if so, the matter would be a difficult and delicate one to meddle in, with even the very best intentions. But Cleo was always a little given to superlatives, and it was probably a hint of some pretended necessity to urge the visit. But a grave question did present itself: Cleo's little girl. Had she thought, occupied as she always was in the world of fashion in which she lived and moved, to have the child baptized? She had written me word that the nurse had entire charge of her; but beyond the faithfulness and tenderness of the nurse, which seemed to be undoubted, what did she know? Of her moral or religious principles, nothing; and the child's life might be poisoned at its very beginning, for certain qualities in the minds of the ignorant become powerful levers of evil.

I might be able to help Cleo, but I must first see how the land lay, and I made up my mind to go. As to my baby, asleep under the white jasmines, "I could not make him there"; his memory was with me day and night—at the Sacrament of the Altar, in the old familiar places, like an almost tangible presence, everywhere but out there in the darkness of the grave, where, it had come to pass, he seemed farther from me than anywhere else. I was quite resigned to leave the spot, knowing that the sweet, living thought of him would be with me wherever I should go. "We will keep our baby's resting-place green and fragrant, Janet—your mother and I," said my dear father, thinking my heart was troubled at leaving it.

"And did you know, daughter, that a mocking-bird has built her nest right over it? so there'll be music as well as flowers all the summer long."

So they sought to cheer me when we parted, not knowing the sweet mystery I held so close.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* It was very much the custom at the South, at the date of these sketches, for persons to bury their dead in their own gardens, in a place set apart for the purpose, either in graves or vaults.

† The *North Carolina* was the largest of the old line-of-battle of our Navy.

Rosa Govona.

BY B. S.

"The most wonderful and beautiful things are oftenest done in the world by those who had no opportunities, while people whose hands were full of the means never arrived at any end."—*Miss Mulholland.*

The truth of this observation is forcibly illustrated by the example of a poor Italian sempstress of the last century. Without money, friends, or any human aid, Rosa Govona accomplished a work of the greatest public utility, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native Piedmont. Like most of God's chosen works, this institute began in the simplest and most ordinary way, without any premeditated design or laborious preparation, and, unless it has been altogether swept away in the universal crusade which the so-called Liberals of the nineteenth century have inaugurated against all that savors of religion, it is still flourishing in Italy.

Rosa, who was born in Mondovi, in the year 1716, of poor parents, was early left an orphan. Being skilful at needlework, she supported herself by this means, and led a very solitary,

retired life. One day she came across a sister-orphan, utterly destitute and forsaken. Following the promptings of her noble heart rather than the dictates of human prudence, the charitable sempstress took her home, shared with her her little all, and taught her how to support herself. Soon another came, and another; and in a short time Rosa was surrounded by a little band of orphans, who obtained their livelihood by assiduous toil under her direction.

As their number increased, the attention of the good people of Mondovi was drawn to the undertaking, and it encountered the difficulties inevitable to every benevolent enterprise. Some censured Rosa as rash and imprudent, others predicted the speedy collapse of the whole scheme, and even calumnies of a serious nature were diffused concerning the orphans and their protectress. The young Italian bore all with unshaken fortitude, neither seeking nor shunning notice, but pursuing calmly the even tenor of her meritorious life. Eventually Truth triumphed. The good she was so quietly effecting was recognized, and she obtained from the municipality a large house in the plain of Breo, to which a woollen factory was annexed. The orphans then numbered seventy, and Rosa had attained her thirty-ninth year. Scarcely ten years had elapsed since she sheltered the first little orphan, and the grain of mustard-seed had already sprung into a fruitful tree, whose branches were destined to spread over a wide area. In 1755 a house was founded in Turin; and in the following year Charles Emmanuel III, of Savoy, gave Rosa the large house and grounds formerly possessed by the Fathers of St. John of God, to which a manufactory was added two years later by the same prince. A rule was then given to the institute, which took the name of the Rosine, in memory of the foundress, and over the entrance gates was inscribed the sentence pronounced on our first parents: "Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow."

The indefatigable Rosa, leaving the asylum at Turin and that of Mondovi in a flourishing condition, travelled through the neighboring provinces, gathering around her the destitute orphans of each, and providing them with a refuge. In the space of twenty-one years she founded orphanages at Novara, Fossano, Savigliano, Saluzzo, Chieri, and San Damiano d'Asti; then, worn out by incessant toil, this good servant, who had been so faithful in the discharge of her stewardship over the few things committed to her keeping, went to her reward on the 28th February, 1776.

Rosa Govona was no strong-minded advocate of Woman's Rights, no loud-voiced, masculine heroine claiming a place in her country's senate, or a seat on the judicial bench. Far from it; she was a noble-minded, well-instructed Catholic woman, gifted with an energetic will and a loving heart. Without seeking to leave the sphere in which Providence had placed her, she endeavored to do all the good within her reach; and in the conscientious discharge of this duty she unconsciously solved a problem which has puzzled many a clever statesman and political economist, namely, provision for the virtuous poor.

I subjoin Tommaseo's pretty stanzas on Rosa Govona, with a free translation for such of my readers as may not be familiar with their sweet-sounding native Italian:

Delle sue man col santo
  Lavor vivrà felice;
  E, povera, nutrice
Di poveri sarà.

Oh! madre pia d'ignote
  Anime, in te sorelle,
  A Dio nel mondo ancelle
In queta libertà.

Oh! meglio che regina,
  D'onor tu lasci a loro,
  Di preci e di lavoro
Perenne eredità.

Caddero e quercie e rupi
  Vive il tuo fiore, o Rosa,
  Non è terrena cosa
Il fiore di carità.

Scintillera il tuo nome
  Sublime poverella,
  Fida e pudica stella
Sute volgenti età.

E delle opranti in terra
  Difese dal tuo velo,
  E delle oranti in cielo
Un coro si fara.

Poor and friendless, with honest toil
  She earned her daily bread;
Grouping around her those poorer still,
  She stood in their parents' stead.

Oh! pious mother of countless souls
  Known but to God and thee,

Serving Him 'neath thy humble roof
In tranquil liberty.

No queen has left the heritage
Thy orphan children claim!
The love of labor—its reward
An honored, spotless name.

The lofty oaks and crags shall fall,
But thou, O Rose, shalt bloom—
Unfading flower of charity
Which lasts beyond the tomb.

And in its Poverty sublime
Thy name shall shine afar,
O'er the revolving ages
Like a bright, faithful star.

While all the toiling orphans here,
Protected by thy hand,
Unite with those now safe in heaven
To form one prayerful band.

Notes from Rome.

Rome, March 12, 1883.

Italy has fallen into strange times indeed. Everything is unsettled and unstable throughout the peninsula. Armed protests against taxes, hunger riots, land agitations, and revolutionary movement, are the order of the day. The secret societies, too, are making their power felt in a way calculated to embarrass the Government and inspire the real lovers of public order with serious apprehension. Numerous demonstrations of a subversive character are daily reported from almost every part of the country. At Rome itself a daring but fortunately harmless outburst of hostility has been indulged in against the Papacy, the Italian monarchy, and Austria, with each and all of which the revolutionary element of this country is "at daggers drawn." Three small bombs were simultaneously exploded in open day by fuses: one at the residence of the Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See, another at the Austrian embassy to the Italian Government, and the third in front of the old Papal palace of the Quirinal, the present residence of the royal family. People in the vicinity of these dangerous explosives naturally took to flight on hearing the loud detonation. So did the curate of St. Mark's, who was, however, quickly brought to a stand by an overzealous preserver of public order. "You have been running away," said this burly Dogberry; "therefore you are guilty." The anti-Clericals of the city vociferated that the Catholics were the authors of this outrage, though the anti-Clericals are, of course, all honorable men. However, the Government proceeded to arrest some of the leading "Irredentists," Socialists, and other "patriotic" individuals that have established their conventicles in the city. For many years past the rulers of Italy have hounded on the worst elements of the populace against the Papacy, and fanned the flame of "irredentism" against Austria, without having the political sagacity to foresee that they were thereby laying up a store of retribution for themselves. The fondled "patriots" know well their power to-day, and from time to time indulge in the wildest outbursts of antagonism against the Italian crown with all the audacity that long impunity creates.

The Parliament is at present in warm discussion on the provisions of the Exequatur and the Placet. As may be expected, the Pope, Bishops, and lower clergy, have been made the butts of much overbearing insolence. On the 2d of the present month, the Holy Father, speaking of the Exequatur, said to the Cardinals: "If We complain in order that obstacles may be removed and the new Bishops installed in their sees, Our representations are interpreted in the most sinister manner. They even dare to raise the cry of 'usurpation,' as if We could recognize as legitimate new pretensions that are destitute of every solid juridical foundation."

A storm of angry debate has also been created by a kind of relief-bill introduced by Sig. Zanardelli, Minister of Grace and Justice, in favor of the poorer clergy of Italy. A provision of this kind is not altogether uncalled for in the present state of the law and the impoverished condition of the class of persons whom it is intended to benefit. But the additional subsidy which it provides is an altogether nominal sum, grudgingly granted out of the immense patrimony robbed from the clergy and the poor. In 1859, a law was passed which granted a minimum annual stipend of 1,000 francs to the minor clergy; in 1866 a new enactment reduced it to 800 francs. The latter law, though still nominally in vigor, has long since practically fallen into desuetude. At the present time there are in Italy 2,236 parish priests with an income of less than 400 lire ($40) a year; 1,510 with less than 500 lire; 1,952 with less than 600 lire; 1,789 with less than 700 lire; and 1,759 with an annual income of less than 800 lire. At the same time the employés in the Ministry of Grace and Justice are paid 1,733.560 lire a year; the lawyers 420,000 lire; and the taxes paid to the Government out of the ecclesiastical funds amount to 2,230,000 lire annually.

The clergy live poor, indeed, in the midst of an impoverished people, and there are whole districts in which their condition is not far removed from perennial want. But their spirit of poverty and self-denial makes them equal to these and still greater sacrifices. Their heroic self-devotion during the terrible inundations that recently devastated North Italy, elicited warm eulogiums from even the most hostile quarters. This praise has

been re-echoed in the Chamber of Deputies by Minister Zanardelli, but has been somewhat marred, having been followed up by a most uncalled-for lecture on the duties of a priest as seen through the medium of ministerial spectacles. "I love and admire," said Zanardelli, "those virtues full of self-abnegation for which the minor clergy, in the exercise of their spiritual ministry, are so distinguished; but, at the same time, I believe that, to be a good priest, it is necessary first of all to be a good citizen, respectful to laws and institutions, full of love of country, and convinced of the Divine precept: 'He that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God.'" Now, Zanardelli may be a very astute politician in his way, but he is certainly not a wary logician. The retort is manifest: "You, Signor Zanardelli, and your colleagues, in your dealings with the Church and the Holy See, resist a *divinely instituted* power, and doubly sin against the ordinance of God." Even the demons occasionally cite the Scriptures to serve their purpose.

The education question has also been brought under the attention of the Chambers. The elementary schools have first been presented for consideration, and from the discussion on them we glean some precious titbits of information about the deplorable state to which education has been reduced by the system of "enlightenment" forced upon the country over twenty years ago. The only existing law directing public instruction is a most defective one, pushed through the Chambers in 1859. Since then it has been repeatedly patched to suit the temper of the times or the prejudices of succeeding ministers. It is, on the whole, one of the most bungling enactments that could well be conceived. When grievances arise (as they daily do) they are remedied "by the easy courtesy of the customary promises." The law "is unable to provide for the diffusion of sound culture"; its peculiar features are, "defective provisions, discontented teachers, miserly pay." The stipend of the elementary male teachers goes so low as 550 lire ($110) a year; that of females, 336 lire ($67.20). Hence no one can wonder that there is an alarming dearth of competent instructors; but the Government confides the education of the people to incapable unbelievers, so as to exclude as far as possible the influence of the clergy in the education of Italian youth. They prefer atheism and ignorance to Catholic schools with competent teachers The results of this irrational system are such as surprise no man of sense. It has had a principal share in encouraging the alarming spread of crime and secret societies, which have, within a short time, revolutionized the attitude of the country. A Deputy declared that it had made the nation "ignorant, presumptuous, and corrupt." Still, the Government is obliged to have recourse to the clergy. This is regarded as an unmixed evil, not only by provincial demagogues, but also by their equally unprincipled brethren that take part in guiding the councils of the nation. "There are communes," said Deputy Ferrari, "that unfortunately recur to the clergy for primary instruction. For this fact, which can never be sufficiently deplored by everyone that justly fears the influence of the clergy on the education of the country,—for this fact the communes find a plausible pretext in the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of finding a teaching body." What will be the precise outcome of the new legislation on this subject we cannot surmise; but the royal speech at the opening of the present session, and the prevailing temper of the Chambers, forbode nothing but more radical efforts to destroy every germ of faith in the youth of Catholic Italy.

Few men have ever emitted more foul-mouthed abuse against the Papacy than Alberto Mario, of the *Lega della Democrazia*. Last year he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a heavy fine for a more than ordinarily fierce tirade against the Holy Father; but, as usually happens in such cases, the sentence was never carried out. Heaven, it would seem, has supplied this shortcoming of Italian justice, and the scurrilous tongue of Alberto Mario is being devoured by a loathsome cancer that is rapidly eating its way into his throat. Still, his satanic hostility to the Vatican is in no way diminished by his chastisement, and the turn of events in this city has tended rather to inflame it still more. In the first place, 23,000 out of the 26,000 electors of the city, in obedience to the wishes of the Pope, refused to go to the poll on the occasion of the recent political elections. Again, the Lenten sermons and spiritual exercises are daily filling the churches with throngs of devout worshippers. And, lastly, the cause of the Vatican is stronger than ever it was since 1870. Mario's proud spirit could not brook such an accumulation of misfortunes, and so he gave vent to his pent-up venom in an article to the *Lega*, in which he wildly calls on the Government and the world "to put an end to the Papacy." Poor Mario! It is not probable that a single literary firebrand will succeed in putting a term to the existence of an institution against which princes and powers have flung themselves in vain, against which even "the gates of hell shall not prevail."

The fifth anniversary of the Holy Father's coronation was celebrated with becoming joy on the 3d of the present month. Our august Pontiff was called to the Chair of St. Peter under circumstances worthy of special note. Sixty-two Cardinals—the entire Sacred College with the exception of three—took part in his election, which was over in the short space of thirty-six hours. Of the three absent members of the Sacred College, Cardinal McCloskey arrived too late to vote; Cardinal

Cullen heard of the election on his way to Rome; and Cardinal Brossais, Archbishop of Rheims, was in a dying state. At the election of Nicholas V there were present only 18 Cardinals; at that of Paul II, 20; of Pius III, 38; of Leo X, 25; of Pius VII, 34; of Leo XII, 45; but no successor of St. Peter was elected by such a large number of Cardinals, nor, I believe, in such a short space of time, as Leo XIII, gloriously reigning.

H.

Catholic Notes.

On the second day of Lent, Gounod's *Faust* was to have been played in the theatre of Sinigaglia, in Italy, as a kind of anti-Clerical protest against the penitential exercises that the Church was then following. Some groups of anti-Clericals and Radicals arrived at the time appointed, but there was a very "bad house" that evening. However, the curtain was raised, and the well-known singer Rondoni appeared, to commence the opera. He was about to sing the opening notes when he fell heavily on the stage, speechless and motionless. The attendants removed him, and he expired a short time afterwards. The event created a profound impression in the city and province.

In Siberia, poor and miserable chapels are met with, which, however, are touching monuments of the piety of the multitudes of political exiles. These sanctuaries were built at the cost of great and innumerable sacrifices on the part of unfortunate men condemned to hard labor, or incorporated in the Russian army. They are to be found in the mines of Nerczynsk, at Irkoutsk, at Krasnoyarsk, at Tomsk, on the steppes of the Ural, and amongst the Caucasian mountains. Most of them date from the reign of the Czar Nicholas, when the persecution was at its highest on the borders of the Bug and the Niemen rivers.

The soldiers who built one of these little sanctuaries at Diszlagar, in the Caucasus, could give but a very small portion of their time to the work, for the war with the mountaineers of the country was incessant. The soldiers slept by turns, some during the day, others at night. The Poles, taking part of the time allowed them for sleep, cut down trees, which they threw over the rocks, and then dragged to the fortress. They also worked at making bricks of loam which they mixed with rushes, and dried in the sun. The walls of the chapel were speedily erected, but the mountaineers, imagining that the new building was a fortification, laid ambuscades for the workmen, and many of the Poles were killed, thus watering with their blood the humble shrine they were erecting to the glory of God. In due time, however, the little chapel was covered with reeds, and its bell-tower surmounted by a cross. When the Czar Nicholas heard with what a spirit of faith and piety this chapel had been erected, he was touched, and forbade anyone to place any obstacle in the way of the builders.

For more than thirty years the banished Poles have continued to pray in this chapel of the Caucasus; but in 1881 robbers attacked and destroyed it, carrying away the sacred vessels, the vestments, etc.

The Rev. A. Kuhls, of Leavenworth, Kansas, states that of the 450 mixed marriages he is cognizant of, 400 of the couples have lost their faith; and of the remaining 50, only 20 educate their children according to sound Christian principles. Is it to be wondered at that the Church condemns mixed marriages?

Music was originally introduced into Catholic churches as an aid to devotion. Some of our choir directors seem to have forgotten this fact. It appears to be the misfortune with the music and singing in many of our churches that it is so operatic as to cause indevotion, or so utterly wretched as to inspire disgust.

Hon. J. S. Carvell, of New Hampshire, who departed this life on the 10th ult., had been praying God for seven years to point out to him the true way of salvation, and found it at last where he had least expected. His death was a precious one. He received the last Sacraments with dispositions of the most fervent piety, and died blessing his wife (also a convert). His last sigh was a prayer.

May he rest in peace!

Fra Angelico's famous fresco, *Christ on the Cross*, has been transferred from the refectory of the Dominican Convent at Fiesole to the Museum of the Louvre.

The *Indian Churchman* from the beginning of the present year has been giving the Calendar for the fortnight on his first page, as we do. In his last number it is refreshing to read the words: "Purification of Mary the Blessed Virgin." We cannot but remember that England was once so devout to Mary that she was called "Mary's Dowry." When due honor is again paid to her by our Anglican brethren, the grace of conversion may not be far off. It is a standing shame for some communities calling themselves Christians that they profess nothing but contempt for the Mother of Christ!—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

The anti-Clericals of Genoa are keeping up their reputation for ruffianism. They recently committed a most brutal assault on the eloquent Lenten preacher Father Omodei-Zorini. Owing to the ill-usage he received, the good priest was

unable to preach for some time; but on his resuming the course of sermons the church was crowded to excess, and a cheering and enthusiastic throng of over four thousand people accompanied him to his house. This was a noble and spontaneous reparation for so dastardly an outrage.

A mission lately given in St. John's Church, Pittsburgh, by the Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., was attended with unusual success. The church was crowded morning and evening not only by Catholics, but non-Catholics, including Freemasons and Methodists. A number of converts have since embraced the Faith. At the close of the mission, Father Murphy lectured to a large audience on "The Faith and Fidelity of the Irish People."

The Holy Father has authorized Cardinal Nina to preside at the festival of our Lady known under the title of "Maria S.Sma del Divino Amore," and, at the same time, to crown the picture. The little church containing it is situated in the open country, about nine miles beyond the gate of St. Sebastian, and, since 1740, has been visited by the faithful of all classes to thank the Blessed Virgin for favors received, or to pray for her help and patronage.—*Catholic Times.*

Deputy Bovio (an anti-Clerical) styles the Italian Parliament "a parody on the Roman Forum." Anyone who has ever been present at its sittings cannot but endorse Bovio's opinion, and rank both Senate and Chamber of Deputies among the most undignified assemblies in the world.

What would Lourdes be without its miracles? They are of incessant occurrence; and, were it not for the terrible history of Judea, one could but wonder why Europe is not altogether Christian. One day, as my friend and I were standing by the Grotto, we suddenly heard hymns of praise being sung by many voices. Turning round, we saw a man skipping along, and behind him two others bearing the crutches which had been but too necessary to him a few minutes before, and behind these some two thousand people singing the *Magnificat*. All were going to the Grotto to praise our Lady for this new manifestation of her powerful intercession. We were told that, but two days before, six miracles had taken place, including the cure of two blind men and one who was lame. A woman was pointed out to me in the crowd who had been the subject of a marvellous cure after having been lame for nine years. A French lady who lived at Lourdes told me of a miracle of which she was the eye-witness. A poor woman suffered from a terrible cancer on the mouth; she was taken to Lourdes, and my friend saw her plunged into the bath still afflicted with this dreadful disease. When she came out it was gone, and only a red mark was visible to show where it had been. Indeed when one sees the faith and piety of the people the wonder would be if miracles were not worked. A visit to Lourdes makes a man cease to wonder at miracles. A sick person is taken into the bath, and whilst he is there all the others of his pilgrimage stand without and pray for him. The day I had the happiness to be at Lourdes it poured rain, and yet there were thousands praying for the cure of their sick friends. It would, indeed, be strange did such fervent prayers of the poor not find an answer. An Anglican minister, who was at Lourdes some three weeks ago, said that if he saw one miracle he would believe. He is now a happy member of our Holy Church. How different those who go to Lourdes, see the miracles, and, like the Jews of old, will not believe! One of these, an eminent physician, said there was some unknown property in the water. The ignorant peasants of France know better than these great men what that property is.—*Correspondence of the Liverpool Times.*

In preserving the solemn festivals, and repeating what they mean to succeeding generations, the Church has kept alive the Christian faith; otherwise it would have come down to us in myths and symbols as inscrutable as those of Egypt. In all the thanksgivings and alleluias of this joyous season, let everyone give glory to God for a divinely established Church, the conservator of the entire truth, in which there is no spot or blemish.

A body of Mexican pilgrims, headed by Father Plancarte, were recently received in audience by the Holy Father, who lauded their zeal for religion and their devotion to the Holy See. He bestowed on them the Apostolic Benediction, and expressed the hope that, before long, the Mexican Government would re-enter into friendly relations with Rome.

The death is announced of the Rev. Arnold Van Wersch, of Willimantic, and the Rev. James Princen, of Danielsonville, Conn. Both deaths occurred during Holy Week, at the residence of the Rev. Father de Bruycker, and are deeply mourned.

May they rest in peace!

The Pilot chronicles the death of the Rev. Patrick H. O'Beirne, one of the oldest, if not the oldest priest in the Archdiocese of Boston. He was the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands, and was held in the highest veneration and love by his parishioners and all who knew him.

May he rest in peace!

New Publications.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOY; or, How Ireland Gained her Independence. Boston: Lee, Shephard & Co., Publishers. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1883.

This little work has already attracted considerable attention, and, being small and cheap, it will undoubtedly have a large sale. It comprises 74 pages, and unquestionably has the merit of being original in matter, if not in plan—providing originality may be regarded as a merit in this instance. It was evidently suggested by a like publication, known as "The Battle of Dorking," which made its appearance a short time after the close of the Franco-German war. It describes the encounters and battles to be fought during the war for the independence of Ireland, which is to begin in 1892 and last until 1894—that is, providing the writer, who, by the way, is anonymous, may not be regarded as a sort of "Wiggins" in his way.

Many things stated in this prophecy of wars, social upheavals, and dire disasters, are logically plausible, and might naturally result from the conditions described. But it is by no means likely that such conditions are to exist. "There's the rub!" For instance, we are informed that "the year 1892 opened upon a gloomy prospect—a period of impending strife and conflict in Europe. Everywhere discontent was manifest, and people grew more and more restless under the government of kings and princes. Nihilism, Socialism and Democracy honeycombed and permeated every civilized community. The Russian Government, as a last resort to escape destruction, had granted autonomy to long-suffering Poland; the Turks had retired to the Asiatic side of the Bosporus; Greece had secured Constantinople as her capital. . . . . Norway had separated from Sweden and become a republic. The people of British North America had asked and received autonomy, and were now the Republic of Canada. India, taking fire from the example of Christian lands, became restive, and consequently England had sent large bodies of troops thither; but Ireland still occupied her old position," etc. The premises, it need not be said, are as startling as they are improbable; but many other curious things follow. Germany, it is said, being anxious to increase her seaboard, will set on foot a project for the annexation of Holland and Belgium. Of course, war must ensue, and England will take part in it as an ally of the "Low Countries." Then the Irish will take advantage of the situation, declare their independence, organize an army, secure munitions of war from the United States, and enter into an arrangement with Germany by which a reinforcement of 10,000 men shall be sent to them. They will concentrate in the County Mayo, and choose their battle-ground on the hills above the River Moy. Recruits from all sides will flock to their assistance, and in a few days they will have an army of 60,000 men comparatively well disciplined, and appropriately divided into infantry, cavalry and artillery. After the lapse of a brief period, which will supply the requisite opportunity for drilling and preparation, a British army of 50,000 strong will march against them. Gen. Patrick O'Hara, whoever he is or may be, will have command of the Irish forces, while Gen. Barrowdale, an equally intangible character, will command the "red coats." "The Wearing of the Green" and *Die Wacht am Rhein* will resound from the hill-tops, while "God Help the Queen"—or the "King," providing the old lady shall have been "gathered to her fathers" by that time—shall be piped from flutes, bag-pipes and bands on the "flats" below. But soon will set in another kind of music—"the cannon's opening roar." Then the great and decisive "Battle of the Moy" shall be fairly under way. The British will fight with desperation. Their batteries of 50-pounders shall be trained upon the Irish position, and in due course of time their infantry will advance under cover of the smoke, making a tiger-like dash at the patriots on the hill-top. Though their charge will be marked by a reckless courage and indifference to danger that would insure victory if directed against any other troops than the Irish, yet, of course, under the circumstances, a signal reverse and terrible slaughter must ensue. Next they will attack the Teutons, and the German army must undergo the sad fate of being broken, crushed and "smashed to smithereens," 3,000 poor fellows biting the dust in the course of that terrible onset. But in good time invincible Hibernia will come to the rescue; and then the British shall "stop short" in their bloody work, and feel as hopeless as "Crockett's coon," which proposed to surrender without drawing the fire of that famous marksman upon perceiving that he had "got the drop" on it. They will precipitately retreat, and a vigorous charge and withering fire from every side will soon decide the fortunes of the day. The British shall be hewed, hacked, bayoneted and routed. Their losses in killed and wounded will exceed 30,000, or be about 10,000 greater than the losses of the allies. Then the retreating British are to be closely pursued, and all of them are to be captured without further loss. After a sharp encounter with the "Castle guards," Dublin will fall into the hands of the victors. Then other important places and strategic points shall promptly be seized and occupied by the national army. And the rule of England shall be at an end. Irish independence shall have been gained. *Esto perpetua!*

J. W. O'H.

Youth's Department.

Our Father.

FROM the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.
From our earliest breath
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Let us, then, be careful
That our look shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful
For our Lord to see.
Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea—
Teach Thy little children
How to live for Thee.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the death of his wife, Alonso retired to one of his most distant castles, surrounded by woods and mountains. The building was almost as ancient as that wherein little Fernando had been so cruelly treated, but which Alonso would not have visited for any consideration. He had no one with him except his faithful old chamberlain, and lived entirely apart from all the rest of the world. The most of his time he passed alone in his chamber, reading the books of instruction and devotion which he had appropriated from the effects of his pious wife, and which soon became a more valued possession to him than all her gold, pearls and jewels.

In these books, especially in the New Testament and the "Following of Christ," Alonso found numerous passages which had been marked by the late Countess. These selections were particularly consoling to him. "It is a great pity," he would say, "that I did not come to know these books sooner. Oh, if I had read such edifying works more industriously, in the place of others serving only to entertain, I should have been a better man, and would not have fallen so low!"

But much consolation as he derived from books, Alonso's conscience still lacked peace. He suffered such great remorse that his health became undermined, and after a short time he fell dangerously ill.

His old servant then said to him: "Dear master, if I were in your place, I would settle the affairs of my conscience. Have a priest called to assist you."

"That has long been my own sentiment," answered Alonso; "but do you know a priest in whom I could place full confidence?"

"Five miles from here," replied the chamberlain, "there is a convent of the Order of St. Francis. If you think it well, I will write and ask the Superior, in your name, to come himself, or send you one of the worthiest of his priests."

"Do so," answered Alonso.

The faithful chamberlain, considering the danger imminent, wrote at once to the Father Superior, and gave the letter to a servant, saying as he did so: "Saddle two mules without delay, one for the priest who will come with you. Hurry as fast as you can."

At nightfall, as the chamberlain was lighting the lamp in the front hall of the castle, a Franciscan Father was announced, who handed him a few lines from the rector. They went immediately to the sick-chamber. "Dear master," said the chamberlain, "the Father Superior sends you Father Antonio, one of the most pious and learned priests."

Alonso was somewhat surprised, and silently regarded the man standing before him, who was clad in a rough brown habit, girded with a rope. The Father was already advanced in years, his countenance pale and haggard, his head bald, except that his temples were shaded by a few snow-white locks. His manner testified the most heartfelt pity; but he appeared somewhat shy and troubled. Finally, Alonso broke silence:

"You have surprised me, Reverend Father; I had not expected you so soon. I must collect myself a little; meanwhile sit down here by my bed."

The chamberlain placed the lamp on a side-table, and retired.

Father Antonio was so deeply moved at the sight of the Count that he could not withhold his tears; they coursed down his pale cheeks in spite of him. Indeed, one could scarcely look at Alonso without feeling compassion. He was much reduced, and his hair had become quite gray. All his features showed the sufferings he had endured.

After a while the sick man extended his hand to the compassionate religious, and said: "Dear Reverend Father, your pity for me increases my confidence in you; but I am unworthy of your tears: I am a very great sinner. I tremble to reveal to you the fearful secret that burdens my conscience. How strange that a man dares commit crimes whose name he cannot bring himself even to mention! O God! give me strength to make my confession!"

Alonso sank back on his pillows exhausted, raised his eyes to heaven and was silent. An awful stillness now fell over the gloomy chamber, only partially lighted by the night-lamp. No sound could be heard save the ticking of the clock, and now and then a heavy sigh from the sick man.

Finally the priest spoke: "As it is so difficult for you to make your confession, I will help you. You once plotted with a former servant of yours—a certain lute-player, by name Pedro—to poison, or kill with a dagger, the amiable young Count Fernando, in order to obtain his inheritance, in the unjust possession of which you remain to this hour."

Alonso stared at the Franciscan with his great dark eyes and said, excitedly: "How do you know that? who told you?"

"It was not necessary that anyone should have told me. It suffices now that I know the whole history. According to the agreement you made with Pedro, he sent you a fictitious report of the death of the child. He wrote to you that Fernando had died of a contagious disease; and you showed his letter to your wife, friends and others, as you found it necessary. But in a postscript, which no man's eye ever saw but yours, and which you destroyed without delay, he gave you private information that, for want of poison, he had killed the child by three stabs of a knife."

"Man!" cried Alonso, in terror, "who has revealed this to you, or is my bloody deed already known to all?

"Be easy," answered Father Antonio; "in all Spain there is no one that knows anything for certain except myself. But I think I can give you the best of consolation. The deed was never consummated: Fernando is still living!"

"He lives?" burst forth Alonso, in a frenzy of astonishment, raising himself in his bed. "In the name of God, I conjure you tell me the truth; is it really so?"

"Yes," replied the priest, quietly; "I can testify to it before God. His holy Providence was watching over the child, and protected him in a wonderful manner. The murderer's arm was arrested; his heart, harder than stone, was melted to pity. The child's blood already flowed from three wounds, but they were not mortal. Fernando survived, and still lives."

"O God!" exclaimed Alonso, trembling for joy, "if it be true that Fernando yet lives, and I am not a murderer, I can take courage again! I would be willing to acknowledge my murderous intentions, and restore to their rightful owner the rank and titles that I unjustly hold. But all is still like a dream to me: I can scarcely believe it. Tell me, how did it happen, and what did Pedro do with the wounded child?"

The priest continued: "As Pedro stood over the wounded boy, not knowing where to take him or where to hide himself from your anger, God sent to his rescue, or rather that of the poor child, a noble man, without whose aid the boy might have died from loss of blood. The Knight Bernardo di Rio suddenly appeared on the scene. He bound the child's wounds, and, without anybody's knowing it except Pedro, took the little Count away."

"Bernardo di Rio!" cried Alonso, in the greatest surprise,—"who was proscribed, and secretly fled from Spain?"

"That noble-hearted and persecuted man had only fled to the mountains, where he lived in the disguise of a hermit. Thither little Fernando was brought. He gave him an excellent education, and subsequently accompanied him to the University, with the firm determination of having him reinstated in his rights, before the royal tribunal, as Count of Alvarez. The means necessary to accomplish this were in his possession, but he was waiting for the boy to come of proper age. Pedro did not discover to the noble knight your whole plot; but, driven by remorse of conscience because he had let himself be inveigled into it,

he afterwards delivered up your letters, which afforded clear evidence of your crime. Those papers, which testify against you; the three wounds of the young Count, which will remain visible as long as he lives; the plaster bust that is to be found in the family vault, and other circumstances, would have been quite sufficient to prove your guilt and cause Fernando to be acknowledged as the true Count of Alvarez. But Bernardo di Rio was hindered by death from carrying out his design. And Count Fernando, unconscious of his noble birth, first betook himself to London, where the Austrian embassador at the Court of St. James made him his private secretary. He afterwards accompanied the embassador to Vienna, and now lives in Bohemia, the father of an amiable family."

Alonso shuddered at the disgrace which, without his knowing it, had hung over him so long. But the joy he felt in the certainty that Fernando was still alive soon filled his whole soul. He clasped his hands, looked up to heaven with heartfelt emotion, and exclaimed: "Good God, Thy mercy be forever praised! Thou hast disposed for good everything that I proposed for evil. I am not worthy of Thy mercy. Before Thee, though the deed was not accomplished, I am still a murderer. It was not my fault that the crime was not consummated; but Thou didst prevent it. As an inhuman uncle, as a faithless guardian and despoiler of another's inheritance, I had merited to be deposed from my office, and to be condemned for life to a dark dungeon. But Thou hast turned away this disgrace from my innocent family. Thou hast brought me back to my senses by other sufferings, which were as a furnace to purify my heart of dross. Grant that I may live long enough to reconcile myself entirely with Thee, and let me see once more the face of my brother's son whom I so cruelly persecuted. Permit me to receive his forgiveness for the wrong I have done him, and then I will die in peace!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE first piano was made at Padua, in Italy, in 1711, by Christofort. The first one seen in England was made by a monk.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—*Coleridge.*

Our Lady's Conquest.

Señor Francisco Javer Zaldua, a former President of the Republic of Colombia, South America, was a man of remarkable ability, and an eminent lawyer, but a thorough infidel. He always sided with the "Liberals," which, in his country, as in some others, is the same as to say that he was a bitter enemy of the Church. He was instrumental in expelling the Jesuit Fathers from Colombia, and otherwise did great evil. However, this miserable man had a most worthy son, who, having completed his education at the American College in Rome, became a priest. Amongst other virtues, he cherished a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Accordingly, he made up his mind that he would obtain from her, at any cost, the conversion of his father; but after many attempts, especially during a severe illness, he found that what he had purposed was something exceedingly difficult. He tried and tried, but could make no impression on the obdurate heart of his parent. However, he did not lose courage; and in a second illness, which proved fatal, he obtained what he so ardently desired, in a manner that was little short of miraculous. No longer entertaining any hopes of recovery, and having been given up by his physicians, the unhappy man awaited death with all the fortitude he could command. His pious son now took occasion to say to him: "Dear father, as we have exhausted all corporal means, will you not allow me to try a spiritual remedy?"

"And what is that?" asked the father.

"I wish to invest you with the Scapular of Mount Carmel."

To the great surprise and joy of his son, President Zaldua bowed his head to receive it, only remarking: "But what are the obligations that it imposes?"

"To make your confession," was the answer.

"I will think of it," replied the sick man.

When the son was about to withdraw in order to give his father time for reflection, the latter called him back, saying: "I wish to make my confession; send for Canon ——." The Canon was at once summoned, and heard the sick man's confession. But not content with confessing his sins, Zaldua declared to all who called on him that he died in the faith of the Catholic Church.

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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On the Decadence of Some Pious Customs in Italy.

BY ARTHUR.

I DOUBT if there exists an intelligent reader of the Bible, be he Christian, Jew, Pagan, Mohammedan, Atheist, Rationalist, Deist, or Materialist, who will not admit that the prophecy found in the first chapter of St. Luke has been fulfilled to the letter: "For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The infidel will call it a soothsaying, or, mayhap, the wild ebullition of a Jewish maiden on whom the honor and glory of maternity had been conferred. The Christian calls it a prophecy; and there is the fulfilment, living, palpable, acting, at this very instant, that not only "Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia, Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also, and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," but the inhabitants of Europe—Latins, Saxons, Germans and Slavs,—aye, and the different peoples of the newly-discovered worlds of America and the Pacific isles, unite in echoing that glorious predicate of Mary, "Blessed art thou among women." Nay more: they not only believe and declare her "blessed," but, vivified to the soul's core with the sense of the dogmatic decision given long ages ago at Ephesus, they subjoin the prayer in whose efficacy they believe, "Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." And this is as great, in effect, if not as startling, a miracle as that intimated above, which made "Jews, devout men of every nation under heaven," understand the Galileans on Pentecost Sunday. For—and here I will use the immortal enthymem of St. Augustine—either this devotion to the Blessed Virgin became universal through the power of God, as evinced in the divinity of the Church, or it was propagated by merely human power. Concede the former, and you admit the miracle. Deny it, and you admit a greater miracle—to wit, that the figment concocted by a few men, say the Fathers of Ephesus, should spread, take deep root in the souls of numberless generations, and become a dogmatic reality, as strong and unassailable as is the fact that water seeks its own level.

This much by way of general prelude. To be particular, and to come to my subject, there is not in this world a land which has been more favored by the Mother of God, and in which the devotion to her has been more universal, more tender, more intense, and more intimately blended with the daily life of the people, than Italy. Whether the manifestations of her favor which she vouchsafed that country be the cause or the effective reward of the universal love and veneration in which the Italians have held her for long centuries, it is not exactly my purpose to inquire at present. There are the two facts,—first whereof, that the Mother of God has bestowed upon Italy numberless pledges of her predilection. Many of these pledges and manifestations are matters of history, upon which the Church has set her seal of dogmatic confirmation, inasmuch as they are subjects which enter into her ritual. *Ecclesia orat, ergo credit,*—"The Church *prays,* therefore she believes,"—wrote St. Augustine. I need instance but one example—a luminous example—of the hundreds that could be cited: the existence at

Loretto of the modest House of Nazareth in which "the Word was made flesh." And the devotion to Mary on the other hand! Take the Eternal City alone. There is hardly an attribute in that Litany of Loretto—at once dogmatic and poetic—which is not used as the title of a temple, chapel, or oratory erected in honor of Mary. Her name, her influence, yea—so loving and childlike has devotion to her hitherto been—her ineffable presence has been inseparably intertwined with every phase, legitimate pleasure, pain, sorrow and necessity of life. Happy lovers, whose faith for aye has just been plighted, repair on "Rosary Easter" —Pentecost Sunday—to the Chapel of the Madonna of Divine Love, and ask her to bless and purify their troth. The same lovers, after marriage, ask the Madonna of Peace to give peace to their household. The young mother commends herself and child to the Divine Maternity. The growing youth and maiden invoke the *"Mater Purissima et Castissima";* the student and ancient scholar alike, the "Seat of Wisdom"; the sick, the "Health of the Weak"; those who rule, the Madonna of "Good Counsel." By this last title the present Pope is ever calling on Mary. Why enumerate? All call her the "Mother of God." Her sweet lineaments are seen everywhere—not in the churches alone, but at the street-corners, atop of columns, in the shops, in the markets, in the restaurants, in the wine-shops, by the wayside in the country,—and, indeed, it often happens that while rambling through the woods you see that sweet face beaming upon you out from the heart of the sturdy oak itself.

And with all this, many pious customs of great antiquity which tended more or less to keep alive and active, not only the devotion to the Mother of God, but even faith itself, have been falling into desuetude for the last decade of years in the Roman province, and for the last quarter of a century in the northern provinces of Italy. I make an exception of the southern provinces of Italy, notably of what used to be the kingdom of Naples. The patriotism of the Neapolitan does not clash with his religion; and, from what I could observe, his devotion to the Madonna seems just as steadfast, as enthusiastic and devotional now as of old. Remember, however, that the Neapolitan is a queer entity; and let me remark too, by the way, that, before attempting to get at the spirit of the writings of St. Alphonsus de Liguori on the Blessed Virgin, or to explain his apparent anomalies and exaggerations, you should study the history, traditions, and character of the people for whom he wrote.*

But to return to central and northern Italy. It is not enough that the civic authorities of Italy have ceased to celebrate jointly with the Church the festivals of that religion which the first article of the Constitution declares shall be "the Religion of the State." It is not enough that out-door processions in honor of Christ the Lord, His Mother, and His Saints, be interdicted, and that the effigies of the Crucified, owing to the complete secularization of education, be removed from the halls of the lyceums and universities, and relegated to the cellars and the junk-shops. Over these acts the faithful have little, if any, control. But what of the pious pilgrimages to the Seven Basilicas of Rome during the Rogation Days? What of the Stations in Lent? (I do not mean the Stations of the Cross, but the visits to the old, old churches, whither congregated the early Christians to hear the homilies of a Gregory and a Leo.) What of the greed or indifference which has allowed the little lamps before the shrines of Mary to flicker and die out?—and the foul, vandalic hands that first stoned her blessed features, robbed the shrines of their offerings, and then besmirched them with filth? The law did not ordain this, nor was it in the interest of patriotism. The young Italian grows with the times, and struts abroad stuffed *ad nauseam* with one sentiment —his nationality. Religion to him is but *roba dei preti*—a matter for the priests. The old Italian, though cleaving to the ancient traditions, shrugs his shoulders at the sight of the general indifference, the desecrations and the sacrileges, slinks by the back-door into a church, and says to himself, before composing himself to pray, *Bisogna esser prudenti,*—"It behooves one to be prudent." The picture in the country is equally disheartening and desolate, and there is a significance in this which bodes badly for the future. The shrines may still be seen by the wayside; but the glasses which preserved the pictures of Mary from the ruth of the weather are broken, the iron

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* Cardinal Newman has written exhaustively on this subject.

frames sag on their hinges, and the lamps glimmer no more. Blue is no longer worn in honor of the Madonna by the maidens, nor do the rural swains cultivate lilies of the valley and white roses—in Mary's name—as propitiatory love-offerings. And the little ones—the children, who are to be the men and women of the rural districts in the future? An example that came under my own immediate notice will probably give the reader a better notion of their future than any reflection of mine. The first two summers of my student-life in Italy (1868 and 1869) I rusticated at the villa of the Duke Cesarini, in Genzano. The front of the Casino in which we lived looked down the street towards the market-place; the rear opened upon a large garden in which Nature and Art vied with each other for the palm of beauty, and which sloped precipitously down to the water's edge of the placid Lake Nemi. We approached the Casino through a superb avenue, shaded by elms two centuries old. Towering above us to the north rose Monte Cavo—the ancient Mons Latialis; away to the south surged the blue Mediterranean; while atwixt mountain and sea lay a very Garden of Eden, rich to overflowing with waving grain, luscious fruit, and the gentle olive. This scene rang melodiously during the livelong day with the songs of the happy peasants. Oftentimes the song was the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Everybody sang in those days, for peace and prosperity were abroad on the land—they were the last two years of the temporal kingship of the good Pius IX. At eventide, the gorgeous elms of the avenue re-echoed to songs improvised by the young *contadini* in honor of their lovers. But later on in the evening, say an hour after the *Angelus*, the gentle austral zephyr wafted another song through the open window, and into my quiet room—a song that still lives in my memory, prayerful, and inexpressibly pathetic. It was the Litany of the Madonna as sung by about a score of little tots of children, ranging from two to ten years of age. Night after night, recking not whether it stormed or not, they assembled before a lamp-lit picture of the Virgin, which adorned the corner of the house opposite, and sang an evening pæan to their Mother. After the Litany the eldest girl recited, with all the dignity and recollection of a matron, the prayer *Defende quæsumus*, etc. Then she proposed a *Pater* and *Ave* successively, "for our parents and relatives," "for our friends," "for the poor sinners," "for the wants of Holy Mother Church," "for the Pope," "for the needs of the Campagna," and last, "for the faithful departed." Then there was a joyful clapping of little hands, and all dispersed. I learned afterwards that those same little hands gathered in the lanes and by-ways the stray, windfall olives, and had them pressed to keep Mary's lamp a-burning night and day. I never saw a faded flower before that picture.

Five years after, I again summered at Genzano. On the first evening I listened for the infantine choristers. All was silent, desolately so, under the elms. But from the market-place I could hear the roysterous shouts and laughter of Genzano's children. The so-called civic liberty and secular education had already made patriots of the Genzanese children. They had ceased to sing the sweet pæan of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, *Evivva Maria*, to yell themselves hoarse with Garibaldi's anthem *"Fuori lo Stranier!"* Yet the little lamp burned brightly before the shrine under the elms as of yore, nor was the terra-cotta vase without its fresh nosegay. Some days later I observed a very aged woman engaged in trimming and filling the lamp. I learned from her that she received fourteen golden Roman scudi (dollars) as a yearly pension for having borne and raised fourteen children:—for you must know, dear reader, that that loving old Patriarch, the Papal Government, took upon itself the support of every child after the tenth in the poor man's family, and rewarded the brave mother besides. Out of this meagre pension—which some unknown benefactor continued after the fall of the Temporal Power—Betta kept Mary's lamp trimmed and burning brightly. She ought to be with God now, for she told me she was born *"nell' annodi Pio,"* that is, the year in which Pius IX was born.

You will ask, Why this decline in Italy of pious customs affecting the devotion to the Mother of God? On another occasion I will take up a still more comprehensive question, viz., Why is it that Italians, who have for nearly a score of centuries lived in the immediate light, warmth, and influence of the Church, are to-day among her bitterest enemies?

By Mary the dew of the Holy Spirit is abundantly shed over every creature.—*St. Jerome.*

Sine Labe Concepta.

SUN-CLOTHED, star-crowned, the moon beneath thy feet,—
To whom such tribute doth creation pay?
Mother of God! Mary Immaculate!
Our love, our homage at thy feet we lay.

Twelve are the stars upon thy forehead placed,
Denoting each a high and separate throne,
And each the symbol and the crown of grace
Unshared, of sole prerogative thine own.

Thy heart of all created hearts alone
Compassed of love and grief the shoreless flow;
Thy mind, divinely rayed, the utmost bound
Of science, wisdom, and of thought doth know;

Thy spirit brighter than the stellar ray,
Thy soul more pure than snow on mountain crest,
Thy brow more fair than beam of opening day,
Thy mien more gracious than archangel blest.

Our hearts we bring thee, and thy prayers entreat,
By all the glories of thy queenly state,
By all thy titles beautiful and sweet,
Of which the dearest still shall be, "Immaculate."

Memories.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

The Story of Cleo's Child.

Arrived at the end of my journey, I met a welcome from my friends that would have satisfied the most exacting heart. I found Cleo beautiful even beyond the promise of her girlhood, and unchanged, except by a higher culture which, though scarcely definable, was infinitely graceful. There was nothing assertive about her; her matronly dignity only toned the natural gaiety of her manner without impairing its sweetness, which was manifest in the thousand nameless, graceful ways by which she showed rather than expressed her delight at seeing me; while, running through all, there was a vein of tenderness that told me she remembered the great sorrow that had but lately come into my life. Mr. Harwood was not behind his wife in giving me warm welcome; indeed he received me more as a brother might have welcomed a long-absent sister than the stranger I was. He was a handsome, manly-looking fellow, with a face full of character, and evidently proud of his wife. Their surroundings were not only luxurious, but showed in the smallest thing refinement and taste. They lived in a charmed atmosphere, and there was nothing apparent to even threaten the stability of their earthly happiness—a condition of things not in accord with the natural order of events, and meaning change just as surely as an unseasonably fine, balmy day in mid-winter is the precursor of cloud and storm. These thoughts did not come to me as I stood then in the warm, bright glow of that beautiful home, with loving welcome and words of affection and tender clasping hands, and vigilant attentions, instinct with manly courtesy, to greet me, but—afterwards.

After tea, by which time I felt rested and at home, Cleo said: "Will you come with me now to the nursery? I know my little elf is asleep, but I do so want you to peep in at her—unless you 'd prefer waiting until to-morrow."

"It is just what I was wishing. It will be like the realization of a myth to see a creature I have been hearing of ever since she was born even though she be sleeping."

"She 's as veritable a tyrant as Nero, Mrs. Hastings, and rules the household with a crook of her finger," laughed the father.

"Now, Arthur, how can you! Indeed, Janet, you are not to believe a word he says, for she 's the dearest, quaintest little angel that was ever born," said Cleo, pinching the tip of her husband's ear as we passed him on our way out.

As we entered the nursery, I observed a tidy, pleasant-faced woman sewing near a table, on which stood a lamp so shaded that the light was screened away from the crib, some little distance away—a crib daintily tented over with embroidered lace, which was looped and garnished with pale blue ribbons; and the child, who had been supposed to be sound asleep in it, sitting up, wide awake, her great eyes looking purple in the shadow, and her tossed-about golden hair gleaming like an aureole around her forehead and temples. She was just sitting there, holding a naked, dimpled foot in her hands, gently rocking herself, and pondering over—the angels only knew what.

"She 's asleep, ma'am," said nurse, looking up at us, her finger warning us to be very quiet.

"'T 'ain't 't all, Jo. I's wake!" said the elf, in clear, distinct tones that were "above grammar."

The screen was at once removed from the lamp, and the light fell upon the child, now sitting solemnly erect, receiving the homage of her mother's endearments unmoved, and as hers by right, her wide-open, beautiful eyes fixed unblenchingly on me.

"Kiss the lady, darling; she's mamsey's dear, dear friend! Here, Janet— O Jo, just see how she opens her arms and holds up her face to kiss Mrs. Hastings!" cried the delighted mother.

"It's seldom she lets a stranger touch her, surely," said the nurse, looking pleased.

"Where did you tum fum?" she asked, withdrawing her chubby arms from my neck and her rosy, fragrant lips from my face.

"I come from a place very far away, darling. I wanted to see you."

"Fum t' end of t' world?" she asked, with a strange, earnest look.

"There now!" said Joanna; "she's always talking about 't' end of t' world,' whatever she manes!"

"What *does* she mean—it is very strange?" asked Cleo, quickly, while an almost frightened expression flitted over her face.

"It's something she's dramed about, and thinks it is raal. She do often have strange fancies. All children has, for the angels be often whisperin' to 'em, ma'am," answered Joanna, putting the screen before the lamp as a hint for us to go. "She'll have a bad night, ma'am," she added, in a whisper, "if she's kept awake."

Then her mother snuggled her down in her pretty nest, drew up the dainty covering and tucked her in, kissed her good-night, and left her quite consoled by the promise that Jo would sing "The Seven Gypsy Boys" to her—an old-country ballad which was the child's delight, and soothed her to sleep by its quaint monotony when nothing else would.

"What do you think of her, Janet?" said Cleo, winding her arm about me as we went down the broad staircase, while a smile of mingled triumph and tenderness lit up her face.

"You told me none too much, dear Cleo: the child is beautiful."

"I knew you'd think so," she answered, well pleased. "I wonder where Arthur is," she said, looking into the room where we had left him.

"Master's gone out, ma'm, but left word he'd be back early," said the servant man, as he removed a coal just fallen from the grate on the marble hearth.

"He knew we should like to have a long talk, Janet, so he has run off to his club to hear the news and meet his friends; he never stays late, though. Clubs are such nice inventions to keep men out of mischief,—don't you think so?" she said, in an apologetic tone.

"I really know nothing about them; I suppose gentlemen enjoy them," I replied, with an indistinct recollection that I had once heard some one who seemed to know all about clubs say that they were *not* famed for keeping men out of mischief.

"Oh, yes, they enjoy themselves. Men like gossip, and if there's any piquant story floating around, they're sure to know it; and the reputation that is bandied about like a billiard-ball at the club stands a poor chance, I'm afraid," said Cleo, with a light laugh, as she led me into a small, exquisitely fitted-up room, where a wood fire sparkled in the deep, carved fireplace, made glorious by highly polished brass andirons and fender of antique pattern—old in reality. She wheeled a low cushioned chair around near the genial blaze, and seated me, in her pretty, imperious way; then, drawing a *tabouret* close to me for herself, leaned her folded arms on my lap and looked up into my face with such a loving, tender expression in her eyes that I bent over and kissed her, for I knew all that she wanted to say about my golden-haired boy asleep under the Southern vines. We understood each other; our tears mingled together in that brief embrace, and that was all that passed. Mine was a grief too deep and sacred for words.

"But you have not told me your little daughter's name—what is it?" I said, presently.

"There never was a child with so many," she answered, laughing: "Elf, Birdie, Fairy, Butterfly, Blossom—anything love suggests that may suit her mood. But what we oftenest call her is Violet, she is so like one when dew and sunshine are on it."

"That is what I thought of the moment I saw her; but has she never been baptized, dear Cleo?" I asked.

"No, indeed; what need has an angel like

that of baptism? Not that I have any serious objection to it as a form, but Arthur and I mean to let her grow up and choose for herself in such matters."

"If one could be always sure of children growing up to make a good choice! Meantime should they die without being 'baptized with water and the Holy Ghost'—"

"Oh, don't, Janet! don't speak of such a thing as death! My bright little Violet!" she exclaimed, grasping both my hands as if to shield herself from the very thought. "The bare idea sends cold chills all through me. Let us talk about something else; I want to hear about your home, your father and mother, and —Max."

I knew it would do no good then to pursue the subject, and, yielding to her mood, I told her all that she wanted to know; and we talked and talked as women who love each other, and meet after a long separation, always do, exchanging reminiscences, and going back over our lives, laughing and crying as certain memories stirred us, until the silvery-toned clock on the mantel struck twelve. As the last sweet note melted in silence, we heard the night-latch click, the hall-door softly open, and Mr. Harwood's footsteps. "It is Arthur," said Cleo, rising quickly to meet him.

"I did not mean to stay so late," I heard him say; "but they had just got in a lot of old Burgundy at the club, and nothing would serve but that I must stay and taste it. After we had tasted and tested the flavor, you know, we talked it over, and tried it again, and so—"

"And so," she interrupted him, with a sweet little laugh, "you had a jolly time of it, you dear old fellow! And we—Janet and I—are ever so glad that you did not get back any sooner, for we had our young days to talk over—a very pleasant thing, you know, when people grow old and settled, as she and I have done."

He laughed and kissed her; then they came in together—he with his natural air of *noblesse oblige,* which lent such a charm to his manner; she the image of idyllic happiness. After saying some pleasant, friendly words to me, and chatting for a few minutes, he excused himself and went away to his room. I had noticed the brightness of his eyes and the flush on his handsome face; it might have been the old Burgundy, or his rapid walk home; I could not tell, for his manner was self-poised and unexceptionable. Later, I got to understand, without hint or uttered word, but from one of those undefinable intuitions which it is the pain of some natures to be possessed of, that the club was the far-off dark speck on the horizon of Cleo's future, which she, with the wisdom of the serpent, bravely tried to seem unconscious of.

Little Violet took one of her strange fancies to me, and every moment I could spare I spent with her, for somehow she assuaged the hunger and thirst of my heart for the child-love that had been taken from me. The more I saw of Joanna the better opinion I had of her. Her life seemed bound up in that of the child, not unwisely, or in a weak spirit of indulgence to all her little whims and caprices of fancy or temper, but with an exceeding tenderness, and watchfulness, and care indescribable.

One evening, after making my *toilette* for a dinner company Cleo had invited to meet me, I ran to the nursery to snatch a good-night kiss from the child, before going down; but everything was so quiet, so hushed, that I paused at the door, and, looking in, saw that she was in her dainty crib, fast asleep, while beside it Joanna was kneeling; and as the firelight flickered over her—the lamp not being lit—I saw a rosary slipping, bead by bead, through her fingers. She had not heard my approach, nor did she raise her eyes in the few moments I stood there; and I was thankful it was so, for by this accident I had discovered that Joanna was a Catholic, and I turned away with a sudden upspringing of hope in my heart, which somehow centred around the child—how or why I could not then exactly define. In that house, religious topics were always eluded, slidden away from with such graceful, pleasant tact that it amused even while it saddened me; never did I see creatures so utterly and blindly oblivious of their responsibilities to Almighty God, so completely satisfied with the happiness of the earth, earthy, as Cleo and her husband. Knowing this, I found comfort and hope in the certainty that the innocent child of this amiable half-pagan couple was in the care of a devout Catholic servant, and I felt sure that, in some way or other, good would come of it.

One day I had letters to write, and begged Cleo to go out without me, and take Violet in my place, knowing how she would enjoy the drive with her mother; "Des like a gwone up

lady, Jo," she said, while being got ready. Having finished my letters, and made up and directed my package to my husband—then at Ville Franche—I stepped into the nursery to ask Joanna to send it by one of the servants to the post-office, which she very willingly did. She seemed pleased to find me still there when she got back. "It 's gone by a trusty hand, m'am, the same as always takes Mr. Harwood's mail down—old Luke, that's been in the fam'ly ever since the time of the master's father. Can I be doin' anything else for you, m'am ?" she said, before sitting down.

"Thank you, no—unless you will let me stay here a little while," I said.

"An' most wilcome, m'am ; tho' you 'll find it lone enough without the child, I 'm afeard."

"I should think you would miss her, she 's such a bright, chattering little thing."

"Indade, m'am, why shouldn't I ? I nursed her at my own breast from the day she was a month ould 'till she was w'aned, *an' she took root in my heart,* for I had lost my own baby, an' there was plinty of room for her, the darlin'."

"She does you great credit ; I never saw a more healthy, well-cared-for child."

Joanna's hands fell together in her lap, and she looked at me with an inquiring, anxious expression in her eyes, as if she had something to say but was not altogether sure if it would be proper to speak.

"Do you think so, m'am ?" she presently anwered.

"I do, indeed. My only anxiety about her is that she has not been baptized ; and as a Catholic, Joanna, you know that is a very serious matter."

Joanna did not reply immediately, but took up her sewing and began to stitch diligently ; however, there was a look of indecision and irresolution in every line of her face. I made a movement to go back to my room, when she said : "I have somethin' on my mind, m'am, that I'd like to tell you, if you plase."

"Certainly, Joanna, if it concerns yourself or the child," I answered, as I resumed my chair.

"It concerns me and her, m'am," she said, with a little nod towards the crib. "Not that it's anything wrong, m'am, but I'll feel better to tell you, bein' as how you're a Catholic, an' Mrs. Harwood's frien'."

"Does Mrs. Harwood know ?"

"In part, m'am, but I'll tell you. It began one day when the child was a little over a twelvemonth ould. She had dropped aslape in my arms, and her face, m'am, looked like a June rose, and her breath comin' and goin' as reg'lar as a clock ; thin of a suddint, while I was thinkin' she was the beautifullest thing this side of heaven,—glory be to God !—her eyes flew wide open with a strange, dead stare in 'em, an' she stiffen'd hersel' out, and was as white as snow. I was 'frighted nearly to death, m'am, but before I could open my mouth to scrame, she give a sort of a sigh, an' it was over ; the color came back to her face, an' the life to her eyes, thin she looked up at me an' smiled, an' in a minit was off to slape ag'in. Thin I thought she'd been scairt in her slape by a drame, for when she waked up, m'am, she was as playful as a kitten, an' as bright as this"—holding up a new steel button that she took out of her work-box.

"It must have been something she dreamed that startled her," I said.

"I wish it had b'en that, m'am, but it wasn't, for it come back one day whin she was wide awake an' setten' on the flure a-playin' wi' her blocks ; an' she didn't fall over, but set there stiff an' starin' as if she was froze. Before I could git to her it was over, an' she began to throw her blocks roun' an' laugh. God help me, m'am, it took the life out of me intirely, an' I was afeard to go to slape o' nights thinkin' she might get a bad turn and die without iver havin' the holy water of baptism poured on her head, an' I made up my mind if she took another, to go straight away to Mrs. Harwood to tell her about the strange way the child was in, an' get on my two knees to beg her to sind for the priest to baptize her, an' have the docther to see her. It was not long, m'am, before she had a turn jest as suddint, an' as quick over, as the ones before it, while I was tyin' on her pretty new hat with blue feathers in it, an' she crowin' with delight ; an' I went right in an' tould Mrs. Harwood what had happen'd, an' she was that 'frighted, m'am, she could hardly stan' for the trimblin' that come over her, an' sint the servants off hot haste for the docther,—the same one, m'am, that was so good to me whin my husban' was killed—God rest his soul !—an' got me here as wet-nurse. Thin, m'am, I did kneel down an' beg her for God's sake to sind for somebody to come an' baptize the child, for a

turn might come worse nor the rest, that she'd niver 'waken from. An', m'am, if you'd seen the white, scairt face she turn'd to me, an' heard her spake, you'd niver 'knowed it was hersel'. 'The child,' she said, 'is sinless, an' what does she want of baptism.' 'It is jest a popish trick,' says she, 'to get her baptized, an' I don't b'lieve she's in the laste danger at all; you Irish,' she says, 'is always ready for a stir an' excitement.' Thin she got *quite** like, an' laughed, seein' how her words hurted me, an' says she, 'Niver mind, Jo, I didn't mane to hurt your feelin's, an' if it'll be any satisfaction to you, baptize her yoursel'; it'll be all the same, for it'll make no dif'rence to her whether you or another does it. Bring her to me, the darlin',' says she.

"An' whin she saw, m'am, how bright an' beautiful she looked, with the smiles a-dimplin' her rosy cheeks, an' her eyes dancin' like the spring-water at sunrise of a Easter mornin', she hugged her an' kissed her an' play'd with her, an' now an' thin hild her off and looked into her pretty face with a long, stiddy look, as if she was tryin' to satisfy hersel' that all was right. Thin she giv' her back to me, an' says, 'Wait 'till the docther comes: I want him to see her, as long as he's been sint for, an' you, too, Jo, for I'm afeard you're gittin' hysteriky.'

"'I hope not, m'am,' was all I said, not forgettin' what she said about me baptizin' the child, an' thinkin' to mysel' 'There's many a true word spoke in jest.'

"Prisintly the docther came, m'am, an' asked me some questions about my darlin', an' she playin' about as merry an' well-lookin' as I ever see, trippin' aroun' like a bird, sure, an' pullin' the docther's gray whiskers when he took her off the flure to look into her eyes. Thin he says, callin' me to the door of the nursery, whin he was a-goin': 'Jo, there's nothin' the matter with her,' says he, 'an' you mustn't be afther scarin' Mrs. Harwood with any more sich nonsense; it will make her ill, for she's got a wake heart, an' any shock might kill her. The baby only stretched hersel', bein' a little tired, or sleepy, or dramin', like a young chicken often does.' I couldn't argy with him, an' he a larned docther, but I knowed well enough that it was no trifle that ailed the child, an' I fretted mysel' sick about her, every bad turn she had, 'till my strength begun to fail me, fearin' she'd die without baptism. What could I do, m'am? the child's body was a light weight to care for, but her soul lay that heavy on my heart I could hardly kape up an' about. I prayed an' prayed to our Blessed Lady an' St. Anthony to help me, an' open a way to the waters of baptism for the darlin', that if so she should die suddint she would not be shut out from the glory of God's Face. The docther, for all he said there was nothin' the matter, come now an' thin to see the child; an' do you know, m'am, the first thing he always said was: 'Well, Jo, how is the hystericks?' He was that funny; but don't you see, m'am, it made my responsibility all the heavier? He said she must not be taken out in the carriage so much, that the air was too stuffy in the carriage to be good for her; that I must carry her out in my arms, an' let her walk a little, but not be stoppin' at corners, or in draughts, to talk with my friends, an' give her her death of cold,—as if I would, m'am.

"So one day, m'am, I had her out walkin', an' the weather was that beautiful I went further than I meant to, an' prisintly I found mysel' near Father MacLeod's house, that's jest around the corner from St. Ann's Church, an' seen him comin' out of his front door; an' whin he saw it was me, he stopped to spake to me, an' ask me how I was, as he always did, m'am. An' he was jest sayin' how beautiful the child was—I had her in my arms, an' she sittin' straight up, smilin' in his face—when, as suddint as a flash, one of them dretful turns took her. Father MacLeod made me bring her into his house, an' by the time we got into the parlor it was over, an' she held up her two arms to go to him. Thin I opened my heart to him, m'am, an' told him what the docther said, an' that Mr. and Mrs. Harwood were set ag'in baptism, and how miserable I was for fear she'd die without it; an' he said, m'am, I had a right to be unaisy, that he'd seen the like before, an' it would be only right under the circumstances to give the child baptism, for she was in danger of death every turn she had. An' he baptized her, m'am—afther puttin' on his surplice an' stole, an' lightin' a blessed candle,—an' give her the name of Agnes, which is her true Christian name, that nobody knows but him and me, and you now, m'am. It was the best that could be done, an' I was willin' to die for

* Quiet.

it, if it was found out. She was safe now, I knowed well; an' if she lived to grow up, she'd be none the worse off for it, for holy baptism is good seed you know, m'am. An', if you believe me, it was more'n a year afther that before she had another bad turn; thin every once an' awhile one would take her, an' there'd be a long time between—months sometimes—an' she growin', and healthy-lookin' through it all.

"But, m'am," continued poor Joanna, her lips quivering, and tears flowing, "she had the worst one this mornin' that I ever seen her in, an' it was a full half hour before she got over it; thin, instid of playin', an' goin' on with whatever she was doin' before, she went into a heavy slape. What had I best do, m'am? I dare not tell Mrs. Harwood, sence what the docther tould me about her heart. Somethin' ought to be done, surely."

"I think you had better go at once to see Dr. Manley, and tell him all about it, as you cannot speak to Mrs. Harwood. Thank God that the poor little darling has been baptized! and I thank you, Jo, very much for having spoken to me. I have had many anxious thoughts about her."

"I will, m'am; but I know he'll jest laugh at me, an' call me a simpleton—the Lord help me!" said poor Jo, with a heavy sigh.

I was indeed thankful to know that the child had received Christian baptism, especially since hearing of the strange attacks she was subject to; while, at the same time, I felt uncomfortable at being the depositary of a family secret unknown to her parents, and taken into the confidence of a servant while I was a loved and trusted guest in their house; but I knew, on the other hand, that the elect are baptized children, and that the divine law is above that of man, and its judgment not as his.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Via crucis via lucis,—"The way of the cross is the way of light." As we overcome the passions we give the intellect light, and He who hung upon the cross was the "light of the world," "the light of light," and he that follows Him walketh not in darkness. Up the cold, snowy, rugged path of purity must you climb, if you would ascend the mountain where the soul may commune with God. There is no other way for lost Innocence to regain lost Truth.—*Bishop Ryan.*

The Escurial.

[An unpublished poem (*temp* Charles I) on the Escurial appears in a late number of the London *Athenæum*. It bears the title "*On the Escuriall built by King Philipp y 2d of Spayne, and dedicated to St. Lawrence.*" The richness of expression is certainly remarkable. The following extract may give evidence of the truth of this assertion, and at the same time show that, after all, at that period literature and art were not contemned in the Church, as her enemies maintain.]

WITHIN the Covent everything is pure;
No ornament profane into that doore
May press, nor hystory but of some Saint
Dye the Religious wall with blushing paint.
There holy vestments many a coffer fill
(Rich in the matter, richer in the skill)
To decke the Spouse. There thousand Relicks are,
Sought by the king, whose gripeing hand did spare
Nought that was sacred. Above all behold
The pictures there, too num'rous to bee told,
Too pretious; and they are all of the Blest,
And all Christ's Acts are lively there exprest.
Behold Him borne a man, a God Exild,
The Doctors taught their lesson by a Child,
His Father's wisedom. See, the Temple purg'd
The money-changers from their Boards being scourgd.
Loe there His miracles successively;
Loe here His Supper, there His Agony.
Ah, how the bloody pencil here doth wound
His tender body, to the pillar bound;
There crucifyd, alas, He yields His breath.
Butt here He triumphs over Hell and Death.
You have Him all; and by Him (as was meete)
The Magdalene who bathd His blessed feete.

. . . . . .

But oh, her Teares! and could he paynt them too?
A sinner wisht them his, they seemd so true.
Yet what so hard but Art, made prowd, essayes?
Since Heav'n itselfe (whose outward Beautys daze
Many feeble Eyes, butt from whose inward light
The Angells with their wings must skreene their sight
When in the dreadfull Presence they doe stand)
Is there decyfer'd by bold Tytian's hand;
Where, though it fayld, yett something heav'nly takes
Our sence, our soule, and love of Heav'n awakes.
Such is the Covent. On the other side
The Collidge is with Librarys supply'd:
One stord with printed books, another fraught
With Manuscripts from divers Countrys brought,
Butt most which in Arabicke letters writt
Contayne the deepest misteyrs of witt

From the Turks' hands the Christians did gaine ;
So Mars his spoiles Minerva intertayne.
And round their Pictures fittly placed bee
Whom their great Learning from the darke doth free ;
And shee, who robs from none his envyd prayse, Posterity. . . . .
Breathe here ; unto the Palace then proceede :
There other Paintings, other objects feed
The honor-starred mind.

A Page from the History of the French Revolution.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FOURTEEN PRIESTS.

Fourteen venerable priests, all old and infirm, were kept as prisoners in the old Community of Patience. Their age and feebleness had exempted them from exile, and even from being sent to Rambouillet on the approach of the Vendean army. They remained in their prison until they were delivered by the royal army, when in possession of Laval ; but after its defeat they returned, of their own accord, in December, 1793, to their prison. On the 21st of January following, the Revolutionary Tribunal impiously celebrated the anniversary of the king's death by the massacre of these venerable confessors. The barbarous design had been devised by the members of the Tribunal in a hunting excursion a few days previous. "The 21st of January is approaching," they said ; "we must regale the executioner, and give him the fourteen *calotins** at Patience."

Accordingly, on the 20th, while sitting at a table loaded with dishes and wine, they resolved that next day the priests should be beheaded. Thus, as with St. John the Baptist, it was in the orgies of a feast that their heads were doomed to the knife by this impious horde. On the morning of the 21st of January, 1704, the priests were ordered to the Tribunal ; but before leaving the prison they were forced to pay a salary to their jailers. Ten of them walked on foot between two lines of soldiers ; but the other four, unable to follow on account of their infirmities, were thrown into a rough vehicle that happened to be in the street.

Alas ! it was an apostate priest who spoke against the venerable confessors. He had become the public accuser before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and his sentences were almost invariably for death. But this time he was particularly terrible : his mouth foamed like a tiger's ; his eyes shot fire : he seemed eager to seize on his prey and tear them in pieces. Every looker-on was terrified and amazed ; only the priests and five Vendeans, who shared their fate, were calm and resigned.

But lo ! amidst the imprecations of the apostate, a gentle voice is heard : it is that of the old parish priest of Rennes en Grenouille—the venerable Migaret—who had watched over the infancy of the impious Volcler, who had fed him at his own table, who had educated him, and ever proved a tender and generous father to him. "What !" he said ; "is it you, Volcler, that asks for my death ? is it you that would drag me to the scaffold ? Have you forgotten that I received you into my house, that I made you sit at my table, and taught you the rudiments of Latin ;—how I loved you ?"

"The oath, or death," replied the ungrateful wretch.

"Death, then," replied the humble disciple of a God crucified by His own people.

Another renegade was in the company of these iniquitous men, the notorious Guilbert, a worthy colleague of Volcler in perversity and ingratitude. Not only did he rejoice in spilling the blood of his worthy pastor, but, like a wild beast, he would even have drunk it.

However, before proceeding further, let us record the fate of these two wretched apostates who had trampled underfoot their solemn vows, abjured their sacred character, despised God, their religion, and even disgraced humanity. They died a most miserable death. Volcler, it is reported, like another Judas, put an end to his own existence ; and Guilbert, after wandering in the woods for a time, feeding on grass, was found dead in a ditch, his mouth full of dirt.

The pastor of Holy Trinity (a doctor of the University of Angers and rural Dean of Laval), Rev. John Turpin Ducormier, had nobly won the reputation of a good and amiable priest, entirely devoted to the duties of his sacred calling. Indeed, all his time was given to study, to the instruction of his spiritual children, to confessions, and to the visitation of the sick. He was a true model of priestly

* An opprobrious epithet for priests : from *calotte*.

virtues. In fact, the constitutional Government offered him the Bishopric of Mayenne; but he was too enlightened and too virtuous to consent to become an apostle of schism. In those troubled times he gave a signal proof of his benevolence in pleading the cause of some of his parishioners, well known for their revolutionary principles, who had been arrested by the Vendeans. Being unable to walk, he had himself carried to the castle of the Prince of Talmon, and succeeded in obtaining their liberty. But when he himself became a prisoner, the most cruel of his jailers proved to be one of those liberated by him.

The firmness of this holy priest in the Tribunal forced the admiration of his enemies and excited their compassion. Indeed, a prolonged murmur followed the sentence of death when pronounced by the impious accuser. The cruel apostate, perceiving it, cried out: "Anyone who stirs or weeps shall share the fate of these priests." Compassion was then a crime. As one of the priests was feeling very ill, the president ordered some wine. A pious woman who was present said she had brought some with her. This was considered treason; and immediately she was ordered to prison, and even sentenced to death as one favoring the clergy. Happily, a doctor among the spectators, facilitated her escape during the night.

One of the victims, a priest seventy-four years old, was accused of being a Jansenist. "Are you not a Jansenist?" they said "Why, then, are you found among these refractory priests?"

"It is true," he humbly confessed, "I have had the misfortune to follow opinions not conformable to sound doctrine; but, by God's grace, I have acknowledged my errors, and anathematized them in presence of my fellow-priests, who have reconciled me with Holy Church. I would be too happy to wash my faults in my own blood."

Rev. M. Phillipot, too, was very old, and also deaf. Being asked to take the oath, he approached nearer the Tribunal several times in order to hear better, repeatedly saying, "What? what?" At last he caught the words and understood what was demanded of him. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed, in a touching tone; "by the grace of God I will not defile my old age. No! no!"

Father Triquerie, an old Franciscan, when interrogated regarding the oath, said: "I am a son of St. Francis, and by my vocation I should be dead to the world. My only—my sole occupation in solitude was to pray for my country."

"Do not preach to us here," said the president; "we have no need of your sermons. But," he added, "who gave you bread after your first refusal of the oath?"

"The charity of the faithful provided."

"But what persons?"

"That is my secret," he answered, with noble firmness.

Rev. Jean-Marie Gallot, who was the director of the Benedictine nuns at Laval, saved his benefactor by a similar answer. Being asked who had provided for his wants, he simply answered: "Divine Providence." As he desired to know exactly the nature of the oath demanded of him, they replied: "The oath we require from you is, to be faithful to the Republic, and henceforth to profess no religion, particularly the Catholic religion."

"Citizen," the old man replied, with emphasis, "I will always be a Catholic."

"Publicly?"

"Yes, publicly; everywhere I will declare myself a Catholic, and will never be ashamed of Jesus Christ."

The chaplain of St. Michael's, Rev. Francis Duchéne, a man equally learned and pious, proved by invincible arguments that the law forbade the judges to condemn any of the priests before them. Father Duchéne was venerated by the people, and the most impious of the assembly saluted him as he entered the Tribunal. He delighted to visit the sick, and often spent the night in the hospital, by the bedsides of the dying.

"He is a saint!" cried many voices. "What a pity to kill such a man!" "This one," the revolutionists themselves said, "does not deserve death; he should not be beheaded."

When this worthy priest heard his sentence of death pronounced, he took off his hat and thanked his judges with every mark of gratitude; then, falling on his knees, his eyes lifted up to heaven, he thanked God with all his heart.

The other priests heard their sentence with the same calmness and serenity. They gave each other the kiss of peace, made their confession to one another, and confessed also the five Vendeans who accompanied them.

When marching to the scaffold, all were preparing to intone the *Salve Regina,* but the executioner imposed silence. Arrived at the place of execution, and ranged around the scaffold, they appeared as so many lambs waiting for the sacrifice. The first victim being executed, they raised their eyes to heaven in thanksgiving, and exchanged a few words among themselves, no doubt to encourage one another. But the commander of the soldiery cried out: "Silence, caballers! Silence!" One of the priests, however, without being intimidated, exclaimed to the people: "Heretofore we have taught you how to live; we now teach you how to die."

The judges had retired to a house in front of the scaffold, where a table was set for them, furnished with wine and biscuit. At the stroke of each head, they cried out, holding up a glass of wine: "Down with the priests! Live the Republic!"

When the apostate Guilbert perceived his old *curé* marching tranquilly to the scaffold, he showed him a bottle of red wine, exclaiming: "To your health! I will drink this wine as if it were your blood."

"And I," meekly replied the holy priest, "will pray to God for you."

This meek answer to the horrible words of Guilbert so much impressed a soldier who was stationed at the foot of the scaffold that he felt an impulse to shoot the renegade on the spot, as he afterwards declared.

The pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Laval, was the last victim; he had witnessed the death of all his companions. Immediately before mingling his blood with theirs, he recited the *Te Deum,* and when stretched on the fatal plank, red with the blood of his heroic *confrères,* he kissed it three times. After his beheading, the executioner seized his venerable head by the hair, and, showing it to the multitude, exclaimed: "Behold the head of the last priest! Live the Republic!"

These words were answered by a horrible yell from the mob; but the faithful Catholics, who had come to witness the glorious death of their beloved spiritual guides, remained silent, admiring in their heart the wonderful fortitude of these generous confessors of the faith, who had preferred an ignominious death before men to a life of shame and sin before God.

Heaven seems to have glorified the death of these martyrs. A young lady of sound judgment and solid virtue, who afterwards became a nun of the Visitation, testified that when the martyrs began to march from the Tribunal to the scaffold, the sky, which up to that moment had been cloudy, cleared away over them, disclosing a track of beautiful blue, whence issued bright flames in the form of crosses. Turning to her cousin, who accompanied her: "See," she said, "the heavens opening as if to let them pass."

"Yes," answered the other: "it is truly wonderful!"

A worthy man returning with a companion from a village near the city at the time of the execution, saw bright crosses falling, as it were, on the city. This sight terrified them at first, but they soon understood the mystery when they learned of the martyrdom. A young child, who was carried in the arms of his father during the execution, had his eyes constantly fixed on the sky, saying he saw bright crowns falling, one after another, over the scaffold. Wishing to show them to his father, he exclaimed, as each head fell: "See, one more! Another crown!"

Without pronouncing judgment on these phenomena, we are inclined to consider them as direct manifestations from Heaven.

The martyrs had scarcely been executed when some pious Catholics approached the scaffold and dipped their handkerchiefs in the still flowing blood. The bodies were afterwards thrown into a deep ditch near Laval, where they remained until better days dawned on France. On the 9th of August, 1816, they were exhumed in presence of a large concourse of pious Christians, all anxious to secure portions of the precious remains. Many succeeded in obtaining some fragments of the bones, while others carried home the very sand that had covered them.

A pious contest soon arose between the parish of the Holy Trinity and the Church of Avesnière, the first claiming the relics as its own because six of the victims had served it; the latter demanding them because they had been buried on its territory. At length it was agreed that the bodies should be deposited in the Church of Avesnière. Accordingly they were buried in a side chapel, where a splendid marble monument, appropriately inscribed, has since been erected to their memory.

My Sailor Convert.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PRIEST.

It was in the year 18— a young man, dressed in the garb of a sailor, presented himself at the presbytery. He was tall of stature, of commanding appearance, and from his fair forehead hung rich black locks. I inquired his wishes. He told me that, when in a foreign clime, he had been led by curiosity to visit one of our churches: it was at the time of Benediction. The lights burning upon the altar and around the church; the organ pouring forth its deep, mellow tones; the sweet voices of the choristers, blending in one harmonious hymn of praise; the silent yet fervent adoration of the people; and, finally, the deep tone of the great bell, as the booming of a mighty cannon in the distance, announcing to the surrounding neighborhood the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament,—all this contrasted vividly with the cold worship to which he had been accustomed. He felt a spirit of devotion within him which he had never before experienced, and which told him that he was in the presence of God. He adored with the rest of the faithful, and prayed for light and grace to know the truth, and promised God, within his own heart, to embrace the first opportunity that should present itself of being instructed in His holy religion. His prayer was heard. He soon sailed for his native land. Months rolled by in storms and tempests: the elements seemed to combine together for the destruction of the vessel; but Providence watched over His faithful child, and the shattered bark at length put into port. He did not forget his promise; he sought immediately for one whom he knew could direct him in the right way.

On hearing this narrative, I rejoiced with the young man that God had given him the grace and the opportunity of thus coming to the knowledge of His truth. I told him the obligations of a Catholic; but, nothing daunted, he urged me to instruct him immediately, for he had but a short time to remain on land. Seeing him so fervent, I gave him some instructions, and bade him come the next day; he did so, and continued daily to show more and more his anxiety to be received into the Church. I at length admitted him; and the day of his departure having arrived, he received Holy Communion—and with what love, with what fervor! with what celestial joy did his countenance glow when he communed with his God and Saviour, then for the first time admitted to His embrace!

At length the hour arrived for his departure, but what a changed man! so happy and so holy! He begged of me, as a last favor, that I would accompany him to the sea-shore, and give him my last blessing, "for," said he, "God only knows whether I shall ever see another priest." On our way thither, he talked of nothing but the love which God had shown towards him, in thus having drawn him into His Church.

The boat arrived, the moment of separation had come; in silence he knelt down, and I prayed the God of heaven to protect him. We parted. I stood on the shore and watched him off. He reached the ship, but, in ascending to the deck, missed his footing and fell with a heavy splash into the water; the sea rose high, and ere he could be recovered, life was extinct. Thus had God taken him to Himself, lest his soul, then so sanctified, should again become sullied by sin.

The House of the Wicked Shall be Destroyed.

The contemplated demolition of the ruins of the Tuileries has elicited the following communication from a correspondent of a journal in the Tyrol. It is right to say that we consider the writer a little extreme:

"Everybody knows that in 1870 the Tuileries, the royal palace in Paris, was set on fire by the Communists, and destroyed. The ruins are now to be removed, so that not a stone shall be left upon a stone, and it shall thus, so to say, disappear without leaving a trace behind it. It would be appropriate now to set up a monument there as a warning to all, but especially to the enemies of the Pope, on which the terrible prophecy of Proverbs might be written: '*Domus impiorum delebitur.*'

"Under Napoleon III, the Tuileries was truly the abode of the wicked, the palace of conspiracies, the nest where iniquitous plots against the Pope and the Church were hatched. In 1856, when Napoleon had hypocritically asked His Holiness to stand godfather to his son, the conspiracies against Rome had already begun. Count Cavour

introduced into the Tuileries a notorious countess, to seduce the Emperor, and win his favor for Italy. Cavour boasts of having done this in a letter written from Paris to Count Cibrario. Napoleon fell into the meshes of this woman, and this was the precursor of Sedan, but much more disgraceful than the catastrophe of Sedan itself ever was. In the Tuileries, during the Congress in 1856, the conspiracies against the Pope were continued, Napoleon taking the speaker's chair amongst the intriguers. In the Tuileries the cession of Nice and Savoy to France was arranged, and, in return, Count Cavour obtained permission to take a part of the Papal territory. At the same time Clotilda, daughter of Victor Emanuel, was sold to Plon-Plon. From the palace of the Tuileries, on the 3d of May, 1859, Napoleon III said to the French people: 'We do not go to Italy to create disorder, nor to overturn the temporal power of the Pope, since we have restored him to his throne.' And it was for this very purpose that Napoleon undertook the war in Italy, in order first to drive Austria out of Italy, and then to allow the Italians to seize upon the patrimony of St. Peter. In the palace of the Tuileries he wrote the notorious work, 'The Pope and the Congress,' which, as is acknowledged by Cavour himself, had no other aim than the destruction of the Temporal Power. From the same palace Napoleon recognized the kingdom of Italy, against whose thieving proceedings he had previously made a sort of protest, but, as usual with him, in a hypocritical way. Shortly before 1870, Napoleon had determined to leave the Holy Father entirely at the mercy of his enemies.

"How many crimes against the Pope and the Church were committed in the Tuileries during the reign of Napoleon! There the Vicar of Christ was ridiculed because of the boy Mortara, and there Mocquardt, private secretary of Napoleon III, held Pius IX up to ridicule on the stage in the infamous play *La Tireuse de Cartes*. In the Tuileries also new maps were made out to the injury of the successors of Pius IX; and as the Pope happened to obtain possession of one of these, he showed it to the French Ambassador, when the latter came to visit him with hollow protestations of devotedness. There it was, too, that the attempt was made to revive Gallicanism, for the purpose of breaking away from the Holy See; thence issued the prohibition against Peter's Pence, the decrees in regard to the pretended abuses of the episcopal powers in the pastoral letters of Bishops defending the rights of the Church; there consultations were held as to the manner in which the successor to Pius IX was to be chosen, and how the Cardinals were to be deceived in order to have them select a Pope agreeable to Napoleon.

"In a word, the palace of the Tuileries had become truly 'the house of the wicked.' And Divine Justice uttered the sentence of condemnation: 'The house of the wicked shall be destroyed.' My readers may call to mind the solemn words of the great Pope Pius IX to the Marquis de Lavallette: 'We can await events.' Napoleon and his minister Thouvenel, in Paris, laughed at these words. But Napoleon was forced to deliver up his sword to the King of Prussia at Sedan; then followed the overthrow of the Empire; then, in 1873, Napoleon died an exile at Chiselhurst, England; his son lost his life amongst the Zulus; and now, to complete the series of Divine judgments, the palace of the Tuileries is doomed to complete destruction. As nineteen hundred years ago it happened to Jerusalem and its once glorious Temple, that not one stone was left upon another, so now with this famous palace.

"For eighteen years Napoleon inhabited this palace. After he became emperor, he had the greatest power and influence, and was one of the most exalted rulers of Europe. Princes paid him homage, visited him, especially on the occasion of the World's Exposition in Paris, and courted his favor. He could and should have used this power and influence in favor of the Church; but he failed to do so. Later on, attempts were made on his life; the Lord saved and protected him; but he still persevered in his hostility to the Pope and the Church. Death took from him one after another of his accomplices; and at last his own day of reckoning came. Napoleon is no more; his son is no more. And the palace of the Tuileries? 'The house of the wicked shall perish.'"

The Catholic Clergy and Temperance.

Chicago Tribune.

The part taken by the Archbishop of Chicago and his clergy in promoting the cause of temperance is a step in the right direction. The formation and encouragement of temperance societies among their flocks must inevitably result in great individual good. Their power is so great that it cannot but command respect for their views and wishes on this important subject, and stimulate the temperance workers among the Irish to still greater exertion. Equally creditable have been the labors of the Jesuit Father, Van der Eiden, whose powerful appeals have induced over 2,000 men to come forward and take a pledge that they will not drink again in a saloon. Nothing less, however, should have been expected of them than that they would enroll themselves on the side of temperance. Even in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances they could not afford to remain silent in the presence of an evil which is making more havoc among their flocks than in

those of other denominations. At the present time, however, the temperance question is one of the most prominent topics engaging the attention of the public. Moral, respectable, and law-abiding citizens are uniting in an effort to restrict the evil. There is a loud and urgent demand for reform, for the saloon is gaining a dangerous power not alone in spreading crime, in menacing life and property, and in impoverishing its patrons, but in directing and controlling politics through the immunity granted it by corrupt and venal men in authority.

To restrict this dangerous growth of its power, the better classes of the community are seeking to enact high license, the only weapon, as experience has shown, which is strong enough to grapple with it and hold it in check. One prelate in the Church, Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, has made a powerful appeal for high license to his people and to the members of the Legislature of his State, and has set forth in unanswerable form the reasons why it should be enacted. He has been a life-long worker in the field, and knows the nature of the evil against which he has fought so long and stoutly. His example is one which certainly commends itself to the Archbishop and his clergy in this city. Their united effort to convert individuals from intemperance is a noble one, and unquestionably will be of much good, since their influence is so powerful; but their work should not stop with individuals. Let them follow Bishop Ireland's example and direct their batteries against the low saloons also. Furnishing men with poison is only one of the evils which have their origin in them. Their keepers are in league with gamblers, pickpockets, thieves, prostitutes, and "sluggers." They not only make a man drunk, but they strip him of all his money. They not only rob the poor devil who enters one of them, but they furnish the rendezvous for thieves and "sluggers," who sally out from them and waylay and rob citizens, and find a safe retreat in these dens after they have accomplished their villainous purposes. They attract the young with music and dances and lascivious pictures. No moral parent would wish his boy to be on State street day or night. For blocks, almost every door leads the way to a sink of vice, which is made attractive with all sorts of allurements. High license will restrict the number of these dens. This is no theory. Experience has proved the truth of the assertion over and over again, and it will also restrict the swarms of low places which consume the wages of the workingmen.

The Catholic clergy hold in their hands an immense power to restrict this evil if they would only exercise it. Should they speak out together for high license it would command instant attention. It is not too much to say that if they were to appeal to the Legislature of this State, as Bishop Ireland did to that of Minnesota, it would carry the measure. The clergy, as a rule, are averse to interference in politics, but this is not a political or party measure. The effort to secure high license is an effort to regulate a great evil, to replace a corrupt Administration with an honest one, to substitute good government for bad government, to save the young from acquaintance with evil, to save workingmen from the vampires who bleed them, to save men from the jail and the poor-house, to protect women and children from cruel treatment. All honor to the Catholic clergy for their efforts in the cause of temperance among individuals, but is there any surer road to the same result than that of high license? Is there any nobler work in which they can engage themselves? As they have the power, ought they not to say the word?

Catholic Notes.

A letter from Rome informs us that the Holy See has appointed Rev. Joseph Rademacher, of the diocese of Fort Wayne, to the see of Nashville. Also that Very Rev. Father Jonckau, V. G., is named Coadjutor, *cum jure*, to the Bishop of Vancouver.

The late Dr. Adam Clarke, a shining light of Methodism, who will not be suspected of any leaning towards the Church, tells us that in passing through a grave-yard he was struck with the appearance of graves ornamented with crosses and garlands as tokens of affectionate regard. "A frozen-hearted formalist," he says, "may condemn this, and call it superstition; true religion and pure affection would give it a far different name. I felt and could have wept with the disconsolate parents and survivors, and kissed the crosses by which the Death of our Blessed Saviour was thus held out to public view, as the only foundation of the survivor's hope that death, the last enemy, should be finally destroyed, and that those hearts knit together here in pure and honest love should be reunited in eternity, where bonds can no more be broken, and death can never enter."

According to ancient custom in Chili, when a high ecclesiastical post becomes vacant, the Government proposes a name to the Holy Father, requesting him to appoint the candidate to the vacant post. When there are no special reasons to the contrary, this request is generally complied with. Certain papers are then issued to the new dignitary. This is what is called the "Patronato," and it is believed that by this arrangement the supremacy of the Pope in spiritual matters, and the independence of the republic, are provided for.

Some time ago the Archbishop of Santiago was promoted to another post, and the Government proposed one Canon Taforo for the Archiepiscopal See. Monseigneur Taforo, though a worthy clergyman, was, however, not looked upon with the same favor by some of the clergy of Santiago, and, in consequence of representations made by them to Rome, Leo XIII did not approve of the Government choice. Mgr. Taforo prudently withdrew his name as candidate, but the Government resolved, "either Taforo or no one," and the result is that Santiago remains without an Archbishop. The Congress of Chili has refused to grant the usual appropriation for even a temporary administrator, and, in order still further to spite the Holy See, the Papal Delegate has been dismissed. Throughout all the country the people are giving expression to their indignation against the Government in excited meetings, and Mgr. Del Frate, the Papal Delegate, has gone back to Rome. His expulsion was a regular triumph; all along his route crowds of people turned out to do him honor. The conduct of the Chilian Government in this instance is everywhere stigmatized as scandalous, and a disgrace to a Catholic country.

The kind of reading that is furnished by many of the great dailies is illustrated by the remark of a well-known American journalist: "The Chinese that wrote a poem on a grain of rice did something quite extraordinary, but a Chicago printer has surpassed him. He took a number of one of the newspapers that are published in the Garden City, and after having crossed out all the accounts of divorces, murders, and other crimes, he printed the remainder of the paper on the reverse side of a three-cent postage-stamp."

After the reception given to the new Bishop of the Seychelles islands, Mgr. Symphorien, he was called upon to preside at another and very touching feast,—the reception of the Holy Eucharist by "Teresa," "the old lady" of the island, and all her family. This venerable matron is one hundred and thirty years of age; her eldest son is one hundred and two, and her second son ninety-five. Her surviving grandchildren are only about sixty years old, but amongst the great-grandchildren are some of fifteen, eighteen, thirty, and forty years. Thus four generations knelt together at the feet of the Bishop to receive Holy Communion.

"In hospitals and asylums, Rome stands without a rival. Her resources in this line are simply stupendous. Here, again, women come to the front. Besides skilful and ceaseless care and nursing, they provide large portions both for building funds and for the daily living. They take huge baskets and beg from store to store, and from house to house, carrying enormous loads without complaint. People sneer at them, refuse them, slam doors in their faces, and insult them. For what do they labor? Their identity is lost. They renounce their family ties and names, and assume titles by which they can no longer be known. Summer and winter, day and night, I meet them everywhere. Retiring, modest in demeanor, patient bearers of heavy burdens, they devote themselves to alleviating the world's aches and woes. They come when needed. They are often swifter than the police, and always present in time of calamity. I have seen men in flames, blazing in explosive oils. Before we could subdue the fires and procure resting-places for the agonized unfortunates, Sisters of Charity were bending over them, pouring balm from jars already prepared—waiting for such emergencies—and cooling the smoking flesh with saturated cotton. They were delicate women, with white faces, and skilful, swift hands that were tender and delicate of touch. Romanist or heathen, no questions were asked; suffering and anguish procured their priceless services without money. I have seen men battered, broken and bleeding. The same messengers came unbidden; and when their mission was accomplished, they went quietly and unthanked away."—*Baptist Examiner, Albany.*

There is no diocese in the United States that has a more zealous, hard-working clergy than the diocese of Fort Wayne. Since 1872, inclusive, 49 churches have been built (and of these, 37 were the first churches in new missions); 1 orphan asylum, 3 hospitals, and quite a large number of schools; moreover, in nearly every place the debt of the congregations has been largely reduced.

The Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph commemorates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first regular mission founded in the American colonies by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The golden jubilee of the establishment of the Maryland province of the Order occurs in July.

Harriet Louise Venables, who was lately received into the Church by the Cardinal Archbishop of Verona, makes the fifth member of this noble family that has been favored with the grace of conversion.

A member of that ancient and noble Catholic family, the Eystons, died lately at East Hendred, England. The Eyston family is one of the few that, in spite of the Reformation and the consequent persecution of Catholics, remained true to their religion; and many of its members suffered banishment, imprisonment, and heavy fines because of their faith. Besides East Hendred, which

yet belongs to them, they owned extensive possessions in various other parts of the country; but they were obliged to sell one piece of property after another to pay fines, extra imposts, etc. For several years they had to pay $100 a month for non-attendance at the services of the Established Church. The lately deceased Mr. Eyston was born in 1817; in 1863 he married Miss Agnes Mary Blount, who likewise belonged to an ancient Catholic family of England.

The following paragraph appears in the current number of the *Catholic Fireside*, with the admonitory head-line, "Paste this in Your Prayer-Book":

"Having entered a pew, move along; do not block up the end of the pew as if you did not intend to have any one else enter it, or as if you were holding it for special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but move along and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know that they are welcome. If a pew capable of holding six has five already in it, don't file out in formal procession to let one poor scared woman go to the farthest end, but move along, and let her sit down at the end next to the aisle. It is not necessary now for a man to sit at the end ready to rush out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once."

Dr. W. H. Van Buren, one of the most eminent medical scientists in this country, died recently in New York city. He was a devoted Catholic layman, and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His funeral was attended by many distinguished men.

May he rest in peace!

We regret to announce the death of Major Conyngham, a well-known Catholic citizen of New York, editor and proprietor of the *New York Tablet*. He was a war correspondent in 1861–64, and wrote several books. He was also prominent in the various Irish national movements, particularly in the Land League.

May he rest in peace!

The death is announced of the Rev. George Hoffmann and the Rev. Robert Kleineidam, devoted members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; and the Rev. Stephen Murphy, a worthy young priest of the diocese of Portland. Father Murphy had three brothers in the sacred ministry, one of whom died at the South some years since.

May they rest in peace!

Personal.

J. O. C.—Donation "for the starving children of Donegal" received.

New Publications.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER. What he should be, and what he should do. Together with a Collection of Prayers Suitable to his Condition. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer. By Rev. L. A. Lambert, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Waterloo, N. Y. With an Introduction by Right Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, D. D., C. M., Bishop of Buffalo. Benziger Brothers, Publishers. 1883.

This beautiful little book is intended as a companion to the "Christian Mother," by the same author. Both of them ought to be in every Christian family, and seriously studied by parents. There are loud and well-founded complaints of the spirit of insubordination now prevalent in the young towards their parents and others having authority over them. No doubt this is partly owing to influences outside the family; but if we trace matters back to their source, we shall find that much of it is due to parents. Not having a true idea of their responsibilities when God blesses them with children, they do not know how to fulfil their duty. Father Cramer's works are eminently calculated to enlighten and guide parents in their important and difficult office.

CHARITY AS AN INVESTMENT. A Lecture by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. Published for the Benefit of the Poor of St. Alphonsus' Parish, New Orleans.

We find this Lecture to be an exposition of the duty of alms-giving. Even amongst practical Catholics, there is not always a sufficiently clear idea as to the extent to which they are bound by the laws of charity in this respect. Therefore, we recommend Father Girardey's Lecture, both on account of the instruction that it contains, and of the object for which it is published.

——Since the Holy Father's recommendation of the extension of the Third Order of St. Francis there has been an urgent demand for information in regard to the rules and obligations of the Association. The Franciscan Fathers at Cincinnati have supplied the need by preparing a little manual which explains all about the Third Order. It is published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 10 cents; 5 cents too much.

The *Art Amateur* for February gives one full-page design for ecclesiastical embroidery from an old English vestment, which may be worked in very effectively, with bullion, among other designs; but on the page for needle-work, is a banner on "dead-leaf damask silk, with an *appliqué* of embroidery on linen," representing a head in a bishop's mitre, and a canon of high rank in a berretta of velvet and fur, on the cross-bar; and in the border are "angels bearing the instruments of

the Passion. The artist has skilfully used the linen background for the faces, only indicating the *contours* and features by some small points of embroidery, and thus producing a strong effect by the simplest means." It is a very charming specimen of art needle-work, and shows the use of art-studies among those who paint with the needle instead of the brush. There is such a thing as "shooting with the long-bow" in the education of women, and in the practise of womanly industries. It is pitiful to see how many women lead the lives of drudges with the needle, at starving prices, who might, with a little well-directed education in the way of drawing, light and shade and color, become true artists with this same needle, and lead happy and remunerative lives. In the March number of the *Amateur* is a design for a chalice veil, very curious, but which can be given in *appliqué* or embroidery with great beauty. The birds express the same idea which is seen in the religious pictures of to-day from French designs, only with much more taste and directness. Birds, in these connections, invariably mean souls,—and these souls hover around the chalice, or fly from it, in a sense purely mystical, although conventional in form. The supplement of the April number produces two South Kensington designs for borders, which are adapted to ecclesiastical work; and one of these would arrange admirably with the full-page design in the February number; especially for a cope. A hint of this sort often serves a skilful embroiderer as well as a full pattern. But on the needle-work page is one of the most beautifully elaborated designs the *Art Amateur* has yet produced. The acanthus leaves, with griffin terminals, have all the beauty of illuminated borders on vellum; and, above all, the figure of St. Mark, Evangelist, writing his Gospel, with the lion at his side, is full of grandeur. To compare these ecclesiastical designs with those for *plaques* and screens and robes, is to see how the motive ennobles, unconsciously it may be, the mind of the designer. One sighs, to see how much taste and ingenuity and skill is given to the most ephemeral objects, which might serve to purposes as exalted as it is possible for human work to be. On this last Holy Thursday, we saw, with admiration, the embroidered veil for the repository of the chapel in the Hospital of the Alexian Brothers in Chicago, and could not but envy the hand which had wrought for such sublime uses. The embroiderer's ambition can soar no higher. It was no spangle work, but embroidery in silk and a few threads of gold,—severely ecclesiastical as to style and treatment, and of exceeding worth and beauty. And this in the chapel of a hospital, intended only as an expression of the devotion of a community of humble Hospital Brothers following the rule of St. John of God.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Youth's Department.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

DON ALONSO was silent a long while, engaged in mental prayer. At last he said to Father Antonio: "There still remains much obscurity in my mind about some of the things you have told me, and on which I should like very much to be enlightened." He put many questions, which Father Antonio answered satisfactorily. Alonso now began to speak of Pedro. "The fate of the unhappy man grieves me," said he. "I have also sinned greatly in his regard. He was not a wicked fellow, by any means, only of a yielding disposition, as easily induced to good as to evil. By the hopes with which I inspired him, and the fear my threats occasioned, I succeeded in making him consent to the frightful deed. I am grateful to him that he spared Fernando at last, and I forgive him from my heart for deceiving me by the mock funeral and his false account of Fernando's death. But I scarcely expected he would have betrayed me to Bernardo and delivered my letters to him. However, this, too, I forgive him for. O good Father, do remember the unhappy man in your devout prayers!"

"Ah!" sobbed Father Antonio, amidst copious tears, "call me not good, for I am a great sinner. Pedro still lives, and I am he, the miserable lute-player who deceived and betrayed you."

Alonso was greatly astonished to hear that his former retainer, Pedro, was yet alive; and fully as much so to see him before him so entirely changed from what he was. He could scarcely believe that the aged man with thin, white hair and wrinkled face, was the light-hearted Pedro whom he remembered as having beautiful locks and round cheeks, blooming with the roses of youth and health. He grasped his hand, and, regarding him with a

long, sorrowful look, was moved to tears himself, and said:

"Now, praised be God that you are yet alive, and that the Lord has given you time for repentance! How old we have both become, and how changed from of yore! Yes: everything around us has put on another and more serious aspect. We both now perceive the vanity and transitoriness of all earthly glory, which formerly so completely blinded us, dragged us into foolish and criminal acts, and deprived us of all peace of heart. Alas! I have brought much misery upon you! Your tears are my accusers. Forgive me, dear Pedro! You were then an inexperienced young man, almost a boy; and I, on the contrary, a mature man. I seduced you, when I should have guided your youth in the way of virtue. But tell me, how have you fared since? You must have had much to suffer before you found peace, as I hope you have, in the new state of life to which your habit testifies you have devoted yourself."

Father Antonio replied: "Dear Count, if the history of such a miserable mortal as I am can be of any interest to you, I will relate it. When the inward struggle, the terror, the death-agony caused by the attempted murder was past, the deception of that mock burial succeeded, and your promise to give me the estate being renewed, the desire to marry Lady Laura stirred my heart with old-time vehemence. Clad as for a feast, I hastened to her, informed her of my good fortune—that I was now possessor of a knight's estate, and proposed marriage. But, gifted as she was with a clear understanding, she immediately divined how matters stood. 'What induced Don Alonso to give you such a fortune?' said she. 'How have you come by it? I fear you have allowed yourself to be used as his tool in getting the amiable little Fernando out of the way. Oh, what a black heart you conceal under a beautiful exterior! And shall I lay my hand in that of—perhaps an assassin? No, no: never! Had you remained as honest and upright as heretofore, though poor in this world's goods, I would gladly become your bride, if my parents consented. I held you to be an honorable man, but now I know you are a rascal, a monster. And you may ascribe it to my former kind feelings towards you that I consent to bury forever in my heart the dread secret of your crime.'

"I staggered home like one intoxicated; and now the scales fell from my eyes. 'So, then,' I said, 'I have cheated myself of inestimable happiness by departing from virtue's path! Thus does that very passion that men call the tenderest of all make one as cruel as a tiger. Oh, let no one ever trust any passion, no matter what its name: it blunts the senses and poisons the heart!' Then my conscience, never entirely at rest, awoke from its torpor with frightful violence. I called myself an assassin—which, on account of my wicked designs, I really was before God. I cannot be grateful enough to God that He restrained me from accomplishing the bloody deed. Ah! if I had really consummated that fearful tragedy I should surely have lost my senses; I should have fallen into despair. I now considered it my most sacred duty to assist in restoring to the young Count his inheritance. And I was now conscious—a thing I had not known before—that the noble knight who saved Fernando and the pious solitary of the mountains were one and the same person. I hastened to him, gave him your letters, fell before him on my knees and conjured him to appear before the king and, with knightly valor, defend the rights of the young Count Fernando. 'I will,' replied he, 'you may depend on it. But this is not the time. As soon as I find it advisable, I will first try Alonso by kindness, and only appear against him as an accuser when other expedients fail. These letters so damaging to him I will confide, sealed, to the prior of a Carthusian monastery, a friend of mine, with the request to keep them in the cloister archives as sacredly as the secrets of the holy tribunal, and by no means to deliver them to anyone except myself, and to return them to me, closed, when I require it. But as for you, keep silence about this sad affair.'

"Thinking I had placed Fernando's case in the best of hands, and hearing that Lady Laura had taken the veil in the severe Order of the Clares, I determined to follow her example,—forsake the world and enter a monastery. Meanwhile, I feared that if you should hear that I, who knew your dreadful secret, had changed my resolution and devoted myself to a penitential life, you might, in order to secure yourself against discovery, seek to destroy me. To escape your dreaded vengeance, I left my hat and mantle on a precipice over-

hanging the sea, and broke my lute on the rocks, to persuade the world I had drowned myself. I then betook myself to a distant part of the kingdom and, after a long trial, was received into the Order of St. Francis. I passed the time of my probation in prayer and penance, performing faithfully everything I was ordered. Though I heard little of the world, the news was communicated to our monastery in the last year that Laura, deeply honored and lamented by all the Poor Clares, had slept in the Lord. This made a profound impression on me. I was again taught to realize the instability of everything earthly. It was only about three months ago that I was informed, by mere accident, or rather through God's providence, of the death of the Knight Bernardo, that his foster-son, Fernando, had left the country, and that you were yet in possession of the countship, though leading a sad, lonesome life in this castle. I wished to speak to you, and, therefore, begged my Superiors, without, however, giving the real motive for my request, to tansfer me to the monastery where I am at present, which is but a few miles distant. I arrived there a few days ago, and, as I was about to ask permission to visit you, the Superior commissioned me to attend you in your illness.

"Thus, after many sufferings and sorrows, has God led us together again. I was sent here to hear your confession, and, instead of that, I have made my own. As I was an accomplice with you in crime, I can at least give you a piece of good advice. My dear sir, for a long time I did not find peace even in the cloister; my crime was continually before me; I felt that in the sight of God I was an assassin. The severest exercises of penance could not give me back peace of conscience. At last I found among the Fathers of the monastery a venerable old man who had the reputation of great sanctity. I took him for my confessor, and he directed all my meditations on the mercy of God. He taught me to know our Redeemer better, reminding me that He came down from heaven to save sinners, even the very greatest. Consolation and strength from above came into my heart. I was convinced that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me and adopted me again as His child. Now, do as I did: confide in that good old priest, confess to him. I will lead you to him, and he will lead you to your Saviour, in whom alone is salvation and rest for wounded hearts and tormented consciences."

This advice was followed. The monk departed next day, and the holy old man of whom he had spoken came in his place. He remained three days, and Alonso was so calmed that he felt like a new man. His conscience at peace, the thought that Fernando was alive, and the cheerfulness that now animated him, had a powerful influence on his restoration to health. As, before, his body was bent under the burden of his soul, so now, that burden being removed, his body resumed its erectness, and health returned. He was able soon after to leave his bed. He grew stronger each succeeding day, and had now no other desire than to see Fernando once more and restore to him his birthright.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Angelus Bird.

BY W. E. J.

In the forests of Guiana and Paraguay it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an *Angelus* bell when heard from a distance. The Spaniards call this singular bird the bell-ringer, though it might be still more appropriately designated as the *Angelus* bird, for, like the *Angelus* bell, it is heard three times a day—morning, noon and night. Its song, which defies all description, consists of sounds like the strokes of a bell succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be in the vicinity of a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the *Angelus* bird is equal to his talents; he is as large as a jay and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the *Angelus* bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on his beautiful head; it is of conical shape and about four inches in length.

Whenever the *Angelus* bird begins to discourse his sweet music, the monkeys protest like evil spirits, and rend the air with their shrill chattering as they scamper up the trees to escape from the unwelcome sound.

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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[Copyright:—Rev. D. E. Hudson, C S.C.]

Fiat Voluntas Tua!

BY MARION MUIR.

DO what Thou wilt with me, O God!—with me,
Whose stubborn soul to its own will hath clung,—
Firm as Thy saints, forgive me, Lord, to Thee,—
And yet hath been by its own nursling stung.

Though I should yield up all the sweets of earth
I hold most nearly; all the friendships warm,
Ere time hath dimmed the wonder of their birth,
Pursuits more dear to me than my right arm,

Slight, to this final one, the gift would be.
But lo! I stand, bound by no mortal ties,
And ask Thee, Sovereign Guide, to hold me free,
Or check my steps, for Thou alone art wise.

Our Lady's Pilgrim Saint.*

BY "E."

OUR Saint was born March 26, 1748, at Amettes, parish of St. Sulpice, diocese of Boulogne (now united to that of Arras), in France, and was baptized the day following, receiving the names of Benedict Joseph. He was the oldest of the fifteen children of John Baptist Labre and Anna Barbara Grandsir, both of noted piety. The father was engaged in commerce, which enabled him to support his numerous family in considerable affluence. From his earliest infancy, Benedict Joseph was universally looked upon as endowed with the choicest celestial graces. At five years of age he was sent to school, where he made rapid progress in piety and learning, and became to his little companions a model of every virtue,—his master attesting, in the process for his beatification, that of the two thousand children he had instructed throughout a long course of years he had never known one possessed of such amiable qualities. Similar testimony was furnished by the domestics of his family, and by all those who had at that time held any relations with the saintly child. He was specially noted for his truthfulness, his obedience, and his deep love for penance. From his fifth to his twelfth year, he was wont to rise at daybreak to serve Mass; he frequently approached the sacred tribunal, and assisted daily at Catechism and at all Church offices. When twelve years old he was placed under the care of his paternal uncle, Rev. Francis Joseph Labre, parish priest of Erin, and commenced with great ardor the study of Latin, which he pursued up to the age of sixteen, when he suddenly lost all zest for earthly learning and turned his entire attention to the science of the saints; to all the remonstrances of his uncle his sole reply was that God called him to solitude, and not to Holy Orders, as the former hoped and desired.

About this time he received Confirmation and his First Communion at the hands of the Bishop of Boulogne, and thenceforth was allowed to communicate several times monthly. He would pass whole days in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, fasting meanwhile, denying himself all recreation, however innocent, and practising the greatest bodily austerities. In 1766 a species of plague broke out in Erin, sweeping off nearly the entire population. Benedict Joseph devoted himself to

* St. Benedict Joseph Labre. Canonized December 8, 1881.

the service of the sick, in the company of his uncle, an exemplary parish priest, who fell a martyr to his charity in September of the same year; after which Benedict Joseph went to reside with his maternal uncle, Rev. Bonaventure Joseph Vincent, parish priest of Le Pesse, with whom he remained but a few months. Having finally overcome the objections of his parents to his desire of entering religion, and with their consent and blessing, he started on foot for the Abbey of La Grande Trappe, where, on his arrival, viewing his weak health and miserable appearance, he was refused admittance, as totally unfitted to so severe a mode of life. After some time, enjoying more vigorous health, he again made application, by letter, but was rejected anew. In May, 1767, he repaired to the monastery of the Cistercians of Neoville, near Montreville, where he entered as a postulant; but at the expiration of six weeks he was found to have no vocation for that community, and was dismissed October 2, 1769. He then presented himself at the Abbey of Sept Fonds, of the Cistercian Order, but of more mitigated rule, and was clothed as a novice November 11, 1769, under the name of Brother Urban; in six months' time he fell ill, both in body and in mind, and was forced to leave that convent, to the great regret of the monks, who insisted on his remaining their guest in the hospital till fully cured.

After quitting that holy retreat (Aug. 31, 1770,) he wrote a most respectful letter to his parents from Quiers, in Piedmont, saying that he should never more return home, feeling sure that such was the will of God, as he heard within him a voice ever bidding him, "Walk thenceforward in the steps of St. Alexius, wholly abandoning country, parents, friends, comforts—in short, whatsoever is pleasant in this world, to lead a new style of life, the poorest, the most wretched and the most penitential; and that not in a desert, nor in a cloister, but in the very midst of the world itself, visiting as a devout pilgrim the greatest possible number of shrines and sanctuaries." As this tallied in every way with his own inclinations, he sought the advice of experienced and prudent directors, who all unanimously encouraged him in his resolution, with the sole exception of one confessor, in Rome, who, disapproving of a youth thus living in idleness, ordered him to adopt some profession, or at least to seek the position of a servant, which he did, ineffectually, however, as no one could be found willing to give employment to so miserable an object. He was consequently suffered to follow the inspiration of God, and began his pilgrimages the same year, always travelling on foot, ragged and penniless, accepting only the food rigorously necessary to support life, never asking alms, and sleeping generally under the canopy of heaven.

His first visit was to the Shrine of Loreto, which he reached in November, 1770; thence to Assisi, where he joined the Archconfraternity of the Cord of St. Francis, founded by Pope Sixtus V, and thenceforth ever wore a cord bound about his loins, next his skin, which was discovered only after his death. He repaired to Rome in the following month, and received the customary shelter for the first three days in the National Hospice of S. Louis des Français. He remained in the Eternal City until September, 1771, passing the day in the churches, and sleeping by night in the open air, edifying all by his modesty, his humility, and his piety. In May, 1771, he made a second visit to Loreto, after which he went on a pilgrimage to Fabriano, to venerate the body of St. Romualdo, founder of the Hermits of Camaldoli. There he passed some three weeks, accepting an humble shelter offered him by the parish priest, and from others, coarse food, barely sufficient for his daily sustenance. In gratitude for the charity extended to him he left a written prayer, the daily recital of which would, he assured his benefactors, preserve their houses and other property against earthquakes, thunder and lightning. In fact, when some years later Fabriano was, on Easter Sunday, visited by a terrible earthquake, which overthrew many houses, their dwellings alone received no damage whatsoever. This prayer, printed and distributed in the city of Fabriano during the lifetime of Benedict Labre, is as follows: "Jesus Christus Rex gloriæ venit in pace. Deus homo factus est. Verbum caro factum est. Christus per medium illorum ibat in pace. Christus crucifixus est. Christus mortuus est. Christus resurrexit. Christus ascendit in cœlum. Christus vincit. Christus regnat. Christus imperat. Christus ab omni fulgure nos defendat. Jesus nobiscum est. Pater, Ave, Gloria." *

* This prayer, printed on slips, may be had by applying to our office.

His next pilgrimage was to Bari, to the Sanctuary of St. Nicholas; thence to Naples, to the Shrine of St. Januarius; after which he repaired to Tuscany, to the solitude of Alvernia, where his beloved St. Francis had received the stigmata. He then turned his steps towards Switzerland, to the Hermitage of Our Lady of Einsiedlen, which he likewise visited other five times in as many years. Thence he traversed Germany and France, never approaching his paternal home, but paying his devotions at all the most renowned sanctuaries in both countries. His tender affection towards the Madonna of Loreto led him thither again, on his way to Rome, to gain the Indulgences of the Jubilee of 1775, at the expiration whereof, he, for the last time, revisited Einsiedlen, remaining there until July, 1776, when he retraced his steps to Rome, which he had selected for his final place of abode, quitting the Eternal City only for his yearly pilgrimage to the Holy House of Loreto, where Fra Joseph Maria Temple, Minor Conventual (Penitentiary of that Basilica for the French nation), became his spiritual director, and had the honor, later, to depose juridically as to the heroic virtues of his saintly penitent in the process for his Beatification.

During the seven years passed in Rome prior to his early death, St. Benedict Labre practised all heroic virtues in the most sublime degree. He was a model of the most singular penance and voluntary poverty, though no trace can be found of his having pronounced the vows proper to religious. He had not literally where to lay his head, sleeping by night on the steps of churches, in door-ways, beneath the arches of the Coliseum, or wherever he could find shelter; and only two years before his death he yielded to the entreaties of the Abate Mancini, and repaired, nightly, to the hospital for the poor built by the charity of that holy priest, but would never make use of a bed. His food, of the scantiest and most uninviting, he picked up from the gutter, or on dung-heaps: withered cabbage-leaves, orange-peel, stalks of broccoli, decayed fruit, and putrid vegetables, which he ate in the public streets, never accepting any invitation to dinner in a house. He drank no wine, but when urged by necessity quenched his thirst at the public fountains. He was never known to accept a loaf of bread, saying ever: "Beggars should eat only crusts"; and the last morning of his earthly life, when seized by his mortal agony, they found in his pocket the provision for his daily meal: a few hard crusts and some bits of orange-peel! His clothes were mere rags, sufficing only to cover his nakedness, not in anywise to protect him against the inclemency of the weather; when not barefoot, his shoes were so worn and broken as to be no manner of preservative against rain and mud; he wore constantly a species of tunic, bound round the waist with an old coarse cord, knotted in many pieces; his head was always uncovered, his hair and beard unkempt,—his entire raiment, which he never changed, winter or summer, day or night, swarmed with vermin; still he was never seen to raise his hand to destroy or to relieve himself of one of his little tormentors, owing to whose presence he was frequently driven from the churches, banished from the confessionals, and generally shunned by everyone.

He made use of a discipline of cords tipped with iron nails, and many other instruments of penance were found in his wallet. His love for holy purity was excessive: he observed great custody of the eyes, never looked a woman in the face, and abstained from gazing at the curiosities or beauties of the cities through which he passed. He carefully guarded his ears, and kept a strict watch over his tongue, rarely speaking, but passing all his time in prayer and in the reading of pious books, especially the Sacred Scriptures, in which he was deeply versed. He had a tender devotion towards the Passion of our Lord, daily made the Way of the Cross in the Coliseum, and frequently visited the Holy Stairs and the Column of the Flagellation in the Church of St. Prassede. He had so great a love for the Blessed Sacrament, particularly when exposed for the Devotion of the Forty Hours, that those who did not know his real name designated him as, "The beggar of the Forty Hours," or, "The poor man of the Forty Hours." He was likewise a devout client of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and had a true affection for our Blessed Lady, generally frequenting those churches dedicated under her invocation, particularly the Madonna ai Monti, where his body now lies entombed.

His last visit to the Shrine of Loreto was during Holy Week of 1782, when he prophesied his approaching death, but in a hidden

manner. After his return to Rome, he applied himself in a most special manner to prepare himself for his final passage to a better life,—making a general confession, redoubling his penances, and giving himself up entirely to prayer and to contemplation. Early in the Lent of 1783, he contracted a violent cold and cough, which gave him no rest day or night, but to which, as usual, he paid no heed, continuing his customary mode of life. On Holy Monday he communicated with great fervor at the altar of St. Aloysius, in the Church of St. Ignatius, thence repaired to the Madonna dei Monti, where he passed the morning, and at mid-day bought a pint of sharp vinegar, which he drank in honor of the gall and vinegar given our Divine Lord upon the Cross; the afternoon he spent in the Basilica of the Holy Twelve Apostles, wholly absorbed in God. The greater portion of Holy Tuesday he knelt in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, exposed for the Forty Hours' Devotion in the Church of S. Prassede, where all were struck by his feeble and emaciated appearance. Early on Holy Wednesday he dragged himself, by the aid of a staff, to the Church of S. Maria dei Monti, where, after hearing Mass, he knelt for some time in prayer. About 7 a. m., finding his strength utterly failing, he sought the open air, and laid himself down on the steps leading up to the church. A crowd quickly collected about him, when a butcher, named Zaccarelli, besought the dying man to allow him to take him to his house near by; and, his consent being gained, he was borne thither and, sorely against his will, lain on a bed. He immediately fell into a species of lethargy, wherein he remained, hardly able to speak, until evening. Meanwhile, Extreme Unction was administered to him, and he quietly expired, one hour after the *Ave Maria*, Holy Wednesday, April 16, 1783, just as all the bells of Rome were sounding forth the signal for the recital of the *Salve Regina* and other short prayers, ordered by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VI, to obtain peace for the Church. He was aged thirty-five years and twelve days. His death was miraculously made known at Loreto, at Fabriano, and at other places. The house where the corpse lay was so besieged by the faithful that a guard of soldiers was necessary to maintain order. At nightfall, on Holy Thursday, the remains were conveyed from the house of Zaccarelli to the Church of S. Maria dei Monti, where, on account of the sacred functions of the time, they were placed in the sacristy; but the concourse of people obliged the closing of the doors of the church during the funeral ceremonies. After the function of Good Friday, the body was exposed in the church, and visited by crowds, of all ranks and classes; while not even the guard of soldiery could hinder the numerous acts of pious robbery committed, portions of the very beard being cut away. On Easter Sunday the affluence was so great as to impede the celebration of both Mass and Vespers. The body gave no signs of corruption, but emitted a sweet fragrance. The evening of that day (Easter Sunday, April 20th,) the coffin, duly closed, and fastened about with tapes, bearing the seal of His Eminence Marco Antonio Colonna, Cardinal Vicar of Rome, was placed within an outer case of wood, and buried at the Epistle side of the altar, at the foot of the picture of the Blessed Virgin the Saint had so venerated during life. For some time after, the concourse from all parts was so continual, and attended with such disorder and even irreverence, that, notwithstanding a barricade around the place of sepulture, and the number of soldiers constantly kept on duty both within and without the church, the authorities were forced to remove the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle, and to suspend all customary religious functions in the church; nor could the Exposition of the Forty Hours' take place as usual.

During the Pontificate of Pius VI, many petitions were made for the beatification of Benedict Labre. Thirteen Archbishops, seven Cardinal Bishops, fifty Bishops in various countries, several Cathedral Chapters, thirty-nine convents of religious, numbers of magistrates, etc., were amongst the supplicants, whose demands were frequently renewed. Under Pope Pius VII, the Bishop of Arras, Boulogne, and St. Omer applied to Rome to obtain the canonization of this holy mendicant, begging meanwhile for some relics of the saintly pilgrim of Amettes, to place in a chapel he proposed dedicating to God under the invocation of Benedict Joseph Labre.

So many and so wonderful cures and miracles continued to be wrought by God through the intercession of the holy pilgrim, that within a month from the time of his decease the rector of the Church of S. Maria dei Monti

obtained from the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, Marco Antonio Colonna, permission to inaugurate the process of beatification and canonization of Benedict, by opening the first process, known as *informative*, himself being named postulator. In two years, four hundred and two sessions were held, wherein four spiritual directors of the Saint appeared as witnesses. After the Roman process came those of the Bishop of Arras and Boulogne, diocesan of Benedict; of the Bishop of Loreto, whither Benedict went so often in pilgrimage; and of the Bishop of Autun, in whose diocese lies the Abbey of Sept Fonds. In the mean time the formation of the process *De non cultu* took place in Rome, March 31, 1792. Pius VI decreed the introduction of the cause, and the servant of God was declared Venerable. January 30, 1792, a decree approved the process *De non cultu;* and a second decree, of February 18, 1794, the Apostolic process of the fame of general sanctity; two years later witnessed the recognition of the body of the Venerable Servant of God. The French invasion of June 11, 1798, put a stop to further proceedings, which were only renewed July 10, 1800, by order of Pius VII, Cardinal della Somaglia being named *ponente*. November 10, 1828, the anti-preparatory congregation relating to his heroic degree of virtue took place; but the deaths of two Sovereign Pontiffs, Leo XII and Pius VIII, of two Cardinals *ponenti*, and of the postulator of the cause, at short intervals, delayed the convocation of the preparatory congregation, which was not called until March 22, 1834, and was followed by the death of the new postulator. Pope Gregory XVI, after presiding at the third General Congregation, held August 3, 1841, chose, himself, carefully to review all the Acts of the cause; and finally May 22, 1842, Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, he issued, in the Vatican Palace, the decree approving the Saint's virtues in heroic degree. A third postulator then died, in 1844, causing a new delay. Finally, June 2, 1859, Pius IX, of holy memory, solemnly approved the miracles required for the beatification; and on August 15, of the same year, in the Basilica of S. Mary Major, was promulgated the decree to proceed in all security to the beatification, which ceremony was celebrated, amid an immense concourse of the faithful, May 20, 1860. April 11, 1861, the decree to resume the process for the canonization was issued; and Sept. 5, 1867, the processes relating to the two new miracles were recognized as valid; and, after being duly presented, examined, and discussed, they were approved by a decree dated December 20, 1872. February 9, 1873, the final Decree was published, with which the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX proclaimed: *Tuto procedi posse ad solemnem B. Benedicti Josephi Labre canonizationem.*

It was feared that the iniquity of the present time might place new obstacles to the effectuation of the pious design, but God willed otherwise, and, notwithstanding the death of a fourth postulator, Rev. Father Francis Virili, of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, thanks to the zeal of his nephew and successor in the charge, to the piety of the faithful devotees of the Saint, and to the unwearied exertions of the Bishop of Arras, His Holiness Leo XIII was enabled to celebrate the solemnity of the Canonization of Blessed Labre on December 8, 1881, Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady, and thus, as it were, set a seal to the universal Jubilee conceded during that year to the entire Catholic world.

It is proposed to erect a handsome chapel over the altar in the Church of S. Maria ai Monti, beneath which lie the remains of the Saint; and the alms of the faithful are solicited to aid in the good work.

Memories.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

The Story of Cleo's Child.

(Continued.)

Joanna lost no time in making an opportunity to see the doctor, who, contrary to her expectations, did not laugh at her, but seemed startled, and listened gravely to all she had to say, only asking some questions now and then. When she had finished, he said, very solemnly: "I know what it is. Medicine can do nothing; the only one chance is that, with care, she may outgrow it. Don't alarm her mother, though: it would only make matters worse." After giving a few simple directions, the doctor shook hands with Joanna, and left her, to start off on his daily rounds. That is the substance of what Jo told me after the interview;

and so she was to go on bearing her sorrow and pain alone.

"*If they only knew!*" I thought, one evening when Baby-Violet was brought into the drawing-room, radiant and beautiful, and passed from the caressing arms of her mother to the proud, tender embraces of her father, while, exulting in her loveliness, they laughed at her quaint, saucy, broken words, and fairly bowed down and worshipped her:—"*if they only knew!*" How deeply and tenderly I began to love the child who might at any moment flit away into heaven!

Late one bright, balmy afternoon, I found Violet sitting alone on a mat at the hall-door, her dimpled hands lying together in her lap, her eyes gazing westward, where the sky was already glowing in tints of burnished gold and throbs of crimson, as if a great heart beat behind the clouds, veining them with tender purple and swift blushes of roseate dye. Following her gaze, I saw something which I had not observed before. The wide, handsome street ran east and west, forming a gradual ascent westward, which made it appear, from Mr. Harwood's house, as if it ended right against the sky. I stood a moment watching the quivering radiance as it flowed like a golden wave along the hazy street, struck by the strange, dreamlike effect, which made the horizon line look like the very edge of the world.

"Is not that lovely, darling?" I said, dropping on the mat by the silent child.

"Dunno," she said, musingly, as the upper disc of the sun dropped slowly out of sight behind the golden bars and crimson curtains of cloud that shone like Alladeen's palace. "I fink 'at is t' end of t' world, an' t'are is a gweat heap o' dold fare it stops. Did you know it?" she asked, looking with eager eyes into mine.

"I heard so when I was a little girl," I said, laughing, unwilling to dispel her little fancies.

"Didn' you do after it?" she gravely asked.

"I was afraid to go by myself; some of these days, maybe, I shall start,"—I meant in an esoteric sense.

"I means to, some day, 'cause 'taint fur; an' fen I dits it, I'll dit a dweat bid elefunts to bwing it home, an' I'll div you—oh—heaps!"

"Will you, my darling!"

"Yes: an' Jo, an' ev-e-wy body," she exclaimed, spreading out her arms.

Just then Joanna appeared, to take her for a little walk in the square. Always ready for a fresh pleasure, she stood up to get her hat on, leaned over my shoulder to kiss me; then the two strolled away, and the last thing I heard was something she was telling Jo about "t' end of t' world." Here, then, was the explanation of her strange fancies about the end of the world, and the bag of gold lying there. She had found it all out for herself, and knew it was not far away,—only up yonder where the street set against the sky, where she saw the sun roll over, as if into a sea of fire, every evening. She had puzzled it all out in her own little head by a species of inductive reasoning and infantile logic, which most children are possessed of in a degree that is sometimes astonishing. Would any of her future dreams be brighter than this?

The happy days were into weeks, bringing my husband's ship nearer and nearer home as the suns rose and set. A German church, belonging to the Order of the Redemptorists, was within short walking-distance of Mr. Harwood's, and every morning, at 8 o'clock, I attended the "children's Mass," at which all the children of the congregation were present, with their teachers of the German parish schools.

The great Gothic church, thronged with boys and girls of all ages, who sang with clear, ringing voices the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the hymns, accompanied by the organ, while the divine Sacrifice of the Altar was being celebrated, was a spectacle never to be forgotten, the singing of the children touching and affecting my heart in a way that seemed to bring it nearer to heaven. I spoke of it to Cleo, and her æsthetic curiosity was piqued; she invited herself to go with me once, but declared afterwards that she would never go again, as she had nearly cried her eyes out—a bit of exaggerated sentiment at which she laughed herself. To Jo's great delight, she gave her permission to go now and then, and take the child when the weather was fine, saying: "I think it will please the little elf to hear the children sing and see the lights and flowers; but she must be kept in the fresh air near the door: the children being of the poorer classes, she might take some infectious disease from them."

"It's not always the poor that's disased, m'am," said Joanna, as if she couldn't help it; but no notice was taken, except that Cleo spoke more gently and kindly to her, as if in

amende for the seeming arrogance of her remark.

It was lovely to hear Violet's broken words of delight when she tried to tell her father about all she had seen and heard at St. Liguori's, and make him promise to go with her the next time. Mr. Harwood laughed and promised, and she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "But listen to me, my butterfly," he said; "if you don't take care, Aunt Janet and Jo will make a Roman Catholic of you."

"Fot 's t'at? Is it t'at you shooted off for me one time, 'at fizzed an' fizzed yound an' yound?" she asked, looking as grave as a young owl.

"Well, yes," he answered, as he kissed her and put her on her mother's lap. There was a twinkle of fun in his eyes which meant mischief, as he leaned over the back of my chair and whispered: "Mrs. Hastings, she thinks that you and Jo are Roman candles; I doubt if she ever trusts herself in your church again."

"She'll discover her mistake in good time; then we'll catch her at the rebound," I answered, laughing; "and you, too, perhaps."

"You'd soon find the catch not worth taking, and be glad to be rid of me," he said, as he turned away, telling Cleo that he was going to the club for an hour.

"A pleasant evening to you," she called out, cheerily; than a shadow that came and went in an instant flitted across her countenance, chased away by a sunny smile, as she began to sing the child's gypsy song to her.

The days passed by as merrily as a marriage-bell in that pleasant home, when— I will tell you how it happened, and all that followed, as I gathered scraps of information from one and another of those who were engaged in the scenes of that terrible night.

The Indian Summer weather had come, with its balmy, dreamy, delicious atmosphere. Joanna and the child had been out all the afternoon, and when they returned, just before sunset, the sky was aglow, and the air like June. "I won't do in 't all, Jo; let me stay des one minit," pleaded the child,—"des till t' sun dets to t' end of t' world."

"Very well, an' so you shall," said Joanna, laughing, as she spread a sheep-skin mat at the hall-door for her to sit on; "I'll be back presintly for you, my darlin', an' you'll come with me to ate your milk an' bread, that you must be starvin' for, afther the long walk we had."

Jo did not wait, but ran up to the nursery, took off her things, turned down the crib, set out the little table with its dainty china mug and plate, and gold-lined spoon; kindled a small wood fire—for the nights got frosty after sunset,—lit the lamp, gave a look round to see if she had left anything undone, rang for the bread and milk to be brought, then went down to fetch the child—but she had disappeared! Jo ran out, expecting to find her on the pavement; but there was no sign of her to be seen there, or in the beautiful square, which was one of her favorite strolls, now more beautiful than ever with the kindling leaves and scarlet vines climbing over the fronts of the houses. Having looked in vain, and asked the nurses, who were still out with the children, if they had seen her, and, hearing that they had not, she suddenly bethought herself of the house, and blaming herself for an idiot not to have searched there for her at once, she rushed back, expecting to be laughed at for the unnecessary panic she had got into. "She 's surely with her mamma, or Mrs. Hastings, or has stolen into the pantry to coax Tom for 'sweeties,' or into the kitchen itsel', with Patty: may the Lord save me for a nat'ral born fool!"

But Violet was in none of these places; she had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. Consternation filled our hearts, and messengers were sent far and near in search of her. The sun had dropped out of sight, and the splendors of crimson and gold that had kindled the clouds faded to a dull gray tint; the brief twilight would soon be over, then night! Cleo was like one bereft of her senses; she imagined the child had been stolen, and her heart was torn by the most frightful possibilities. Mr. Harwood had gone to Washington in the morning, and this is what met him on his return at 8 o'clock: his child was lost!

Cleo, exhausted by the shock and the violence of her emotions, had fainted in my arms. Dr. Manley was with us, full of grave concern for the effect of it all on her heart. Mr. Harwood looked in for a moment, his face white and rigid with the tension of grief; he leaned over and kissed the pallid, unconscious face of his wife, wrung the doctor's hand, and said in a low tone to me: "Take care of her: I must

be off. I've heard all that they know about it, and there's no time to be lost; she must—she *shall* be found."

Yes: there was no doubt he would find her, if human means could serve; but if all failed, what might he not do in his despair? for when earthly idols are shattered, and there's no faith or strong hope to lean upon, what is there to restrain the mad will of such as he when it suggests refuge in death? In all the wild grief of that night, and the fearful possibilities that busy Fancy suggested until the heart turned sick, I thought for the first time, and with thankfulness, of my child safely housed from every ill in heaven.

No one knew what had become of Joanna. The last seen of her, she had wrapped her shawl about her and gone out into the night, nobody knew where. How my heart sorrowed for Cleo as she lay stricken, and wrestling with her first grief! I tried to cheer her, to inspire her with hope; but she would not be comforted, and I could only weep with her, for I, too, loved the sweet, winsome child—only *I knew* that, wherever she might be, a Father's eye was upon her, and that she was more to Him than the little sparrows whose fall He noted. Cleo felt nothing beyond her loss: her child was gone, and midnight had come. Mr. Harwood had sent the police and the public criers in every direction; once we heard the clanging of the bell, and the hoarse cry of, "Child lost," as one of them passed through our neighborhood, and went on proclaiming the dismal tidings from street to street, rousing the sleepers in quiet homes, who would rush to the windows, ask whose child was lost, how and when; then, having heard, would go back to their warm beds, with pity in their hearts, thankful that their own little ones were safely housed. In every quarter of the city the sad news was faithfully and noisily proclaimed, each crier hoping, at every step, that some door would fly open to give the welcome tidings that the wanderer had been found and taken in.

. . . . . .

A tall, stout woman, wrapped in a blanket-shawl that nearly covered her, with a worsted hood upon her head, and a basket on her arm, stood at the corner of a street, to rest a moment against a lamp-post. She had been on a long trudge, judging from the yellow clay upon her shoes; and it was also evident that she had a fondness for high colors, which the glare of the lamp brought out in vivid relief. Her skirt was of some thick woollen stuff, of the greenest dye; her shawl was plaided with wide bars of scarlet and blue and yellow; her knitted hood displayed the same colors while under it, a wide white ruffle surrounded a broad, jolly, contented face, aglow with kindliness and health. She was just in the business quarter of the city, not far from the docks, where, at that hour, the streets were as deserted and quiet as a village church-yard, and where the gloomy shadows cast upon them by the tall, dingy warehouses, on each side, so descended that the street-lamps—few and far between—gave but a feeble and glimmering light. Suddenly, placing one hand upon her hip, the woman threw back her head and peered into the darkness, listening intently for a moment or two; but the sound, whatever it was, was not repeated, and while the words, "Cats, drat 'em," burst from her lips, she gave her basket a hitch, and had got half-way across the street, when she heard it again—a loud, frightened cry and a wailing sob.

"God be good to us, what is it abroad an' in trouble at this hour of the night?" was the thought that rushed through her mind, as she ran quickly in the direction of the sound. She looked up and down the street, but could see nothing. Where could that child's cry have come from! "If I was home in the ould counthry, sure an' I should think the *banshee* was abroad," she thought, going slowly along, with watchful eyes turned this way and that. But she saw nothing, and everything was silent. "Maybe it was a cat, thin: they do be after makin' awful human sounds whin the divil 's in 'em," she concluded, and thought she had better hurry home,—not that the watchmen—who all knew her—would molest her, but she was very tired after her long tramp to a place outside the city to get a supply of eggs. She was about to cross a paved alley-way between two warehouses, which ran straight to the docks, when the wild, frightened cry again arrested her footsteps, now so near that it made her heart stand still, but only for an instant, for, whatever it was, she knew it was a cry for help. She did not wait for a second thought, but plunged into the alley, guided by the faint sobs she heard; and there, in the semi-darkness, she saw a heap of something crouching on the sill of a side-door; and it

took only a few steps nearer to show her that it was a child, trembling with fright, shivering with cold, and moaning as if its heart were breaking.

"St. Joseph an' the Three Kings * be good to us!" she exclaimed, stooping down over the little elf, who, at her voice, raised a beautiful white face, all stained with tears, to hers, then shrunk back close into the corner of the door with a look of terror. "Don't be afeard of me, honey; sure I wouldn't hurt a hair of your purty head; an' don't you be after cryin' *alanna,* an' I'll take you home wi' me out o' the dark sthreet."

"I want-a-my m-m-ma-ma, an' my Jo!" she cried.

"Tell me your ma-ma's name, *avourneen,* an' where she lives, an', tired out as I am, troth I'll take you to her," said the woman, whose kind heart was overflowing with sympathy. "Come, now!" But the child could not tell her anything: she knew no names; she only knew "papa," "ma-ma," and "Jo."

"An' what made you lave 'em, honey, an' what was you lookin' for whin you strayed away?" asked the kind creature, cuddling the poor little cold hands between her large warm ones.

"T' end of t' world," was the quiet answer.

"Ow! glory to God! but she's a *innocent,*† surely. No wondher at all she got lost thryin' to find the ind of the world," murmured the woman, coaxing, little by little, the child into the warm shelter of her arms. "Wipe the tears away now, honey, an' go 'long wi' me till I put my baskit away; thin see if I don't take you home to your mammy." Her ready wit suggested that the first step over the difficulty would be to get the child under shelter in a place of safety, meaning her own home; then when morning came she would indeed take her home, the minute she found out where she belonged; trust her for that, or she hadn't a tongue in her head, an' two feet on her to trudge up an' down the city, till she met somebody that could tell her whose child was lost.

So she gathered the footsore little thing up in one of her strong arms, wrapping her head and ears in her warm "plaidie," and, with her basket of eggs on the other, she stepped bravely out with her double burden from the gloomy alley, her warm, generous, Irish heart giving "thanks to God an' the Blessed Virgin for bringin' me to the stray lamb afore she died wi' the could in that lone alley, or kept on down to the docks, an' found the ind of the world she was lookin' for in the black river below." At the bare thought of such a thing tears of pity flowed, and dropped among the curls of tangled gold upon the head now nestling so trustingly on her broad, honest breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* The Magi.

† So the Irish call half-witted or simple persons.

Popular Devotions.

Though the faith of the Church is ever the same, the manner in which people express their zeal and devotion varies from age to age, and is not always alike in each country and century. From the very beginning, Christians have meditated on the mysteries of the life of Jesus and Mary, and have invoked the prayers of the Blessed Virgin; but it is from St. Dominic, in 1206, that we have the Rosary in its present form. From the very beginning Christians have, in spirit, followed our Lord on His way to Calvary, but the Stations were not performed the world over till centuries had rolled by. From the day of its institution, Christians have worshipped Christ in the Blessed Sacrament; but the Forty Hours' Devotion was only begun at Milan in 1534, and sanctioned by Pope Clement VIII in 1592.

In some ages of the Church penance seems to have been most popular; in others, missionary enterprises to heathen lands. Again, church building is very active,—sacred edifices being built or restored in great abundance. Some countries, Spain, for example, are most devoted to the Immaculate Conception; in others, the national saint, whoever he may be, seems to attract more attention. Pilgrimages are very popular in one age, crusades in another, the organization of lay societies in another. The corporal works of mercy seem to have, sometimes, greater attraction than the spiritual ones, and *vice versa.* Devotion to the Sacred Heart distinguishes one epoch, and devotion to the Passion another.

Not only is all this very proper and natural, but it would be strange if it were not so. The devotion of the faithful springs from love

for the truths and mysteries of religion, and love is very inventive: it never ceases to find out new and fresh means of expression. The Church is a living body—not a dead one cast in a mould, eighteen centuries old. Our fellowship with the saints of past ages, whether they lived in the tenth or in the second century, does not consist in our doing, thinking, or saying the same things they did, but in our holding the same faith, being members of the one mystical body, and holding to the one head and centre—"one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

Let us consider one form of Catholic devotion—that to the Blessed Virgin. In the Apostolic age, and that succeeding it, the chief effort of the Church was to convince the world that Christ was the Incarnate God and the Saviour of the world; so we do not find much written about the Blessed Virgin. It is taken for granted that all Christians reverence her; and, of course, pagans who do not even acknowledge Jesus cannot be expected to honor His Mother. One day, however, the people of Constantinople are much astonished to hear their Bishop, Nestorius, declare that Mary should not be called the Mother of God. Although this came from so high a dignitary, people are shocked; the news spreads; souls are troubled; and a Council of the Church is promptly held, at which the new heresy is condemned, and its author and his followers excommunicated. This Council took place at Ephesus, in Asia Minor (part of the present Turkish dominions), A. D. 431, two hundred Bishops being present, and Pope Celestine presiding by his legates, and confirming the Decrees. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, takes a new start, evidenced by the dedication to God of numerous and new churches under her various titles.

The crown of festivals celebrated by the Church, during the ecclesiastical year, in honor of the Blessed Virgin is very beautiful. First comes that of the Immaculate Conception, on December the 8th, to celebrate the sanctification of the tabernacle of God—His Mother. On the 18th, a week before Christmas, her expectation of the coming event is commemorated. Indissolubly united in the Church's mind on the Feast of the Nativity are both the "WORD MADE FLESH" and the Ever-Glorious Virgin, whose combined praises she hymns in her solemn Preface in the Mass. On January the 23d her chaste Espousals are honored; and on the 2d of February, each year, the long procession of worshippers, holding lighted candles, shows honor to the *Porta Cœlestis,* or Heavenly Gate, who bears the King of the New Light—on the beautiful Feast of the Purification. On Friday in Passion Week her Seven Sorrows are remembered, and chiefly the great one, when *"Stabat Mater dolorosa, juxta crucem lacrymosa."* March the 25th is the Day of the Annunciation, when, at the words of the Archangel, followed by her humble assent, the Rod of Jesse blossomed, and the Virgin conceived. Every day, at morning, noon, and night, this event is also commemorated at the tolling of the *Angelus* bell. On the 24th of May she is remembered as the "Help of Christians"; on the 2d of July, her Visitation to St. Elizabeth; and this is followed, on July the 16th, by the commemoration of her under the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; on August the 5th, by the title of the Blessed Virgin *ad Nives,* or of the Snow; and on the 15th of the same month is the Feast of the Assumption. Her Nativity is celebrated on September the 8th; her Holy Name on the Sunday following. There is a more particular commemoration of her Seven Dolors on the third Sunday of September, and on the 24th of that month she is honored as "Our Lady of Mercy." The Sundays of October are dedicated to her: the first to her Rosary, the second to her Maternity, the third to her Purity, and the fourth to her Patronage. On November the 21st her Presentation is honored. This concludes the year's course. Whenever Mass is said she is remembered in the *Confiteor,* in the Creed, and twice in the Canon. She is invoked in the Litany of the Saints as Mother of God and Virgin of virgins.

This list includes all the celebrations of the Blessed Virgin in the Roman Missal, and who shall say they are too many? It having been falsely asserted that the Catholic Church honors God and His Holy Mother equally, and puts the Creator and the creature on a level, we were about to give a list of the feasts, celebrations and prayers in honor of our Divine Lord, to be found in the same Missal, but we soon discovered it would be necessary to copy the whole book! For as *every* prayer ends with Him, as every saint is only honored because he or she is the friend and favorite and

follower of Christ; and as the Blessed Virgin herself derives all her honor from her relation to Him, there is nothing else but "Christ, and Him crucified," in the Missal—a book which it was high treason to possess in England in Queen Elizabeth's reign; a book, one-third or more made up of the very words of Scripture, and which was frequently burnt by those very people who profess such great horror of Bible burning!

The Two Glasses.

THERE sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, wealth, strength, genius, before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed the river and played in the fountain;
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chain'd captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—*The Record (Bathurst).*

The Holy House of Loreto.

It was under the Pontificate of Celestine V, and at a time when Christians had entirely lost possession of the holy places in Palestine, that the little house where the Mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished was transported by angels from Nazareth into Dalmatia, or Sclavonia, to the summit of a little hill called Tersato. The miracles which were every day wrought in the Holy House, the juridical inquiry which deputies from that country went to make at Nazareth itself, to verify the translation into Dalmatia, and, in fine, the universal persuasion of the people who came from all quarters to venerate it, seemed to be incontestable proofs of the truth of the prodigy. God, however, wished to prove it by a fresh event, which might have in some manner the testimony of both Italy and Dalmatia. After three years and seven months, the Holy House was transported across the Adriatic to the territory of Recanati, into a forest belonging to a lady called Loreto; and this event threw the people of Dalmatia into such desolation that they seemed unable to survive their loss. To console themselves, they built on the same spot a church consecrated to the Mother of God, which was afterwards served by Franciscans, and on the door of which they placed this inscription: *Hic est locus in quo fuit sacra domus Nazarena, quæ nunc in Receneti partibus colitur,*—"This is the spot where stood the Holy House of Nazareth, which is now venerated in the territory of Recanati." There were even many inhabitants of Dalmatia who came to Italy to fix their dwelling near the Holy House, and who established the Confraternity of "*Corpus Domini.*"

This new translation made so much noise

in Christendom that there came to Recanati, from almost every part of Europe, an innumerable multitude of pilgrims to honor the house, since called the House of Loreto. To ascertain with greater accuracy the truth of this event, the inhabitants of the province sent, first into Dalmatia, and afterwards to Nazareth, sixteen persons whom they thought best qualified, who made new inquiries on the spot. But God Himself vouchsafed to show the truth of it by twice repeating, in close succession, the prodigy of the translation in the territory of Recanati itself. For at the end of eight months, the forest of Loreto being infested with assassins, who stopped the pilgrims, the house was transported to the distance of a mile, and placed upon a small eminence which belonged to two brothers of the family of Antici: and, last of all, these brothers having taken up arms against each other to divide the offerings of the pilgrims, the house was transferred to a spot at a little distance, and in the middle of the public road, where the city of Loreto has since been built.

The miraculous translation of the Holy House having been incontestably proved, the Sovereign Pontiffs established a feast in memory thereof. We read in the Martyrology for the 10th of December: "At Loreto, in the Picenian territory, the translation of the Holy House of Mary, Mother of God, in which 'the Word was made Flesh.'" And in the 6th Lesson of the Office we find these words, which were added during the Pontificate of Innocent XII: "The house, in which the blessed Mary herself was born, and which was consecrated by the Mystery of the Incarnation, was rescued from the power of the infidels, and transported first into Dalmatia, and afterwards into the land of Loreto, in the Picenian territory, during the Pontificate of St. Celestine V; and it hath now been proved, as well by the Briefs of the Popes and the well-known veneration of the whole world, as by the continual succession of miracles, and the bestowal of celestial favors, to be the very same house in which *the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us.*

"Pope Innocent XII, in order to excite more fervently the minds of the faithful to the veneration of the most high Mother, has ordered the translation of the same Holy House, which was honored by a solemn anniversary throughout the whole Picenian territory, to be celebrated with a proper Mass and Office."

This addition was not made till after the most severe examination by the Congregation of Rites in 1699. The feast, which was first established throughout the whole of Tuscany, was afterwards celebrated by the authority of Benedict XIII in the Roman States, the Republic of Venice, and, in fine, in the whole of the Spanish kingdom, and the Catholic States dependent on it.

Benedict XIV (De festis B. Mariæ Virg., cap. XVI, De festo Translationis sanctæ domûs Lauretanæ,) shows that the truth of this history is supported on the most solid foundations, and proves incontestably that we cannot doubt of it. The principal proofs are the following:

1. The decrees of Paul II, Leo X, Paul III, Paul IV, and Sixtus V.

2. The almost innumerable miracles which have been wrought, and are still wrought, in the Holy Chapel of Loreto. "But as regards the miracles which are daily wrought in that Holy House, and which prove that it is the very same in which the ineffable Mystery of the Incarnation of the Word was accomplished, they are almost innumerable, and constantly going on, and are so well known that it would be useless to relate them." (*Ibid.*)

3. The testimony of the most trustworthy writers, as Canisius, Baronius, Rainaldus, Tursellinus, Turrianus, Benzanius, Angelita, etc., and above all Martorellus, who records in his *Theatrum sanctæ domûs Lauretanæ*, the depositions of witnesses who affirmed at a solemn examination, that they had received from their ancestors the tradition, that they had seen with their own eyes the Holy House carried through the air and placed on the very spot where we now see it.

4. The relation of the three commissioners who were sent by Clement VII to compare the dimensions of the Holy House of Loreto with those of the place where it was before situated, both in Dalmatia and in Galilee, and who found them to agree perfectly.

Do not speak of the faults of others, nor reveal what you know to their discredit, for slanderers are looked upon with distrust: they are both feared and hated by God and man.

A New Tribute to Our Lady.

The Rev. Louis Pfister, S. J., a missionary in China, proposes to offer the Blessed Mother of God a new tribute of filial affection in a work entitled *Ave Maria, sive Maria ab Angelo Variis Linguis Salutata*,—"Hail Mary; or, Mary Saluted by the Angel in Various Languages." The work, as far as completed, gives the *Ave Maria* in as many as three hundred and forty different languages and dialects. The pious author intends this only as a prelude to something greater, by which, as he says himself, he hopes to add "another stone to the majestic edifice erected by the centuries to the honor of the Mother of God." We cannot better explain the aim of this work and the general plan of its execution than by quoting the words of the author. After showing briefly what the Church has done, at all times, to the honor of the Immaculate Virgin and Mother of God, Father Pfister continues:

"But of Mary, *nunquam satis*. Meditating on the words of the Virgin, 'From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed' (Luke, i, 48), I have thought that something could yet be done,—that linguistics, typography, calligraphy, might be all brought under contribution to glorify the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of Divine Wisdom. All nations shall call her blessed; and how? Doubtless by the repetition of the salutation of the Archangel Gabriel, '*Ave Maria.*'

"By publishing in all the languages of the world this prayer, so simple and at the same time so profound, which was brought from heaven to earth, may I not hope that this little stone which I add to the majestic edifice erected by the centuries to the honor of our Mother will not be useless?"

As to the execution of the work, the following is Father Pfister's programme:

"1. The *Ave Maria*, in all the languages and idioms of the world, in the peculiar characters of each. All the languages to be classified according to race, family, etc. The dead languages are not to be forgotten; not only Greek and Latin, but the Samaritan, the Phœnician, Syriac; the language of the Medes (with the cuneiform characters), the Egyptian (hieroglyphics), the Zend, the Pali, the Kali, the Etruscan, the Oscan, the Gothic, the Norse (Runic characters), Mexican, etc., will be included. In all these languages, as well as in those that are spoken at the present day, are to be given successively the modifications in orthography and in the form of the letters of the various periods, countries, and provinces.

"2. It is to be printed in the most beautiful, the most valuable, the most varied types. Each *Ave Maria* will be adorned with large capital letters, illustrations, margins in black or chromo, giving vignettes, ornaments, scenes, that bear upon the customs of the country where the language is spoken."

This work will thus be a masterpiece of art and taste, which, besides honoring the Holy Virgin, will afford an agreeable and useful study to the lovers of language.

The editors of the *Revista Catolica*, Las Vegas, N. M., to whom we are indebted for the foregoing notice of this work, seeing that the Indian languages and dialects of New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, and other parts, are not represented, call upon the missionaries amongst the various tribes to contribute to Father Pfister's praiseworthy undertaking.

Death of a Holy Religious.

REV. MOTHER MARY VINCENT (HAIRE).

The Catholic Review.

On Thursday, March 29th, in the early morning, Rev. Mother Mary Vincent departed this life, in the peace of her Lord and her Spouse. Her death was sudden, but well provided for by long years of sickness, and constant expectation of her Bridegroom's call. The suddenness of the bereavement has left her children desolate, and prostrated by an affliction which no earthly heart can console. Yet, as her Right Rev. Bishop so forcibly said at her funeral Mass, she has left a legacy to her community which is precious above all treasure—the legacy of her saintly life and virtues. Hers was a character of such high and supernatural beauty, that, for the edification of the Church and the glory of Christ, her name should be cherished among the precious fruits of the Holy Ghost, and be ever dear to those who aspire to holiness. To this end alone we present these few facts of her life and religious history. They are not offered in the way of eulogy; for in the presence of Jesus, where her pure soul has gone, no words of human praise are of value. There His glory is all, and in all.

Sister Mary Vincent entered the Convent of the

Sisters of Mercy in Dublin, in obedience to the desire of her heart from her earliest years. She was a novice in this house when, at the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, a foundation was sent to this country and established in New York city. She was chosen to be one of this community, and, recognizing the call of God, she willingly left her home and all its ties, and, under Rev. Mother Mary Agnes, the Superior, became one of the first Sisters of Mercy in New York. She was professed by Bishop Hughes himself, in the old Cathedral of St. Patrick in Mulberry street, on the 27th of April, 1847. It was an occasion of much solemnity, and will be long remembered in the history of the religious order to which she belonged.

From the date of her profession to the 17th of September, 1855, she labored faithfully among the poor and miserable to whom the Sisters ministered, leaving behind her many precious recollections in the city of New York. At the expiration of this period she was appointed Superior of a community established in Brooklyn, at the request and by the authority of the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin. To this community she gave the rest of her life, with one single and pure intention to form her children after the model of the Sacred Heart of her Redeemer. Her convent was first in Jay street, near the Cathedral of St. James, where she began her zealous work in humble patience. In the course of a few years the new convent was built and the new chapel erected at the corner of Classon and Willoughby avenues. Here were spent the closing and most active years of her life; and here stands a monument that will forever perpetuate her memory. Here she has formed souls after the likeness of Christ; here she has sent many of her children before her to the arms of her Spouse; and here she has breathed forth her gentle and loving soul in the precious death of the just. "She rests now from her labors, but her works follow her." She had nearly closed the thirty-sixth year of her religious profession, and had been the first and only Superior of her community for more than twenty-seven years.

It is rare to see in our days a character of such winning holiness and unconscious virtue. In her own soul she lived for God alone, whom she sought in every word and action. The desire to please Him, and be His alone, was the motive of her life. She had a gentle and loving nature, keenly alive to the affection and the sorrows of others; but her heart was given to God, and the love she gave to others was wholly in Him and for Him. This gave her life such a supernatural sweetness, which failed not to attract everyone who came within the circle of her influence. Her trials, both interior and exterior, which are the portion of all who seek union with Christ, only served to brighten and supernaturalize her character and absorb her whole being more perfectly in her Redeemer. If there were any expression more than another which was written on her face and her whole exterior, it was, "Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things." And her last word was Jesus, and her last breath the invocation of the Holy Name of her heavenly Spouse. No one has been near her without feeling the peaceful influence of her saintly life. It is not too much to say that all her confessors and directors have realized this union of her soul with God, and have a sincere veneration for her memory. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn, to whom she was heartily devoted, will join us all in this appreciation of her supernatural virtues. With this high beauty of a soul living and acting for God alone, she professed the greatest humility and the entire absence of self-consciousness. Indeed, she always felt a crushing sense of her nothingness in the sight of God which prevented her from even believing that she had any gift or merit. Her Bridegroom hid Himself from her, and never allowed her to know how much He loved her. In complete prostration before the infinite holiness, she acted out her conviction that the creature was nothing, and the deep of her humility called to the deep of the divine mercy.

She was utterly unselfish, always mindful of the infirmities and wants of others, and always placing herself beneath every one else. The writer, who has known her well for many years, can never remember in her the slightest motion of jealousy, or the least infraction of the law of heavenly charity; but even under a long and painful disease, for many years, she reached the heroic degree of complete conformity to God's will. For years she never knew what it was to be without pain or weakness; many times she was almost at the point of departure, yet never for one moment was the submission of her soul weakened, nor the tranquillity of her heart ruffled. The constant smile upon her peaceful face ever expressed her blessed union with the will of her Lord in all things. Now that she has passed away from us, we who have known her can never forget the light of her bright example. It was as a beacon leading us on to all that was holy, pure, and loving in religion. We shall never cease to thank God that He has given to us in this weary world such a vision of celestial peace. Gentle, but firm; sweet and considerate, but always decided; with the highest views of the sanctity of the religious state: she drew the souls of her children after her to the perfection of their heavenly vocation. She governed her community firmly, but governed by love.

She had always looked for a sudden death, always had spoken of preparing for the sudden coming of her Lord, and realized what it was to meet her Judge. And so, in great mercy, her Bridegroom shortened the moments of her agony

came to her in the early sunrise of the morning, in the days of the Easter joy, and took her speedily to His own arms. We believe that her watching spirit heard the Voice which for years she had loved and obeyed, and that it spoke to her in language like the words of the Canticles: "Arise, make haste, my love, my beautiful one, and come. For winter is now past; the rain is over and gone, and the flowers have appeared in our land." "Pain and sorrow are gone. Come to thine eternal rest."

Her funeral ceremonies were celebrated on the morning of Saturday, March 31st. The Office of the Dead was recited by the priests present in the sanctuary of the convent chapel. Solemn Mass was sung by Rev. Father Taaffe, pastor of St. Patrick's, and the Absolution was pronounced by the Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn, who also most feelingly spoke of the loss the community and the Church had sustained, and urged her afflicted children to persevere in the virtues which she had taught them by example and precept.

Catholic Notes.

The name of "Mother Cary's Chickens," which is now commonly applied by seafaring men to the *Procellaria pelagica*, or stormy petrel, is, like the "Lady's Slipper," etc., a corruption of an old Catholic name, "*Mater Cara*" (Dear Mother), used by sailors in connection with the petrel before the blighting influence of Protestantism was exercised in trifles as in greater matters. One of our Blessed Lady's titles is "Star of the Sea," and on occasions of great danger it was customary in former times —in the ages of faith—to invoke her intercession for deliverance. Many of her older sanctuaries in Europe are hung with *ex-votos*, placed there by mariners who by her intercession were miraculously delivered from shipwreck. The stormy petrel is seen flying in great numbers, even in mid-ocean, at the approach of a storm, and the Italian sailors affectionately attributed its appearance to the kindness of their "Dear Mother" (*Mater Cara*), who wished to forewarn them of the impending danger.

A cable despatch has announced the death of the celebrated author and journalist M. Louis Veuillot. He was born in 1813, and at the early age of 19 entered upon the career of journalism. For nearly forty years, he was editor-in-chief of *L'Univers*, and in this capacity an able and vigorous defender of the doctrines of the Church against the attacks of the infidel press of Europe, and a firm upholder of the rights of the Holy See. Besides his editorial work, Louis Veuillot was the author of many books on different subjects, some of which are of great value and interest. Catholics the world over will pray that he may soon enjoy the eternal reward of his active and laborious life, so largely devoted to the cause of religion.

May he rest in peace!

Though we cannot subscribe to the dictum that the only good Indians are dead ones, we are fully convinced that the only safe hero is a dead hero. Who does not know of men regarding whom public sentiment has been greatly modified since their departure from this world? Some are no longer thought of, and are judged not to be worthy of remembrance; others are now considered not to have been so great or so good as when they lived; while still others—a few—are unanimously accorded a more honored niche in the temple of Fame than they occupied while living. "Truth is mighty, and must prevail." In most cases, the inner history of men's lives is revealed only after death. Those who distinguished themselves for glorious achievements during life, and are found to have invariably employed honorable means, who were uniformly sincere and upright in all their dealings, will live in the hearts of future generations; while the counterfeit renown of those whose ways and means are proved to have been dishonorable will keep on decreasing in lustre till it has vanished altogether.

Before making a hero of any man it would be well to wait till judgment has been passed on him by a higher tribunal; till sealed lips can be opened to speak what it was thought charitable not to reveal during his life, in the hope that he would mend ways that a few knew to be discreditable. We ought to know what were the mainsprings of our hero's life, and whether he did not ascend to fame by using other men as stepping-stones, appropriating their dues while ignoring their efforts. Finally, the worth of a man's achievements can sometimes be judged only by their stability. It is easy to understand how one can be successful, from a worldly point of view, if favorably circumstanced in life, and surrounded by energetic and efficient co-laborers who care little for notoriety themselves. But if what was accomplished falls to decay after the ruling spirit has depared, judgment will be severe on the foundations of the work and on him who laid them.

These thoughts occurred to us in connection with a request to give some one "a grand send off" —a person we do not know, or know much of. We are for dead heroes, and heroes long dead. Indiscriminate praise is as senseless as it is harmful.

On the 17th of April, 1754, Mass was celebrated for the first time on the spot where the city of Pittsburgh now stands and in all Southwestern Pennsylvania. The celebrant was the Rev. Denis Baron Recollect, Chaplain of the French troops, then quartered at Fort Duquesne, which was piously dedicated to our Lady under the title of "The

Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River." It was her first shrine in the wilderness.

The anniversary of this solemn event was duly celebrated at the Church of St. Mary of Mercy, situated on the historical ground. The exercises of the occasion were inaugurated with a *triduum*, each evening of which there were an appropriate sermon and special devotions. The opening discourse was by the Rev. Father Lambing, the worthy pastor of St. Mary's, who spoke on the custom and spirit of the Church in keeping anniversaries. On the anniversary proper, Masses were celebrated at 6 30 and 8 o'clock, followed by Solemn High Mass at 10, during which a sermon on the event of the day was preached by the Rev. M. M. Sheedy, of Cannelton.

The family of St. Benedict Labre was truly of those described by St. Ambrose, "who transmit, as if in heritage, the ancientry of unspotted virtue," and in which sacerdotal vocations blossom on every branch. Besides two brothers, his great uncle, James Joseph Hazembergue, was parish priest of St. Nicholas; his uncle, Francis Joseph Labre, was parish priest of Erin; and amongst his mother's brothers were numbered four priests of the name of Vincent, one a Carmelite—Father Vincent of St. Anthony; a second, who died parish priest of Œsef; a third, who died in exile, after having long served the parish of Ferfay and become dean of a chapter of the diocese of Cambray; the fourth, who gave hospitality to St. Benedict Labre in his presbytery of Conteville, after the death of the parish priest of Erin, became the saintly parish priest of Lespesses, and died in Middelbourg, in 1794. Thus amongst the nearest relatives of the Saint we have a garland of eight priests, all faithful in the evil days of the Revolution, as indeed were all the members of his family, without a single exception.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* publishes the following remarkable statement, on the authority of the Rev. Father Maria Antonio:

"A third extraordinary thing has lately happened; the Archbishop of Spoleto informed me of it during the visit which I had the honor to pay him, and I went at once to visit the spot and gather testimony for myself. At about two leagues from Spoleto is the parish church of Castello, annexed to which is a small chapel called 'The White.' The principal dwelling in the vicinity belongs to the Deputy Fratellini; in one portion of which, at the corner of the square, is a small workshop on the ground floor. About a month ago they told me that all of a sudden flames and sparks were seen issuing from the walls about the workshop to the height of six feet. Being daylight, and the sun shining upon the wall, every one remarked it, but still did not pay much attention to it. Two weeks later the same thing happened at exactly the same hour; still no one minded it more than before. Finally the same thing happened a third time, under extraordinary circumstances. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and took place seven times in succession; and, as the the sun was near setting, the flames and sparks appeared more brilliant, and of different colors—white, green, red,—and arose as high as the roof. All the spectators, and they were numerous—the Deputy Fratellini among them—were wonder-struck. They agreed to wait till the next morning to break down the wall and search for the cause of such a strange phenomenon. At eight o'clock next day a mason was summoned, who, striking with his hammer the place whence the flames had issued, soon discovered an empty space in the wall, and within it, wrapped in a chalice veil, a splendid painting on canvas representing our Saviour on the Cross, with the Blessed Virgin on one side, and St. John on the other, and the following words written in Italian: 'This miraculous image, which was formerly the property of the Orsini family, and in honor of which a church was to have been erected, was placed here in 1793 for safe keeping.' I saw the miraculous image; the expression of the countenance is admirable, and appears to be of the 6th century. In venerating it, I experienced that deep emotion which comes from contact with supernatural things. It is now in the house of Deputy Fratellini. The Archbishop of Spoleto has visited the spot in person, and is now inquiring into the affair."

On the second Sunday of the month the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne dedicated St. Hedwige's Church, South Bend, Ind., and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of four hundred candidates. This church, which is a spacious and substantial structure, was erected by the Polish congregation, ministered to by the Rev. Fathers Czyzewski and M. Lauth, C. S. C. In the afternoon of the same day, Confirmation was administered in St Patrick's Church, South Bend, and Assumption Church, Lowell; his Lordship also preached on both occasions. On Monday he celebrated Mass in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Notre Dame, and elevated the Rev. Thomas McNamara, C. S. C., to the priesthood. The students of the University assisted at the solemn and specially beautiful function, which made a deep impression on all, particularly on those who participated. The rite of ordination is among the most beautiful ceremonies of the Church, and, when well carried out, is sure to edify every beholder, and inspire a deep sense of the dignity of the priesthood and increased veneration for the episcopate.

We take this occasion to wish the indefatigable Bishop of Fort Wayne, who will soon take passage for Europe to pay his decennial visit to the Holy Father, a pleasant voyage across the ocean.

An impostor, calling himself "Brother John, of the Order of the Holy Cross," is now travelling through Missouri collecting money ostensibly for the orphan asylum at Lafayette, Ind. He is de-

scribed as a man seemingly about fifty years of age, five feet six inches in height, wearing black clothes and the Roman collar. "Brother John" should be arrested for obtaining money under false pretences.

We commend to the charitable prayers of our readers the following clergymen lately deceased: the Rev. Father McEvoy, of Harrison, N. Y.; and the Rev. Father Regnier, S. J., of St. Xavier's College, New York city.

New Publications.

THE CHAIR OF PETER; OR, THE PAPACY. Considered in its Institution, Development and Organization, and in the Benefits which for over Eighteen Centuries it has Conferred on Mankind. By John Nicholas Murphy, Author of "Terra Incognita." London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

Macaulay in his review of Ranke's "History of the Popes" gives a glowing description of the grandeur and stability of the Papacy. And indeed, even to a superficial observer, the permanence of the Popedom must ever appear a striking, startling fact, not easily accounted for except on the theory of its divine origin. Since its foundation, empires have fallen, dynasties perished, nations have passed away; and amid these vicissitudes, changeless and unchanging stand the Church and its head.

In this nineteenth century, dark days have come to the See of Peter: Pius IX was robbed of his kingdom by the *galantuomo*, Victor Emanuel; and Leo XIII, if not physically, yet morally, is a prisoner in the Vatican. But the Papacy has weathered fiercer gales, and in God's own good time the sun of justice will shine forth, and the successor of St. Peter will take his place as ruler of the Eternal City, the appointed guardian of religion and morality—the only safeguards of kings and peoples.

To the historian, fascinating and deeply interesting is the study of the Papacy—aye, and necessary too, if he wish to have a clear insight into and a firm grasp of the principle and growth of modern civilization. Need we say how much more interesting and necessary is this study for Catholics? In our American schools every child is taught something of the Constitution and Government of his country; of that Government which is nearer and dearer still to us, little is known. The history of Athens and pagan Rome, the records of the princes and potentates of Europe are read and studied; the history of the noblest and most unselfish dynasty, of the grandest and most beneficent empire, is neglected and unread. But the question of the Papacy will ere long *demand* the attention of every earnest and religious mind, for from it alone can come safety from the flood of infidelity and Communism and Nihilism which threatens to engulf the world.

It is, then, with pleasure we welcome a book on the subject of the Papacy from the pen of Mr. Murphy, already known to English readers by his charming book, "Terra Incognita." "The Chair of Peter" is eminently a readable book, and is written in an unadorned, straightforward, clear style. In the compass of 500 pages, the Papal Question is of necessity briefly, but still comprehensively and clearly, treated. There are no wild statements, no rhetorical exaggerations, no demands on our belief; facts are attested by witnesses, and assertions borne out by proofs. It would be difficult to praise the work too highly.

The key of the whole question is the Primacy of Peter. Once this is admitted, the rest follows as a matter of course. In chapters II and III the Scriptural and patristic proofs are given. With regard to the first, nothing need be said: Christ's declaration to St. Peter is as familiar as household words to every Catholic; of the last it will suffice to say that from the testimony of the Fathers—from Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, down to St. Bernard—Mr. Murphy has woven a strand of proof flawless and unbreakable. Aiding and supplementing these two chapters is one on the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. Under this head alone, proof enough is given to satisfy any honest and logical mind that the Pope's claim to be Supreme Pastor has been known and admitted from the earliest days down to our own, in exactly the same form and sense.

In four chapters, models of clear arrangement, the origin and growth of the Temporal Power are traced. The humane and glorious part played by the Popes, who defended the Romans against invaders like Attila, Genseric, the Heruli and Odoacer, when the Roman Emperors of the East shrank from the contest, is well depicted. It is made evident that the Pope's position as ruler was the outcome of natural causes—was the will of the people; and that Pepin and Charlemagne only confirmed to the Popes what was, practically, already theirs.

The great schisms, the Greek and the Western, their causes and results, are, as far as the scope of the work allows, thoroughly treated. Chapters are given to the relations between the Papacy and the Councils, between the Papacy and the Kings and Emperors of Europe; and the great obligations liberty and civilization lie under to the Pontiffs are clearly pointed out and proved. One chapter especially we recommend to our readers—"Benefits Conferred by the Papacy on Mankind."

The book is gotten up by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London. It is a pleasure to read it: the paper is good, and the printing perfect.

Youth's Department.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Alonso had fully recovered his health, his heart burned with such a longing to see Fernando that he determined, despite his age, to go to Bohemia. He set out on his journey without delay, Father Antonio, under the title of chaplain, accompanying him. Alonso succeeded in obtaining from Count Gallas a letter to Fernando, with the simple statement that the bearer was a grandee of Spain, visiting Bohemia, and requesting his steward to receive him and his travelling companion, and give them hospitality in the castle, according to their rank, as long as they desired to remain.

Alonso had many difficulties to contend with in the rough and almost roadless journey over the woody mountains of Bohemia. When, finally, he had just arrived in his coach, after a laborious ascent, at the top of a wooded mountain, he saw, through an opening in the forest in the blue distance, the old castle where Fernando dwelt, rising with its stately battlements and high towers from the bosom of a broad, fruitful valley.

"Oh, Antonio!" exclaimed Alonso to his companion; "there is an uneasy sensation at my heart! If Fernando suspects what I once designed against him, will not his love be turned into burning hatred for me? He will regard me as a monster. Alas! how terrible that an old man should present himself before a young man, an uncle before his nephew, as an object of vengeance!"

"Be easy," answered Antonio; "Fernando has certainly no idea that you ever had such intentions towards him. He throws all the blame on the craziness of the lute-player, whom he surely will not recognize in me. However, we will first find out what he knows of the whole transaction; and we will only tell so much as is necessary for him to know. You will see how to manage this."

"You are right," said Alonso. "And in this way we can best arrive at the full certainty as to whether the one who lives in this castle really be the Fernando we are seeking. I have become mistrustful towards people: I fear lest this young man may be some other Spaniard, and that, if he should discover what brilliant prospects await Fernando, he might give himself out for him, and thus easily lead us into error."

"You need not trouble yourself," interposed Father Antonio; "you will be certain to find the right Fernando, and be perfectly convinced that it is he."

They drove down into the valley and came to a village consisting of low-sized houses, all frame, and covered with shingles instead of tiles. There they left the coach and proceeded on foot to the castle, a half-hour's walk distant. Alonso concealed his costly apparel under a dark-colored overall. Father Antonio was dressed in the habit of his Order, with a long staff in his hand, and his breviary under his arm.

Soon they arrived at the castle garden, which was surrounded by a wall. The heavy iron gate, resplendent with ornaments and displaying a gilded coat-of-arms, was not closed. They entered forthwith, and found themselves in a vaulted, shady walk, which led to a beautiful green plot covered with numerous fruit-trees; and here a lovely sight greeted their eyes. One of the nearest trees —a young cherry—hung full of uncommonly large, beautiful, red cherries. A blooming boy, about seven years old, stood on a little ladder, picking cherries and throwing them to his younger sister, a girl of five, who held her apron to receive them. A lively little fellow of six was smilingly arranging the cherries his sister handed him in a small, ornamented basket. The three children were very joyous at their rural occupation, but ceased to speak as soon as they perceived the strangers. The two boys ran up to the Franciscan, kissed his hand, according to the custom of the country, and bowed to the other gentleman. But the little girl remained shyly at a distance.

"The gentlemen have come to see our garden," said Charles, the elder boy. "Brother, show them the garden, while I go to look for papa and tell him they are here." And away he ran to the house.

The younger boy and his little sister approached nearer, and accompanied the gentlemen. "You see in this circle of fruit-trees," explained the little fellow, "a stone statue named Pomona; she is holding out a little basket of stone fruits to us, as if she wanted to give them to us; but I like better the cherries, apples and pears that grow on our trees."

"Oh!" said little Bertha, "I will show you a prettier one than that. Come with me, please. See that stone lady with the basket of flowers, in the middle of the big, round flower-bed; that's Flora. Most of the time her stone cheeks look pale, but the evening sun makes 'em right red and pretty."

"Now," said the boy, "you must see something else very fine! Come with me through this alley, please. See there, in the middle of the garden, the big water-man, blowing the water out of a horn high in the air; at his feet is a pair of curious fish, spurting water out o' their noses. But just look below in the basin; there are live fishes—the prettiest kind—swimming about. The strange gentlemen and ladies that come to our garden say that's the prettiest thing in the whole garden. But," continued the boy, "you must see the great round place, strewed with sand, with a high green arbor all around. This way, please, gentlemen. The trees in the tubs bear precious fruits called citrons and oranges. The fruit is yet very small and green, but when it is ripe it becomes of a beautiful color: the citrons like pale gold, and the oranges red gold. Nobody else about here has such trees. In the winter we have to put 'em in that house with the glass windows, to keep 'em from freezing."

"I come from a distant country," said Don Alonso, smiling, "where there are whole forests of citron and orange-trees, standing out in the weather the whole year—the majority of the months, even, bearing silver-white flowers and golden fruits. The rosemary, of which I perceive a little sprig amongst the beautiful flowers, is so plentiful and grows so high and strong with us that bundles are made of the wood to serve for heating purposes."

"That must be a glorious country," exclaimed the little one,—"much more beautiful than our land, which, however, pleases me very well."

"Now," said Alonso, as he sat down on one of the stone benches, "come here, dear child, and tell me: would you like to go to that beautiful country?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the boy, smiling sweetly. "If father and mother, Charley and Bertha come, I will joyfully go there."

Alonso kissed the boy tenderly, set him on his knee, put back his straggling dark locks, and said to Father Antonio, in Spanish: "Just see, Antonio, what a fine boy! How kindly and confidingly he looks at me with his bright, black eyes! Truly, his looks do not belie his Spanish origin. Now," said Alonso to the boy, in German, "little one, tell me, what is your name?"

"I am called after my father; my name is Fernando."

"Ah!" exclaimed Alonso, in his mother-tongue, as he glanced at Antonio: "the boy not only has his father's name—he is the very image of him. Just such a lovely boy was his father at his age. It seems to me I see himself. Oh, what a monster I was that I could be so cruel to such an innocent, amiable child! How a man's passions can turn his reason to madness and extinguish every noble sentiment in his heart! I would not believe it if I myself had not experienced it; nay, even now it is incomprehensible to me how I could have been so wicked."

"We cannot," replied Antonio, "be too much on our guard against our passions; we have daily need to beg assistance from above that we may conquer them. Oh, when I think how much more cruel I was than you against such a child, I shudder at the malice concealed in the human heart, and I tremble for very fear of myself."

The boy did not, of course, understand these words, all spoken in Spanish; but he thought he knew what made the two strangers become so grave all of a sudden. "I surely have not said anything wrong, that the gentlemen look so displeased, have I? If I have offended you, I ask pardon; for father says we should never speak an unkind word to anyone."

Whilst he was thus speaking, little Bertha came running up, holding a bunch of flowers in each hand. "See," she cried, "we've got in our garden Spanish flowers, too, which couldn't be prettier in Spain itself—the Spanish lupines. Smell them, please,—how sweet they are!"

She then gave one bunch to Antonio and the other to Alonso.

"That is right of you, dear Bertha," said the boy, "to give the gentlemen these flowers. We never let anybody go—do we?—without giving him some fruit or some flowers from the garden. That reminds me of something I forgot while we were talking of beautiful Spain. I'll be back directly."

Saying this he jumped down from Alonso's knees, ran off and brought the basket of fine red cherries which he had left under the tree. "Here, gentlemen," said he, "is a little refreshment for you. Please eat cherries till papa comes."

Deeply interested in the two amiable children, and charmed by their goodness of heart, Don Alonso forgot his sorrowful thoughts and became cheerful again. "O Antonio!" said he, "how friendly and good-hearted, how joyful and free from sorrow are these lovely children! Thus were we once, and would yet be, if, like them, we had remained innocent."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The Coliseum.

BY OCTAVIA LE VERT.

AT the end of a soft and balmy day of spring, we first entered the Coliseum. Its immensity and desolation were overpowering. The lips absolutely refused to frame into words the emotions inspired by this grandest of ruins. So, to escape questions from our party concerning the impression made upon my mind, I stole away from them, and, climbing up a mass of stone, I found a little nook, where I seated myself, and, free from interruption, gazed upon the wondrous extent of the majestic Coliseum. It is of oval form, and, when perfect, the walls were one hundred and fifty feet in height. Now, the lofty rim around it is broken in all directions. The deep blue sky seemed to rest like a roof above the arches, which rose up tier over tier to the summit, where once floated an awning as protection from the mid-day sun. It is built of travertine rock, whose coarse grain and porous texture afford a safe lodgment for grains of dust. These soon become soil, whence spring myriads of flowers, and tufted bushes of dark green foliage. Nature appeared to have seized the ruin from decay, and hidden the ravages of the destroyer beneath a mantle of verdûre, sprinkled with glowing blossoms, belonging to a flora unknown elsewhere save in ancient Rome. There were delicate vines clinging around enormous prostrate columns, while long tendrils, like garlands, were waving in the air. Along a terrace, which encircled the arena, were still visible ranges of boxes, intended for the emperors and nobles. This was covered as though with a carpet, so various and brilliant-hued were the flowers growing upon it. Far up along the edge of the broken battlements was a fringe of green and shining ivy.

The Coliseum was commenced by Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus in the year A. D. 80, a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Twelve thousand captive Jews were compelled to labor incessantly in its construction; and when it was completed, for one hundred days gladiatorial combats were held within it, and thousands of Christians were torn to pieces by the wild tigers, lions, and leopards. During four hundred years the Coliseum was devoted to these fearful games, where gladiators met, or where savage beasts buried their claws in the quivering flesh of human beings. Seas of blood have washed over the broad arena, and myriads of martyrs to the Faith of our holy Redeemer have yielded up their souls to God within those circling walls.

In the reign of Honorius these frightful combats were abolished. The Coliseum remained perfect for many centuries, until it became a kind of quarry of stone and marble with which many great palaces were built up.

It is said that the nephew of Paul the Third asked permission to remove stone for only twelve hours. This being granted to him by his uncle, he employed four thousand men, who assailed the walls, and bore away sufficient material to build the Farnese Palace, one of the largest in Europe.

Pope Benedict, in 1750, caused a cross to be erected in the centre of the arena, and consecrated it to the martyrs who had perished within it.

INNOCENCE is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again though watered with tears.

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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A True Friend.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

IN the warm, delicious heyday
Of a summer-tide Success,
When the world is full of music,
Full of light and loveliness;
When the host of hearts around thee,
Gaily share thy pomp and pride,—
Ah! it is not *then*, my dear one,
I would joy to seek thy side:
Not then, not then, my fair one,
I would fain with thee abide!

II.

But when clouds obscure the azure,
(In the autumn of the heart),
When the fickle friends of Pleasure
With the birds and flowers depart;
When, alone, perchance dishonored,
Thou art left to misery,—
Ah! 'tis then, 'tis *then*, belovéd,
I would fly to comfort thee:
'Mid the false, for aye, devoted,
Unto death, I'd cleave to thee!

Why are the Italians Now among the Bitterest Enemies of the Church?

BY ARTHUR.

ITALY presents to the world to-day the anomalous spectacle of a people once profoundly Catholic—who made the most heroic sacrifices for the Church, who poured out their blood without stint in defence of the Church, whose history furnishes us with innumerable and most glorious examples of Christian holiness in the heroic degree—now arrayed as a nation against the very Church that saved them from the general wreck when the Roman Empire tottered and fell, that pacified the barbaric hordes of the North who threatened the annihilation of the Latins, and that fostered letters and arts to such a degree that, as early as the fourteenth century, Italy was the teacher of Europe. Well may Catholic and Protestant alike ask in amazement, why a people, who for long centuries have been the happy beneficiaries of the Church's best, tenderest, and civilizing influences, and of the personal love—with all that such a great love implies—of every individual Pontiff, from St. Peter himself down to Leo XIII, are now in rebellion against her and her divinely constituted Vicar? Italy, with her thousands of magnificent temples, from the Alps to the lowermost sea-lapped cape of Sicily, and, thwartwise, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, is one enormous temple herself, for every foot of ground is teeming with sacred interest. And, yet, to-day she seems to be

"Making good the saying odd,
That nearest the Church is farthest from God."

It is hardly necessary to recapitulate the iniquities perpetrated in the outset by the Sardinian Government. How, with Giuseppe Mazzini as the thinking and agitating spirit; Camillo Cavour as the practical plotter; Garibaldi as the real tool, albeit in appearance an independent rebel; and Victor Emanuel, first as conniver, then as aider and abettor—the Piedmontese absorbed the Duchies of Parma and Modena, then seized the Papal provinces of the Romagna and the Marches of Ancona, anon the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, later the Kingdom of Naples and the Two Sicilies, and, last of all, Rome itself, is a matter of history.

The annexation of the Eternal City, with the enforced retirement of the Pontiff in the Vatican, which it entailed, were evil sufficient, not for the day alone, but for many succeeding generations. But the revolutionary spirit found no rest in Rome. The *hic optime manebimus,*—"here we shall remain comfortably,"—a phrase attributed to Victor Emanuel—was soon signalized by acts of relentless cruelty towards the Church, and by the promulgation of laws that revived the memory of the odious Draco himself. The laws of the Papal Guarantees were a gross insult, heaped upon the injury already inflicted upon the Pope. The complete secularization of the schools was an outrage to the religious traditions of the Romans. The suppression of the religious orders, and the confiscation of their estates, were at once sacrilegious and unjust. Even lately, a decree of the courts has been placed on the statutes, in effect, that, not only is the Vatican not the property of the Church, but that the interior of the Sacred Palace is within the jurisdiction of the common law; and this in the face of the declaration of Victor Emanuel—in a letter to Pius IX of holy memory, dated September the 8th, 1870—that "the government of the king is firm in establishing the guarantees necessary to the spiritual independence of the Holy See, and in giving the assurance that the Head of Catholicity will have on the banks of the Tiber a seat, honored, and independent of every human sovereignty." This declaration was afterwards supplemented and made a law (!) by the promulgation of the famous Papal Guarantees.

The foregoing is a summarizing chapter of iniquities, which might be developed into numerous other chapters of harrowing and revolting details. To all this, add the uncontrolled license—to style it liberty would be a sacrilegious misnomer—of an infidel and ribald press, that vomits forth daily insults against religion, its ministers, its pious votaries, its dogmas and ritual, and against the Sovereign Pontiff, whose person the already alleged Guarantees declared "sacred and inviolable"; nay more, superadd the phrenetic excesses of the mobs that, on the slightest pretexts, and with the connivance—not unfrequently with the approval—of the authorities, blaspheme what they *know,*—and in this particular they out-Hebrew the Hebrews of old—and hesitate not to lay violent hands upon persons, and things consecrated to God. Did ever civilized city witness a more shameful outrage than that perpetrated upon the venerable remains of Pope Pius IX during their removal from St. Peter's to their final resting-place in the Basilica of San Lorenzo outside the walls? Though it is the professed mania with the liberated Italians to resuscitate the memory and glories of ancient Pagan Rome, they went far beyond the infamy of the unregenerate ancients in this outrage. With the old Romans, reverence for the dead was an integral part of their noted piety for the gods; their maxim, in thought, word and act being, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

Why, I ask again, this pandemonium of infamy among a people of profoundly Catholic instincts? Before taking up the question directly at issue, let me state that there are in Italy 27,000,000 Catholics, and it is safe to assert that nineteen-twentieths of these are misruled, misled, and so ruthlessly outraged in their religious feelings by the remaining fraction of anarchists, that they are timid of standing up boldly and giving a reason for the faith that is in them.

In order to give a categorical answer to the question proposed above, let us go back to first principles. Many superficial readers of history conclude that the prime cause of the French Revolution—to which, let me remark, one may trace, directly or indirectly, every subsequent revolt against order and authority on the Continent down to our own day—was the corruption of the Court of Louis XIV. That was the immediate, not the primeval, cause. This last dates back to Luther's time, when the standard of revolt was raised against the authority of the Church. That this standard became victorious in Germany and England, was not due to an honest and legitimate longing for reform, but to the fact that the leaders of the so-called reform, with great astuteness, gave the difficulty between Catholic Rome and Catholic Germany and England a political coloring, representing it as a national, political struggle against the alleged political pretensions of Papal Rome. How the spirit of revolt found its way into France is thus described by an able writer of our own day: "The present movement of transition began on the part of the Latin-Celtic nations in the last century among the French people, who, of all these nations, stand geographically the nearest to, and whose

blood is most mingled with, that of the Saxons. That transition began in violence, because it was provoked to a premature birth by the circumstance, that the control exercised by the Church as the natural moderator of the Christian Republic of Europe was set aside by Protestantism, particularly so in France, in consequence of a diluted dose of the same Protestantism under the name of Gallicanism. Exempt from this salutary control, kings and the aristocracy oppressed the people at their own will and pleasure; and the people, in turn, wildly rose up in their might, and cut off, at *their* own will and pleasure, the heads of the kings and aristocrats. Louis XIV, in his pride, said, 'L'Etat c'est *moi!*' the people replied, in their passion, 'L'Etat c'est *nous!*'" The tragic end of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and the horrors that followed, proved that the people were terribly in earnest.

Whether or not the spirit of the French Revolution crossed the Alps and descended upon Italy with Bonaparte, is immaterial to our question. The spirit got into Italy, assumably on the geographical principle quoted above, helped not a little on its journey by the sympathy of one common race. Emissaries of the French Masonic lodges began their propaganda in Italy, and so efficiently did they work that before two years had elapsed Sardinia was worm-eaten to the core with secret societies, the main object of which was an Italian Republic, with the destruction of existing institutions, both religious and political. Napoleon, in the mean time, gave them some practical suggestions on suppressing religious orders, confiscating church property, and disposing of refractory Pontiffs. A breach was made in the wall of filial reverence for Mother Church and the Sovereign Pontiff, which was never after closed up. The first Republic of Italy was but a meteor, just like him whose light went out at Waterloo. Order was restored in Italy only in appearance; and the revolutionary tares throve apace, in the shape of the secret societies that had been established throughout the length and breadth of the land. Giuseppe Mazzini appeared upon the scene. A no indifferent scholar, a profound thinker, a shrewd judge of the emotional, touch-and-go character of the Italian people, and, above all, a clever organizer, he began to preach to the Italians. His political sermons were marvellously short, equally electric in effect. The burden of every one of them was, "Agitate, agitate; show the people their strength!" And they did agitate so vigorously, that the revolutionary fever spread through the northern duchies, the Romagna with the Marches, into the Roman province, aye, into the very Vatican itself. And mark how the spirit which moved Luther in Germany, and proved successful, was the same that raised Italy in revolt against the Church, though with less nominal success. It was given out, and boldly preached from the housetops, that the Papacy was the sworn enemy of the legitimate desire of the Italians for national unity. When patriotism is thrown into the balance against religion, religion is sure to be tilted, at least in our day. Witness the proof of this. The patriots were few, it is true; but what they lacked in numbers they made up in audacity. Through their press, through meretricious literature and vile prints, they carried out to the letter the principle of Voltaire in their war against religion—"Calumniate, calumniate; something is sure to be believed!" Thus the rising generation of Italians was inoculated with the belief that the Papacy, with its ministers, was the enemy, not only of political independence and progress, but also of morality! Hence a contempt of religion, hence also immorality.

The numberless staunch Catholics of Italy who were horrified at the excesses of the extreme, radical party, were regaled with such declarations of respect for the Church and her head as that quoted above; viz.: that the Government, while striving for political unity, never lost sight of the august character of religion and of the venerable incumbent in the Vatican; that the "Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion shall be the religion of the State"; that "the absolute personal independence of the Pontiff shall be assured," and what not. There are actually many well-meaning Catholics in Italy who marvel because the Pope does not accept the Law of the Guarantees, and come to a *modus vivendi* with the King of Italy!

Of compulsory civil marriage—another outcome of the Revolution in Italy—I will say little. It robs marriage of its sacramental character, and invests it with no other bond than that of any civil contract, which can be rescinded by the same power that ratified it. Hence, the gates are open to divorce. Parliament

was recently consistent with its principles when it enacted the divorce law. The effects of divorce on morality are too well known in America to need recapitulation.

Another nursery of enemies to the Church in Italy is the army. I waive, for the nonce, the consideration of how the existence of a standing army is at cross-purposes with the politico-economical and social welfare of a people. I will simply enunciate the proposition that the Italian army—almost to a man—is an enemy of the Church. First of all, the chaplaincies have been abolished; then, the officers are mostly Masons. The sight of an Italian officer assisting at Mass would be a far greater surprise to the natives than was the appearance of Saul among the prophets. The rank and file of the army are filled with young men who are conscripted into the service at an age (19) when their character, for good or bad, is beginning to form. Mars, at his best, is but a poor promoter of religion. In the Italian army one must, first of all, be a patriot. I think I have given a sufficiently adequate description of the Italian patriot to show that he is not the friend of the Church, for he is not with her. "He that is not with Me is against Me." After three or four years of military service, during which time he has gotten his patriotism, with his tactics, by heart, not to mention a few vices which modern civilization terms "gentlemanly," he returns to his home—if in the city—to help the support of *cafés* and the liberal institutions; if in the country—ah! he is a dangerous acquisition among the rural pastures that once knew him as a child of God!

Of the schools and universities that have been completely secularized—that is to say, in which religion is scouted as the figment of lazy priests, and materialism and atheism boldly proclaimed—in profound sorrow, I say nothing.

The reader will doubtless understand now why it is that the Italians who have lived for nearly two thousand years in the beneficent warmth and light of the Church are among her bitterest enemies to-day.

But let us not conclude that the future of Italy is hopeless. Her truest and most steadfast patriot is also the Vicar of Jesus Christ; and the Church of which he is the head will, in the good time of God, again save Italy as she did of old. It is a glorious and significant fact that, notwithstanding the tempting inducements held out by the Revolution to apostasy and defection from priestly vows, very few of the vast army of Italian priests have fallen; and "they went out from us, because they were not of us."

Good Deeds.

BY E. J. E.

EARTH has no honors that can long endure,—
Death levels all with fingers cold but sure.
When from its prison God doth call the soul,
All earth's gay pleasures vanish—backward roll;
Riches are lost, and honors fade away—
Die, and leave nothing but their own decay.
E'en though an honored name we leave behind,
God heeds it not:—good deeds alone can find
At His great throne the mercy that we crave.
Naught else can aid us then, naught else can save.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, TROY.

Memories.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

THE STORY OF CLEO'S CHILD.

(CONTINUED.)

The woman's house was only a few blocks away, in the neighborhood of a ship-builder's yard,—a small, two-story frame building, with a wide, projecting window below, now closely shuttered. There was a large white sign-board over the door, on which was painted, in black letters of conspicuous size, the name "PATRICK MCCOY"; and under that, in smaller characters, "Carry'd on by his Widdy."

So now we know that she who found the child was the widow of Patrick McCoy, and sole proprietor of the small shop, where bacon, soap, herrings, candles, meal, and all such necessaries as working people daily need, were kept. She did a thriving business in a small, safe way, and was neither grudging in her charities nor a "skinflint" in her bargains.

Widow McCoy took the key out of her bosom, unlocked the door and went in, locking it after her. The house was warm, and there was a great mixture of smells from the shop,—soap, tallow and herrings predominating. She set her basket of eggs on a kit of mackerel,

and, going back into another room, gently lowered the little girl out of her arms on a small rickety sofa. She then proceeded to light the lamp, and rekindle the fire with a few pine knots and some fresh coal. When everything was alight, she turned towards the sofa and, to her surprise, saw that her little guest was awake and sitting straight up, watching her every movement with wondering eyes. The widow, struck by her strange loveliness, drew her breath, crossed herself, and wondered 'if she was a sthray angel she had brought home, or a child that the "good people" * had been thryin' to intice away from her mother.' But she was convinced in the next second that her waif was altogether human, by her saying, in a sweetly imperious way: "I wants sumfin to eat: I's hundry."

"An' surely you must be, my darlin'; an' there's nothin' you'll be after wantin' that I won't git for you," was Mrs. McCoy's smiling answer; and then she produced from her own private closet bread and butter and milk, ginger-cakes and treacle, setting them in order on her small round tea-table; and, taking the child on her lap, she fed her, and let her eat until she could eat no more, and, by way of dessert, gave her a lump of taffy to suck, which smeared her face and stuck to her fingers. She told her little scraps of fairy lore, and sung, with many quavers and demi-semiquavers, pretty, lilting Irish songs, until the great blue eyes grew heavy with sleep, and the tired head, with its tangle of golden hair, dropped against her motherly breast; then, still singing like a thrush, she unfastened the child's clothes, and as she slipped them off one by one she noticed their fine texture and costly embroideries. Having got thus far, she pulled open a drawer and took out one of her own snow-white short gowns and a ruffled nightcap, in which she arrayed the round, dimpled, rosy form and covered up the shining hair, the wide white ruffle of the cap standing out around her face like a grotesque aureole. How soundly she slept through her metamorphosis!—so soundly that Mrs. McCoy was afraid to wipe the smears of molasses and the grime of the street-dust and tears from her face lest she should awake frightened. "It won't hurt her at all: she wants shleep more 'n water, an' it's a good wash I'll give her airly in the mornin'," she said. Then she carried her up-stairs and laid her in her own tidy bed, the street-lamp in front of the house lighting up the room. While drawing the bedclothes up lightly around her, thinking how sweetly she slept, and whispering, "The angels of God be about ye, poor sthray lamb," Mrs. McCoy saw the child's eyes suddenly open with a wide stare, while her face grew deathly white, and a quick gasp escaped her pale lips. Mrs. McCoy fell on her knees, frightened nearly to death, and said a "Hail Mary" in Irish, that being the language of her soft heart. She thought the child was dying or dead; but while still gazing on her in that fascination of terror which fixes the eye against the will on the object of alarm, the white lids slowly drooped and closed, and the color and glow of life stole back into her face; there was a trembling sigh, then, after a few quick starts, a deep slumber stole over her.

"Glory to God, but she gave me a turn! It was the could an' the dark sthreets an' the tiredness that made her faint away like; an' no wondher. In the mornin' she'll be rested, an' as merry as a cricket; thin she'll talk, an' if I don't git out of her who she b'longs to, the devil's in 't."

The Widow McCoy made a resolve not to go to bed, but take naps between whiles in her big rush-bottomed arm-chair, for fear the child would have another turn, or awake and be frightened at finding herself in a strange place. "It will be a good chance for some Hail Maries an' Our Fathers on my rosary that I git but sildom, for I'm so busy all day, an' that tired out whin night comes that I do jest nod if I thry to; anyways I'm wide enough awake now, an' I'll say a decade for mysel' an' one for the sthray lamb; an' the two mysteries I'll take will be whin the Blessed Virgin lost the Child Jesus"—here she bowed her head and crossed herself in honor of the Holy Name—"an' whin she found Him in the Timple a-layin' down the Law to thim murtherin' Jews."

Mrs. McCoy had been educated in old Ireland, at one of the convent free schools, by the nuns of St. Francis, who succeeded better in grounding her in the knowledge and practise of her faith than in enlightening her mind to any extent beyond the rudimentary branches represented by the three R's, and in these barely sufficient to meet the practical demands of her condition in life. Nothing

* Fairies.

happened to interrupt her devotions, which having finished she went up-stairs to look at the child, whom she found sleeping quietly; then she stole back and glanced round her shop to make sure that all was safe. She cleared off the table where she had made the feast for her little guest, then set to work to brew herself a cup of "raal green Chany tay." After regaling herself, she crept up-stairs again, and, sitting down in her favorite chair, leaned her head against the back to catch a "cat-nap"; but just as her senses were being wafted over the border-land between sleeping and waking she was roused by the loud ringing of a bell in the street, and a hoarse cry on the midnight. "Child lost! child lost!" She was down-stairs and out on the pavement in a minute, alert and excited, for she knew they were in search of the little girl she had found. The man drew near, ringing his bell, and bawling, "Child lost!" and did not notice her until he got right in front of her house and heard a sharp voice say: "Whist wi' y'r n'ise, 'less y'r thryin' to 'wake the dead! What's the bother!"

"Child's lost! is it any biz'ness o' yours?" he answered, roughly.

"Boy or gurl is it? Can't you sthop, you *omadhaun*, an' answer a civil queshion?" she said, for he was moving on, and she was so excited that she could hardly hold back the flood of pure Irish that was ready to roll off the end of her tongue.

"Gal!" he answered, beginning to move on, bawl, and ring his bell simultaneously. He had no hope of finding the child in this quarter of the city; but he had been ordered to come, and he determined to give it the benefit of all the noise usual in such a quest. But the Widow McCoy seized his arm in a strong grip to stop the bell, and, before he could jerk himself away, confounded him by telling him that she had picked up a stray child in Mifflin's Alley on her way home that night,—a rich man's child, by her clothes,—and had her asleep up-stairs. "An' you may come in an' see her yoursel'," she added, "an' git a cup o' hot tay, for your troat must be raw inside wi' all the screechin' you've done to-night."

"Je-ru-sa-lum!" was all he said, as he turned and stared blankly at the comely widow; then, nothing loth, he followed her in, hoping that his quest was over, and that he would get the handsome reward promised to the one who should be so fortunate as to find the missing child. He drank a cup of hot tea, and had a secret longing for something stronger, which had to go unsatisfied, while Mrs. McCoy told him how, where, and when the child was found. All he said was: "Mifflin's Alley's a straight road to the docks; it's a mercy she stopped where she did. Where is she?"

"An' where should she be but in the best place in my house—in my own bed, an' my best room, surely? Folly me, an' you can see for yoursel' that I am tellin' you the Gospel thruth," spoke up the Widow McCoy, as she struck a match and lighted a candle. "An' mind, don't be afther makin' the laste bit o' n'ise."

He followed her up-stairs as noiselessly as it is possible for a man to do such a thing; he only stumped the toe of his heavy boots twice, and made the old steps creak audibly under his ponderous tread a few times before he reached the top; then they went into the room where the child was, as stealthily as two burglars. She was sound asleep; and for fear the light would flash in her eyes and awaken her, Mrs. McCoy held the candle close to the headboard, so that the rays slanted over her as she lay. The man looked down at the queer little figure half smothered in the widow's ruffled nightcap and her voluminous short gown, her face smeared with molasses and gingercake; then he took a photograph out of his breast-pocket and compared it with her, while a puzzled expression wrinkled his stolid countenance, for he found it difficult to identify the beautiful child of the picture with the forlorn object on the bed. Mrs. McCoy—quick-witted woman that she was—understood the dilemma, and whispered, "Let me see that picter." He handed it to her; she brought it close to the candle, and, after a moment's intent gaze, she said: "It's her, sure—the darlin'! That's jest the way she looked whin I brought her home. She was bareheaded, wi' her goulden hair hangin' loose. It's the same child; an' if I could only wash her face widout wakin' her, you'd see it was. But see here! here's all her purty, fine clothes, an' the best thing you can do is to take thim right away to her people, an' let thim know she's safe an' soun' wi' the Widdy McCoy that foun' her."

By this time she had folded the little garments up in a clean coarse towel, thrust the bundle into the man's hands, and bade him be off. He did not question her right in ordering him off in that masterful tone, but went, not altogether sure that he was not going a fool's errand,—knowing, however, that there was necessity for haste in any case; for if he had found the right child, he ought to be the first to carry the news, so that nobody else would get wind of it and rob him of even part of the reward; if she wasn't, then it was his place to hurry back to the Widow McCoy's, and take up his bell and the search where he had left off. He did not slack speed until he reached Mr. Harwood's house. It was nearly 2 o'clock, and a fine, cold rain was falling from dark, low-hanging clouds. A woman, covered with a shawl, crouched on the marble steps, sobbing. Mr. Harwood was walking up and down the hall with numbed faculties and uneven steps, waiting, waiting, waiting, until he was nearly distracted, for news which did not come. Mrs. Harwood, exhausted by her emotions, was dozing,—her friend watching beside her, full of sorrowful thoughts and apprehensions.

The woman sobbing on the steps, heedless of the rain, was Joanna, just back from her quest for her darling through the lanes and alleys and streets of the city. "She'll be found dead somewheres in the mornin', dead wid the could, an' the fright of it, an' drinched wid the rain—may the angels make her a soft bed in heaven!" moaned poor Jo. She did not hear the heavy, quick footsteps beating along the wet pavement towards her,—she was thinking only of her stray lamb; when suddenly some one shook her, and a rough voice accosted her. "Do you belong here?" it said. She started, and looked up with wild eyes and pallid face at the rough, burly man standing over her. "Cos if you do," he continued, "I've got news; the little gal is found and is safe."

A sharp cry of joy escaped her lips. It did not occur to her to question or doubt the intelligence the man brought; she sprang up, and seized the knob of the hall-door; it was not fastened, and she rushed in, and almost over Mr. Harwood. "Oh, sir! she's found!" she gasped; "a man has jest brought word, an' he says she's safe. Oh, sir! come away at once to fetch her home!"

"It may be some other child," he said, wearily, having nearly lost hope.

"Oh, no, sir!" here's her pretty frock an' coat, an' her worked petticoats, an' her bronze boots; only see how muddy they be, wi' her long tramp"; and poor Jo kissed the soiled shoes and hugged them to her breast.

"She was sound asleep, sir," said the man, who had come in, and stood holding his oil-skin hat in his hands, "and the woman—the Widdy McCoy—that found her and took her home, wouldn't wake her, but sent the little gal's clothes, that you might see if it's her."

"Thank you, my friend, for the good news you have brought," said Mr. Harwood, grasping the man's rough hand. "Wait a few moments; I want you to go with us presently to show us where my little daughter is."

The carriage was ordered, and, meanwhile, the glad tidings flew through the house, for the servants were all up. Mr. Harwood ran up to the door of his wife's room, whispered in Mrs. Hastings's ear, "She's found; break it gently to her when she wakes"; then down again where Jo was waiting at the hall-door, loaded with soft, warm, satin-lined things to bring her home in. The carriage was ready, and they were off, their guide sitting with the coachman, to show him the way.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Milton's Last Verses.

[The following beautiful lines, which are not to be found in any of the published works of Milton, are supposed to have been written by that great poet, although there is no positive proof of their authorship other than their intrinsic merit. The MS. has been in the possession of an English gentleman for a great number of years, by whose permission the poem has found a place in *Lewis's Penny Readings*. There is reason to hope that Milton died a Catholic.]

I AM old and blind,
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I might see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

Thy glorious Face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

O, Merciful One,
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

I have nought to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost scared—here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand,
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapt in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes;
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre:
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows a hallowed fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

A Small Catechism of Intemperance.

BY DR. JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

"It is the duty of every physician to speak plainly on this subject, because it is his painful task, day by day, to treat the most terrible and fatal diseases, for the origin of which he can assign no other cause than the use of alcohol."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

What is intemperance?

Intemperance is the abuse of alcoholic liquors.

What do you mean by alcoholic liquors?

All drinks that contain alcohol—everything from beer to brandy.*

What, in brief, is the effect of intemperance on the mind?

Intemperance gradually ruins the mind. It damages the whole nervous system. It is one of the chief causes of idiocy, insanity, epilepsy, paralysis, sleeplessness, and other diseases of the mind and nervous system.

What is the effect of intemperance on the moral nature of man?

Intemperance destroys morality. It weakens will-power. Reason soon ceases to rule. Character vanishes. The abuse of alcohol overstimulates the feelings, emotions, and baser passions; and thus opens the door to vice, crime, and every kind of temptation. It leads to idleness, impurity, profanity, scandal, quarrelling, gambling, irreligion, blasphemy, murder, suicide, and other crimes nameless and numberless. It is stated that *seven-tenths* of all the crimes committed in New York city in the year 1882 came from drinking, and about *four-fifths* of all crimes of violence have their origin in intemperance.

What terrible conclusion must be drawn from the foregoing statement?

That so long as a man or a woman is intemperate, reformation of character is impossible.

Mention some of the evil effects of intemperance on the human body.

Intemperance strikes at the very root of good health. It soon gives the countenance a bloated, brutal aspect. It leads to chronic diseases of the heart, stomach, liver, eyes, arteries, lungs, bladder, and kidneys. "The nervous tissues," says a late scientific writer, "are, perhaps, the first to suffer; and the shaking hand and tottering gait are infallibly followed by a similar tottering of the intellectual and moral faculties. The stomach resents the constant introduction of ardent spirits, and soon refuses properly to digest food. The liver and kidneys give out in a similar way, and the

* The extraordinary ignorance that prevails as to what drinks do or do not contain alcohol, was well illustrated a few weeks ago. I was called to visit an injured carpenter. He said he was fifty-two years of age, was a strictly temperate man, and never used any drinks containing alcohol; but he freely acknowledged that every day for over thirty years he had drunk *two glasses of whiskey, a pint of beer, and a pint of ale!* The man was so ignorant that he warmly assured me *there was no alcohol in the whiskey he used!* This was all that thirty years' drinking had taught him.

impairment of their functions causes terrible dropsy. The heart gets fatty and weak,* the lungs lose their fresh elasticity, and soon there is not a tissue in the body which has not, in one way or another, succumbed to the ill-treatment to which it has been subjected."

Intemperance, then, must greatly shorten life?

Certainly it does. It brings death long before old age. The habitual drinker *must* decay prematurely. This is a just and solemn law that cannot be repealed by any corrupt legislature. Often death comes with the awful rapidity of a lightning flash, and the red nose and fiery face of the wretched toper disappear forever from the busy scenes of this world. No man can live *drunk* and live *long*.

What do you think of those who "take a drop just to keep out the cold"?

The man who "takes a drop just to keep out the cold" must be very ignorant, or very anxious to deceive himself. He is in a great hurry to dig his own grave. It has been proved again and again that one of the most certain effects of alcohol is *to lower the heat of the body;* and that, instead of enabling the exposed body to withstand the cold, it lays it more open to its attacks. This is the experience of Arctic voyagers, Napoleon and his marshals in Russia, and the good monks of St. Bernard.

Are alcoholic drinks necessary or useful to people in good health?

They are *never necessary or useful to people in good health.* Alcoholic drinks are an unmitigated curse to the world; and I am firmly convinced that their administration is never justifiable, *except in case of sickness.*

What is the effect of intemperance on the family?

It destroys, as every one knows, the peace, happiness, and prosperity of millions of families. With a drunken father or mother in it, home becomes a hell. The presence of vice, misery, and poverty makes piety and education impossible; and the unhappy children naturally fall into the wild ways of their degraded parents. Thus the unspeakable evils of intemperance are transmitted from father to child. "Among the many inscrutable designs of Nature," says Dr. Richardson, "none is more manifest than this—*that physical vice, like physical feature and physical virtue, descends in line.*"

What is the effect of intemperance on society?

It has filled the world with misery and scandal. It arrests the progress of religion and civilization. It fosters every kind of immorality. The millions spent on liquor are lost. Sober people are burdened with countless paupers and orphans. Two-thirds of the poor children in asylums are the offspring of drunken parents. The jails, alms-houses, and penitentiaries are chiefly filled by those who have fallen victims to intemperance. The crime-stained wretch at the gallows commonly warns his hearers that "rum" brought him to such an elevation; and among the countless woes of the world there are few, indeed, that cannot be traced to intemperance.

What is the chief cure for intemperance and its awful effects?

Total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The vast majority of mankind cannot use such drinks in "moderation." Even in the hands of the wise and strong, alcohol is a dangerous instrument; but in the hands of the weak and foolish it is a murderous, two-edged weapon. The drunkard must be a failure in this world; and, according to Saint Paul, he has little to hope for in the next.

* The heart is worn out by over-activity; under the wild influence of alcoholic drinks, it beats about 22,000 times oftener in twenty-four hours than it would if left to the calm influence of temperate habits. It goes too fast to last long.

A Woman's Heroism.

BY J. A. M'I.

Who has not heard of the infamous Cromwell, who granted liberty of conscience to the adherents of all creeds except to the hated "Papists," and at whose death the people are said to have cried out: "The devil is dead at last"?

Cromwell was succeeded by Charles II, at whose death his brother, James II, ascended the throne. This prince, desirous that peace should once more bless his realm, entered into negotiations with the Holy See, thus rendering himself odious to the adherents of the Established Church. Chief among his enemies were all those who had enriched themselves by what was once ecclesiastical property, and

who naturally feared to lose their unlawful possessions in case the Church should again be recognized. All these persons—there were thousands, of course of the most influential class—took sides with William of Orange, who rebelled against James, in order, as he said, to free the kingdom from the yoke of Rome, and establish peace. James, being almost entirely deserted, fled, and took refuge in France.

Dark days had now come for faithful Catholics. The prisons were filled; and very soon blood flowed everywhere. Oppressive law made life a burden to those who escaped imprisonment. At the outbreak of the troubles, a wealthy Catholic gentleman was thrown into the Tower of London, from which few went forth except to the scaffold. His fidelity to his religion had brought him thither, and he was ready to lay down his life for Christ. Soon the sentence of death was passed upon him. His devoted wife gave herself no rest until she had obtained permission to visit him. This was readily granted, as it was expected she would, perhaps, try to win him over to the established religion. Deeply veiling herself, she went to the Tower, accompanied only by her maid. Her noble husband was greatly pleased to see her, but his joy was quickly turned into sorrow at the thought that he must soon take a last leave of her.

The valiant woman was equal to the occasian; she cheered his drooping spirit by these words: "You shall not die, my husband; I have come to release you. Do not hesitate to do what I require." And before she allowed him to reply she explained her plan for his escape: "We are of about the same height, and none of the sentinels have seen my face. We will change clothes, and you shall leave this prison in the company of my maid. At the place whither she will conduct you, a boat is in readiness to carry you on board a ship about to set sail for the coast of France. And you shall soon be free."

"And you?" asked her husband.

"I will remain here until the decisive moment has revealed all," was the answer. "I am convinced that an English tribunal will not shed the blood of a defenceless woman. They may retain me in prison; but it is far better for you to know that I am in the Tower than for me to see you in your grave. Time will bring about many changes. Who knows how long the present government will last?"

The gentleman strongly opposed his wife's design, but could not resist her prayers and tears; and, with a heavy heart, he prepared for flight. After a short and favorable trip he landed in France.

Remaining in prayer for the safety of her husband, the devoted wife awaited the hour of the execution. When the officers came to conduct their prisoner to the scaffold, behold! a woman stood before them. Her servant had left a dress behind in which she had clothed herself. She spoke to them courageously, saying: "Heaven be praised! my husband is saved, and I am delighted to know that I released him. Inform the king of this, and say that if he and his judges think the love of a woman for her innocent husband should be rewarded with death, then let me die: I am prepared."

Great as was the anger of the king and his ministers, they dared not put their prisoner to death. She had judged rightly the justice of an English court, and the bitterest enemies of the hated "Papists" were obliged to admire her heroism. At first the court suspended sentence, and the government gave a secret order to the commander of the Tower to leave the lady without guards. This being done, the faithful wife soon joined her husband in France. His hair had turned gray through anxiety for her, and regret that he had consented to her sacrifice.

The dark days of Cromwell's reign witnessed many golden deeds, not the least of which was the devotedness of this valiant woman.

How I Became a Catholic.

The following brief history of a conversion we find in our valued contemporary the *Indo-European Correspondence*, of Calcutta. The simple yet forcible style in which the writer records her religious experiences is our chief inducement to reproduce this sketch. It will make every Catholic reader appreciate more fully the gift of faith, will console and fortify all who are converts to the Church; and should it meet the eye of some Protestants who are earnestly seeking the truth, it may happily shed new light on their path, and guide them to the earthly paradise:

SIR:—Among your numerous readers is there

one who has known and felt what it is to be alone, —alone because of his faith—alone because he preferred Truth to Error—alone in the midst of relations and friends—alone, without one feeling heart to confide in—alone, without one voice to say, "Courage! you have done well"? If there is, I sympathize with him heart and soul, for I was once placed in this position.

It is the old, old story over again. Truth against Error! the old warfare, repeated each time some son of Adam or daughter of Eve has courage to renounce the doctrines of the "new Creed," and go back to the "Ancient Faith." It is the old story, I say. Papas grow fierce, and vow all sorts of dreadful things—of cutting one off with a shilling. Mammas grow indignant, and declare the poor child has been imposed upon. Aunties grow sentimental over their tea, and, ominously shaking their wise heads, announce most emphatically that they "knew no good would come of sending the child to a Popish school!" Poor papas and mammas and aunts! oh, if I could only have you believe as I believe; if I could give you a faint idea even of what a blessed thing it is to be a Catholic! How shall I tell you, how make you understand that it was Divine Grace that worked this change? I had nothing to gain, humanly speaking,—everything to lose.

We were Protestants from time immemorial, if I might say so; our family had been of the Established Church; not in the remotest degree was there a taint of the "Hated Faith" in our race! One only—a connection by marriage—was a Catholic; but even he soon became, first, an indifferentist, and, finally, nothing at all. How often I think of him, and pity the wasted years spent without God! Alas, for the consequences of mixed marriages! With this one exception, even our acquaintances and friends were all Protestants; we did not know *a single* Catholic family.

To show the estimation in which Catholics were held by us, I will mention a circumstance that occurred in my early childhood. Accompanying my dear old grandmother one day on a visit to some relatives who had just arrived in town, and were putting up temporarily with a Catholic family, while passing through the rooms I observed some Catholic pictures hanging on the walls, and, never having seen anything of the kind before, I timidly asked, in a half-whisper: "What are those, grandma?" She whispered back: "They pray to those pictures, my dear, and worship images,—those Catholics do!" I remember well the cautious tone and look of horror that accompanied the words.

I was twelve years of age when circumstances took us out of Bengal, and ushered us into the Northwest. The place where we lived was isolated in the extreme; there were only a few European residents,—"few and far between"; our companions, therefore, were chiefly books. My father had a pretty good library, and every month we had a supply from town. There were no schools at any adjacent station where I could be sent, save one, but that was as bad as no school at all in the eyes of my respected parents: it was a convent! The idea of sending one of our family to a convent never entered their heads. It was not to be thought of. For a long time my education was quite neglected; I had no companions of my own age, and, with a mind ripened beyond my years by constant reading, and intercourse with my elders, it was not surprising I craved for something to fill the void in my life and read as many histories and biographies as our library contained, until at length I took to reading novels and periodicals also. This alarmed my mother not a little. She seemed to awake to the fact that my love for reading should be diverted into a more wholesome channel, as I was in danger of becoming a dreaming visionary or an aimless enthusiast. Two things, therefore, happened: I was forthwith ordered not to read any more novels, and I was told to look after my things, as I was to be sent to school. To school? Yes: but where? the convent? oh, surely not! And yet it was so; as soon as my things were got ready, to the convent I went.

I had never seen a nun in my life before, and even yet I can scarcely analyze my feelings when I first beheld one, and when my convent life finally began. Certain it is, in my prejudiced eyes they found no favor; but this I remember that before a month had passed I felt a revulsion of feeling quite different to what I had experienced before. I began to love those nuns; I could not help being struck with their extreme piety, their mildness and goodness to ill-bred, vulgar, untaught children. I was always accustomed to render implicit obedience to my parents, and I own I was often amazed at the rudeness and disobedience I witnessed.

Time went on; I was busy with my studies, but religion was left to take care of itself. While the Catholic children attended Mass on Sundays and holidays, we Protestant children, about a dozen in number, were sent into a room to "pray our prayers" as best we might, the oldest looking after the younger ones. Some used to read a few verses out of the Bible, or a chapter even, if not too long; others would learn a verse or two by heart. Sometimes a discussion would arise as to which was the longest or shortest verse in it, and so we killed time till the others returned from church. Sunday evenings were more miserable still; we did not know what to do with ourselves; we could not work, we could not play, so we indulged in relating stories to each other, or talked of home and of our brothers and sisters, until the bell rang for supper, which was just after Benediction.

Nothing eventful took place till I was seventeen.

My mind seemed to linger on the piety of the Catholics in that convent, and a feeling of unrest, of longing for more devotion, filled my soul. I seemed to realize suddenly the coldness, the utter inconsistency of the faith to which I belonged. Who cared whether I read my Bible or not? Who thought of my soul, whether it was as holy as it should be? I jealously watched the religious instruction given to the Catholic children, the explanations of the articles of their faith, while I, unhappy I, was left out in the cold. I longed to join the Catechism Class, but dared not openly avow my desire: it was my mother's express wish that my religion should not be interfered with.

One day some of my companions were writing out a list of books that they needed, and I begged one of them to get me a prayer-book. I gave her the money, and when the books arrived, there it was. Nobody but one of the girls knew it was for me. I have it still, that dear Ursuline Manual! and I know almost every page by heart. Dear book! my mother little knew how snugly you lay at the bottom of my box when I used to go home for the holidays, and with what fear and trembling I would draw you out when everybody was asleep, and read you and say all my prayers out of you! I would not part with you for untold gold, for in you I first read the "reasons for adhering to the Catholic religion,"—reasons which my heart recognized at once as truth,—reasons which showed me that if Jesus Christ founded a Church with which He promised to abide until the end of time, error *could not* possibly enter there, and that that Church must exist, in all its glorious purity, somewhere. The Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, was with her always. This one startling fact made me a Catholic; my heart went out to that Church at once, and my soul responded in simple faith. From that day I was a Catholic, —heart and soul a Catholic; and then my real troubles began. How was I to tell my mother? I tried in every possible way to find some reason to give for my wishes. That it was the grace of God working in me, who would believe? The idea of my insisting on an explanation of certain passages in the Bible as being diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Protestant Church was a difficult stile to get over; my mother knew the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, perfectly; you could not speak of a passage that was unfamiliar to her; and the idea of my reading those passages in a different light was boldness indeed, and I confess I felt abashed,—I was in a dilemma. The nuns would not consent to my being received into the Church without the sanction of my parents. I was sore perplexed, but Providence came to my assistance in a most remarkable manner. Misfortune befell us, and I could not be kept at school any longer; I was to be withdrawn, so said the letter from home, and I was to go and live for a time with a relative. This was sad news indeed. I did not know what to do; I felt miserable at the bare idea of leaving my dear convent home with all my hopes and wishes unrealized. Just at this time (it was nearing Christmas) I received a warm invitation from intimate friends in the metropolis to spend some time with them, and of course I should enjoy all the pleasures such a visit would afford. It was a trial, but I made up my mind that, if I could, I would stay in the convent. In this emergency I went to the Lady Superior and asked her if she would keep me without the prospect of ever receiving so much as a shilling for my board. I told her all my wishes, my hopes and desires. She listened attentively, and then, patting my cheek, said: "Yes, certainly, my child: you may stay as long as you please." Then I wrote to my mother and begged her to allow me to become a Catholic. She fretted and fumed and wrote dissuading, but all to no purpose; I became only more importunate, more imploring, until at length she yielded, and said that though she could not conscientiously consent to my becoming a Catholic, yet she withdrew her objection, because she found it had become a matter of conscience with me. How could she deny me the privilege enjoyed by herself, viz., "the right of private judgment"? For me this was enough. I was not to be removed from my dear convent home; I felt as happy as a bird. But outside those walls, how much was said! Those who had a right and those who had not, all gave rein to their tongues. It was quite a red-letter day in the family history when it was known I had actually become a "Papist"; and "those nuns" were stigmatized and spoken of in a manner that used to make me frantic with annoyance. I heard all this long years after; fortunately for my peace of mind I did not know it at the time.

It seems but yesterday that all this transpired, yet years have passed since that eventful time. I am happy at last; never again can my soul know unrest. Safe in the Church of the Ancient Faith, I look around with no small pleasure, no little gratitude and thankfulness, and see more than one dear one trustingly and faithfully taking up the daily Cross and following the Lord,—hand in hand journeying along the road that leads to life eternal. And all the happiness that I can wish to those whom I once knew in Protestant error, is the grace that they may become as I became,

A CATHOLIC.

25th August, 1882.

"THE gifts and the calling of God are without repentance." (Rom. xi, 29.) His will is to save us, and He never changes that will. We may defeat the purpose of His mercy; but then the failure comes from us, and not from Him.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A Reminiscence of Parepa Rosa.

New York World.

The season of music was closing. Satiated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when "Please, mi ladi," in low, pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gas-light, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well?" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please?" in sweet, broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in those soft, dark eyes aflame, and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, O mi ladi, I could die!"

"Child"—and her voice trembled—"meet me here to-morrow at 5." And, holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords, and rung amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook, and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. Then the wondrous voice trilled softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn; again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chimes of vesper bells. *Encore* after *encore* followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause; and at the first pause, sweeping with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain of "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in the great house at the close, then a shout went out that shook the weighty pillars.

A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, "the boy violinist," and they call him to play before princes.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts; and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Catholic Notes.

Prof. Gray, the eminent naturalist, is among those who do not think that if science is to advance, religion must die; or that if religion is to survive, science must be deprived of its liberty. Indeed he clearly shows in his work entitled "Natural Science and Religion" that these two supposed rivals are in reality the best of friends, and that the disturbances between them have been caused by the ignorant and evil-disposed adherents of both.

The work mentioned comprises two lectures delivered to the theological school of Yale College. We have been much struck by the concluding sentences of the second of these learned discourses, which we transcribe from the volume *verbatim*. The reference to "the Infinite Source of knowledge, wisdom, and grace" is worthy of any Catholic.

"Gentlemen of the Theological School, about to become ministers of the Gospel," concludes Prof. Gray, "receive this discourse with full allowance for the different points of view from which we survey the field. If I, in my solicitude to attract scientific men to religion, be thought to have minimized the divergence of certain scientific men from religious beliefs, I pray that you, on the other hand, will never needlessly exaggerate them; for that may be more harmful. I am persuaded that you, in your day, will enjoy the comfort of a much better understanding between the scientific and the religious mind than has prevailed. Yet without doubt a full share of intellectual and traditional difficulties will fall to your lot. Discreetly to deal with them, as well for yourselves as for

those who may look to you for guidance, rightly to present sensible and sound doctrine both to the learned and the ignorant, the lowly and the lofty-minded, the simple believer and the astute speculatist, you will need all the knowledge and judgment you can acquire from science and philosophy, and all the superior wisdom your supplications may draw from the Infinite Source of knowledge, wisdom, and grace."

Few things have a more pleasing, refining effect than flowers; few things are obtained with such comparatively little trouble or expense. Flowers are a source of pleasurable enjoyment to the old and to the young. Every house with a plot of ground, or a few feet to spare, should have its flower-bed, or its fences lined with shrubs or creepers. Besides being a source of enjoyment to the senses, a feast to the eye, they can also serve a beautiful purpose in the adornment of the little altar, and the statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, with the Infant Saviour, which should be found in every Catholic household. Children trained among such associations are always more refined, and possess an innate feeling of devotion to which many, unfortunately, are strangers. We would like to see flowers more generally cultivated; and, if for the above purpose alone, they will amply repay the little trouble which they may entail. A household with flowers, and with good books, papers, and pictures, will be pervaded with an atmosphere of peace, of devotion, of true home feeling.

An important witness to the miracles of Lourdes has passed away. We refer to Dr. Dozous, who died on the 15th ult., at the age of eighty-five. Brought up in the midst of religious indifference, careless and somewhat skeptical by nature, Dr. Dozous was most of his life a practical infidel, knowing nothing about religion. When the events at the Grotto of Lourdes were first talked of he was, of course, incredulous; but curiosity and his natural love of truth led him to visit the famous Grotto. He examined Bernadette closely, her simplicity, her calm temperament, her delicate health, which, however, was not accompanied by any malady by which he could explain her ecstasies. He made a special study of this state of ecstasy, trying various experiments on the child. The learned doctor was soon convinced of the reality and supernatural character of the phenomenon, and became an ardent defender of the miraculous nature of the apparitions and cures effected at the Grotto. Twelve years afterwards he published a work in answer to numerous questions addressed to him on the subject, entitled "La Grotte de Lourdes, sa Fontaine, ses Guérisons." At the Grotto Dr. Dozous himself became a practical Catholic, ever after saying his prayers, assisting at Mass, and approaching the Sacraments with edifying regularity. *R. I. P.*

The Congregation of Rites is at present deliberating on the Beatification of Marie Guyard, who was Superioress of the first Ursuline Convent in Quebec.

When the first Bishop of Boston, the saintly Cheverus, visited Northampton, Mass., he found it difficult to get a lodging, so prejudiced were the people against "Kawtholics." That was not so very many years ago either. Behold the change! Northampton now has a fine church, well located, and such a numerous Catholic population as to require two resident priests.

By a Papal decree dated March 18th, of this year, an indulgence of 300 days, to be gained once a day, is granted to all the faithful who recite the following invocation in honor of St. Joseph: *Fac nos innocuam Joseph decurrere vitam, sitque tuo semper tuta patrocinio,*—"Help us, O Joseph, to lead a holy life, and may it ever be safe under thy patronage!"

The following extract from a letter of the Rev. M. Lucas, missionary in Kouy-Tcheou, to the Director of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, Paris, will be read with no less interest than edification:

"A fructifying dew has fallen from heaven on this distant land. The Seminary of St. Paul has had the happiness of seeing two of its children admitted to the priesthood. Their history is remarkable. The elder of the two, Paul Ouang, is of Christian parentage. He has always shown a great spirit of faith, and a most profound attachment to his vocation. Those that are acquainted with this young man, especially his teachers, bear high testimony to the sincerity of his convictions, the correctness of his judgment, and his solid and enlightened piety. The other is named Peter Zang. His past history shows clearly the guiding action of divine Providence. Whilst quite young, he fell dangerously ill. His parents, though pagans, carried him to the first pharmacy of Kouy-Yang-fou, which was then under the direction of a Christian whose celebrity had spread far on account of the marvellous cures effected by him, more through his faith than by the simple remedies that were at his command. There the interesting child was restored to health of body, and, what is better, was regenerated to a spiritual life. At the age of ten he was left an orphan. A Mussulman mandarin, a friend of his father's, received him into his house. The child began at once to practise the works of mercy, and this, without doubt, rendered him still more agreeable in the eyes of our Lord. Every day he would preside at the distribution of the *hy-fan*, or rice soup, which is given to a certain number of poor people at the public expense. Soon the Mussulman had to set out on a journey, and wished to take his adopted son with him; but Peter again be-

came ill, and could not accompany his benefactor. Soon he found himself without friends and in greater misery than before. He was compelled to beg himself, and attend the distribution of the *hy-fan*, which formerly he directed. Some children who were under the care of the Holy Infancy, and whom he had formerly served, recognized him, and called the attention of the Fathers to him, and he was admitted at once to the St. Stephen's Asylum. Having been very carefully educated, he learned his catechism rapidly, and was admitted to his First Communion. Soon afterwards he entered the Seminary of St. Paul, where his talents and piety will long be remembered.

"May these two new priests be the means of bringing back to God large numbers of their countrymen enveloped in the darkness of idolatry!"

In Louisville, Ky., an asylum is soon to be erected for old and indigent colored people. The institution will be placed under charge of those devoted friends of the friendless and homeless, the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Last year a pilgrimage of penance left France to visit the Holy Land; this year two have been organized, one of which has already reached its destination. It is made up of a considerable number of pilgrims; most of them are poor persons, expenses of the trip being paid by wealthy and devout compatriots, who are not able to make the pilgrimage in person. His Holiness Leo XIII has written a letter of encouragement, accompanied by his Benediction, to the Rev. Father Picard, the indefatigable director of the pilgrimages. He congratulates him on the good results of the former pilgrimage, both for France, where it has excited a great and special devotion to the places sanctified by the footsteps and the Blood of our Divine Redeemer; and for the East, where the faithful have been stirred up to greater piety and conformity to the teachings of their faith by the example of the pilgrims. The same privileges and indulgences are granted to the pilgrims as to those of last year.

Miss Flora Kirwin has entered the Novitiate of the Poor Clares at Bayswater, England. "The austerest Orders of the Church," says the *Catholic Times*, "are recruited oftener than not by delicate ladies brought up in luxury. Miss Kirwin is a first cousin of the Duchess of Norfolk."

Some time ago we announced that seventy families of Greek Schismatics in the diocese of Auran (Damascus) had lately been converted to Catholicity. We are happy now to add that the number has since been increased to five hundred. In fact, the entire population of Amelchara, including the schismatical pastor, has been converted, and made their abjuration in the hands of the Archbishop of Auran. The eminent prelate exhorted and invited the pastor and the chief men of the place to remain at his residence in Damascus for the spiritual exercises, and he called upon the Salvatorian monks to go to Amelchara and give a mission. The zeal and charity of the apostolic prelate are truly edifying, and he spares himself no labor to bring back the schismatics into the fold of the Church.

We had the pleasure last week of a visit from the Rev. Patrick Riordan, the worthy and widely-known rector of St. James's Church, Chicago—one of the handsomest churches in the West, and built without recourse to fairs or festivals. He was accompanied by his amiable cousin, the Rev. Father Dunne, also a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago. They have just returned from a trip to the East, the object of which was to procure altars for the new church, otherwise complete. We clip the following paragraph from the *Catholic Review*, referring to Father Riordan's visit to New York:

"Father Patrick W. Riordan, who has built, in Chicago one of the most beautiful and expensive churches in the West, without fair or festival, is in town getting plans for new marble altars. Father Riordan, when asked of the difficulties he experienced in his novel method of church-building, admitted that it was hard and slow work, but when it was accomplished it was worth to him and his parish all the labor and anxiety it had cost them. The Catholic tone of the people was preserved and heightened. They had learned to give with pleasure, and as a Catholic duty, and now he had no difficulty in getting from them whatever he told them was necessary."

It was with deep regret we learned last week of the sudden and altogether unexpected death of the Rev. Father Whiteford, S. J. He was a young priest whose talents and efficiency gave promise of a long and useful career. For some years past he was a professor at Georgetown College, where he will not soon be forgotten. Father Whiteford was as amiable as he was talented, and had many friends whose sorrow for his early death will be heartfelt and lasting.

We have to announce the death also of the venerable Rev. James Bradley, of Newry, Pa., one of the oldest priests in the United States, and the patriarch of the clergy of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. He was pastor of Newry for more than fifty years.

May they rest in peace!

Personal.

G. J. W.—Such matter would not be appropriate for THE "AVE MARIA," though it would suit other periodicals very well

"INQUIRER."—No impediment exists in the case as you state it.

New Publications.

NATALIE NARISCHKIN, Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. By Mrs. Augustus Craven, Author of "A Sister's Story" Translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

The name of the author, as well as that of the translator, is already endeared to Catholic hearts; and this interesting sketch of a conversion to the Church from the Greek schism, and to a religious life from the temptations of an elevated social position in the world, will be read as another treasure contributed by them to edifying literature. To say that Mrs. Craven's piety is emotional rather than logical is simply to say that she is in sympathy with ninety-nine in every hundred of her fellow-beings; but the hundredth, unfortunately, is the loud-voiced critic who will make himself heard, while those who sympathize will do so in silence. They will continue to read Mrs. Craven, however, in spite of her critics, and in spite of the difficulty which we of this work-a-day Western land must have in endeavoring to realize the greatness of the sacrifice made by a young girl in the higher rank of European society, with literally nothing to do but to amuse herself, in abandoning all that makes life pleasant to her, to devote herself to the service of the poor and sick, to attend to the wants of those lying afflicted by loathsome disease in the crowded hospital ward, to listen often to foul-mouthed reproach in return for her patient care, and to do all this for the love of Him who is the Redeemer as well as the Creator of humanity. A neat and presentable volume, suitable as a premium at the approaching commencement exercises of our schools.

SIX LECTURES ON THE HOLY LAND, with an Appendix on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. By L. de Goesbriand, Bishop of Burlington, Vermont. Burlington: The Free Press Association. 1883.

Christians are never tired of listening to descriptions of our Saviour's native land, the scenes of His youth and manhood, the cave where He was born, the village where He worked as a carpenter, the river in which He was baptized, the mountains whose echoes once resounded to the tones of His Divine Voice, the sea He so frequently traversed in the ship of Peter, the ways trod by His sacred feet, the garden of His agony, and, above all, the summit of Calvary, upon which the Redemption of the human race was consummated. Bishop de Goesbriand landed at Jaffa on the 22d of Dec., 1879, and visited the holy places in the spirit of a true pilgrim. He gives due credit to the Fathers of the Franciscan Order, whose zeal has preserved from desecration these shrines so dear to Christian hearts. His interesting descriptions breathe the aroma of apostolic fervor, and will be read with profit as well as interest by every one. A well printed pamphlet, which we have pleasure in recommending to all without reservation.

MAY BROOKE. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. New York: P. J. Kenedy, 5 Barclay Street. Price, $1.

This is a reprint of a story which the distinguished author published many years ago under the title of "Conscience; or, The Trials of May Brooke. An American Catholic Tale." Though much inferior to Mrs. Dorsey's later writings, it will amply repay perusal. It was evidently written for young girls, who will be specially interested in the trials and triumphs of the heroine.

——*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* for April (Vol. VIII, No. 30). The present number of this admirable review is unusually interesting and instructive. Indeed we do not remember ever having seen any number that pleased us more. The first article, "A Limit to Evolution," by Prof. St. George Mivart, F. R. S., etc., is, like everything else from the pen of this eminent scientist, scholarly and exhaustive. "Socialism," by Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, D. D.; "The Catholic Church and Popular Education," by Wm. J. Onahan, and "How Church History is Written," by Very Rev. James A. Corcoran, D. D., are articles replete with information, and will well repay a close perusal. The contribution, however, that pleased us most was "The American Hierarchy in its Threefold Source—Three Representative Bishops," by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. We were particularly interested in his brief review of the biography of Dom Fray Juan de Zumárraga, first Bishop and Archbishop of Mexico, by Sr. Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta. We were only sorry that the learned Doctor did not say more of this noble and zealous missionary pioneer of our sister Republic. By all means let us have a translation of Sr. Icazbalceta's masterly work. As a contribution to Catholic history and biography it is invaluable. A review of "Mr. Mozley's Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement," by John Charles Earle, B. A., Oxon., is in every way pleasant reading, and gives us some charming pictures of the early life of England's great ecclesiastic, John Cardinal Newman. As it is now conducted, the *Quarterly* is a review of which Catholics may well be proud, and is truly deserving of their hearty support.

We are glad to learn that Messrs. Hickey & Co., of New York, are about to resume the *Vatican Library* publications. Many new and valuable books will be issued in cheap and attractive style, notice of which will be given in THE "AVE MARIA" as they appear.

Youth's Department.

A Child of Mary.

DEDICATED TO THE SODALITY OF THE B. V. M., JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

O FAVORED mortal, Mary's child!
Can tongue reveal thy bliss?
The spotless angels round her throne,
Know not her name like this.

They hail her as their Sovereign Queen,
The Mother of their Lord;
They are but servants kneeling there,
To wait her gracious word.

But thou canst say, as Jesus did,
Mary, Mother mine;
For He Himself on Calvary's Mount
Has made that Mother thine.

Yes: then and there she called thee,
And pressed thee to her heart,—
'Twas that sweet hour, all Mercy's own,
That made thee what thou art.

'Twas in that hour beneath the Cross,
At Jesus' dying prayer,
That first her sinless hands were raised,—
And Mary blessed thee there.

Oh, yes, and still she loves thee;
Heaven's glorious Queen above
Looks down upon her lowly child
With more than mother's love.

She guides thee every step
Of life's long, rugged way;
If thou but trust and cling to her,
Thy feet can never stray.

She 'll shield thee from the wily snares
Of Satan's evil power;
When storms arise, that fain would blast,
She 'll save thee in that hour.

Fear not,—thy soul is in her hands,
She knows the price it cost;
Fear not, it never yet was heard
That Mary's child was lost.

WHEN the Pope's legates took the insignia of the cardinalate to St. Bonaventure, in Tuscany, they found the newly-appointed Cardinal—this great Franciscan upon whose eloquence scholars delighted to hang, and whose wisdom kings had sought—washing dishes in the convent kitchen.

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

THE father of the amiable children now approached along the arbor. Alonso made a few steps towards him and handed him the letter of introduction. Fernando read it, looked at Alonso a little in surprise, and greeted him with honor. He also received the Franciscan Father with fitting respect. Alonso, whose knees trembled under him, sat down again on the bench, begging Fernando to take the place between him and Father Antonio. After a brief hesitation, Fernando sat down, and said:

"You come, then, from Spain? that is my own fatherland, where I spent the happiest years of my childhood and youth."

"You are a native Spaniard!" said Alonso. "Who were your parents? how did you ever prevail on yourself to leave glorious Spain to come to the dark woods and rough mountains of Bohemia?"

"My adventures," replied Fernando, "have been somewhat curious; the recollections of my childhood's years are like some obscure dream. I lived in an old castle with vaulted passages and chambers; the high windows looked out on the castle-garden. The lady whom I took for my mother, but who was not such, as I learned later, was very beautiful, and exceedingly kind to me. My older brothers and sisters—as I took them to be—were named Philip, Eugenie, and Carlos; the names of the younger ones I have forgotten. The gentleman whom I called father was seldom at home. He seemed to have no particular affection for children; he was very strict, and we were much afraid of him. That is almost all I remember. One other occurrence, however, I have a lively remembrance of. I was once very ill. On a sudden my mother, with all the children, had to go away. Our severe father had so commanded, for he thought my illness to be contagious. Mother came once

more to my bedside, blessed me, kissed me repeatedly, bedewed my face with tears, and promised to return soon. That farewell remains vividly impressed on my mind to this hour. Father pressed her to go, and I have never seen her since. Father had a lute-player, named Pedro, who was a great favorite with us children. He sang beautiful legends in verse, made us presents, and taught us all sorts of games, which we played with great zest. All of us loved him dearly. When I became ill he remained behind as my nurse; but he suddenly got raving mad, and tried to kill me with a knife. My pleadings, however, to which my anguish, doubtless, gave peculiar expression, saved me at the last moment. But he had given me three wounds, the marks of which I still bear on my body."

Alonso listened to this relation with the deepest attention and sympathy. When he heard his late wife mentioned, and the names of his children pronounced, the tears rushed to his eyes. He shuddered when Fernando spoke of the attempt on his life. Father Antonio, too, became pale and excited when he was reminded of the murderous deed and the three bloody wounds. Alonso was very glad, however, to find that Fernando did not suspect him of having had any hand in the scheme of assassination; and Father Antonio felicitated himself that he was not recognized, and that the cruelty of the lute-player was ascribed to insanity. Both thanked God in their heart of hearts that He had hindered the accomplishment of their terrible crime.

Fernando then related further how he had been raised by Bernardo, and how he went to London, to Vienna, and finally came to Bohemia.

Alonso had no longer any doubt that the young man before him was the son of his deceased brother. Still, in order to come to the most perfect certainty, he desired to see the marks of the wounds. He said, therefore: "Your history is, indeed, wonderful; but have you never heard anything more about your parents?"

"Never," replied Fernando, sorrowfully. "Bernardo had promised to tell me the secret of my life, but his unexpected death prevented him."

"Well," said Alonso, "perhaps I can give you some information. But all depends on whether you are really the one whom that insane man wanted to kill. Can the marks of the wounds be seen, as you intimated?"

"You shall see them yourselves," said Fernando, tearing open his waistcoat and showing the scars.

Alonso sprang to his feet, opened his arms, grasped Fernando, and, pressing him to his heart, exclaimed, amidst a flood of tears: "O Fernando, you are really my nephew, the son of my deceased brother! You are a Count of Alvarez, the only rightful heir of one of the grandest countships of Spain. By an unfortunate series of circumstances you were deprived of your birthright; you grew up ignorant of your noble descent, and knew nothing of your dear parents and relations. I myself thought you dead. But as soon as I learned you were alive, my heart longed to find you. I sighed for the happy moment when I might press you in my arms. Out of love for you, whom I knew only as a child, I left our loved fatherland, and have made this long journey to Bohemia, to see you with my own eyes. I wished to repair the injustice done you, lead you back in triumph to Spain, install you as heir of Alvarez, and restore you all of your possessions. I greet you then, dearest Fernando, with all the affection of my heart. Receive me as the brother of your father of happy memory, and give me your love!"

Fernando was astonished and overjoyed. He embraced his uncle, and wept tears of joy on his neck. Alonso, too, wept for joy; but his tears were mingled with those of bitterest sorrow. "Alas!" he thought, "if Fernando knew how I once hated and tried to destroy him, he would turn from me in horror. Thus does guilt embitter the sweetest moments of life." Then opening his upper garment and unfastening the brilliant diamond star from his breast, Alonso handed it to Fernando, saying: "Behold this, the insignia of my dignity as Grandee of Spain. As it no longer belongs to me, I deliver it to you. Come, let me fasten it on your breast. And may this star be a slight recompense to you for the wounds you have received!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Fernando, "when those wounds were bleeding little did I think they would lead to such a happy identification, and be of such price to me! Thus does God know how to turn evil to good."

CHAPTER X.

Whilst Uncle Alonso was making himself known to his nephew, and decorating him with the star as a grandee of Spain, Clara, Fernando's wife, was approaching through an arbor, to bid the strange gentlemen welcome. But when she saw the star sparkling on Fernando's breast, and heard him called Don Fernando, she stopped, and turned suddenly pale. There seemed to yawn between him and herself an impassable abyss.

Don Alonso, who, in the transport of his feelings, did not perceive Clara, continued speaking: "Now let us make haste and get away. My carriage stands there ready. I will present you to the Emperor that, as king of Spain, he may acknowledge your rights, secure you the possession of your estates, and declare your amiable children Counts and Countesses of Alvarez, the only rightful heirs of your titles. What countrywoman is your wife?"

"She is the daughter of a forester," said Fernando; "her name is Clara Hermann."

"What?" cried Don Alonso, his countenance darkened and the pride of his noble birth aroused; "a forester's daughter—the daughter of a huntsman?" he repeated. "This is bad, very bad! this surprises me. I had not thought of such a possibility, absorbed as I was with other feelings. Now all my joy is ruined, and my grief is unutterable."

Fernando was much troubled by these words. Alonso observed it, and said:

"Why, of course, you didn't know you were a count of the noblest blood of Spain, otherwise the unlucky thought would never have crossed your mind to marry a peasant. We must put our wits together to see how we may remedy this misfortune."

Clara was grieved to the heart at these cruel words. She glided away unobserved, as she had come.

Alonso sprang to his feet, rubbed his forehead, and paced to and fro. All of a sudden, he said to Father Antonio: "Father, perhaps you can give us some information. As I understand it, error in the person constitutes an impediment. Could not the marriage be declared null for this reason, and so be dissolved?"

"There is no need of discussing this matter," interposed Fernando. "I will not separate from Clara under any consideration. No, no! not for any countship would I be untrue to my dear wife. Nothing shall separate us but death alone. At first I rejoiced at the idea of being a count; but this little fancy is over now,—gone as quickly as it came. I will have no more words about your countship, if it involves such a condition. I am glad to know you, noble uncle. But speak no more of separation. Go back to your glorious Spain, without me; I will remain here in my adopted country, where I am as happy and contented as I could wish. I am just now too excited to converse with you any longer. I could never be of your way of thinking. I should have expected more wisdom and humanity from you. Excuse me if I now retire. I will return shortly, but if you speak of divorce again it will be only to say, good-bye."

Fernando went to seek for Clara. She had told him she would come to the garden directly, and he wondered where she was. He found her lying on a sofa in the sitting-room, bathed in tears, her face white as a corpse. Her three children stood by her, weeping piteously.

"Clara, dearest Clara!" cried Fernando, "for Heaven's sake, what ails you? what is the matter?"

Clara looked up, sorrowfully, and, seeing the star on his breast, exclaimed: "Oh! that star is an unlucky one for me and my children. You are a count, a great lord, and I am only a forester's daughter. Your uncle, whose haughty glances frightened me, and whose words made me shudder with horror, will never agree to our marriage. He intends to separate us. He wants to persuade you to discard me and marry some great countess. He will make you deny your children, and not permit them even to bear your name. Oh! I shall not long survive this terrible blow; it will surely cause my death."

"Dearest Clara," said Fernando, folding her in his arms, "what thoughts disturb your heart! Is it possible you could for a moment believe that your Fernando would put his beloved wife away and forsake his dear children! No, no, never! such a faithless husband, such an inhuman father, thank God, I am not. I have refused the countship. And this star sparkling with diamonds—see, I tear it from my breast and throw it from me. You are more precious to me than all the jewels of the world."

He sat down by her side, and, taking her handkerchief from her hand, gently wiped her eyes. She wept anew, but this time tears of joy.

"You are a noble husband, dearest Fernando," said Clara, as soon as she could control her emotion; "your love towards me has been tried like gold in the fire. Now I am happier, if possible, than before."

Fernando also had tears in his eyes. Both parents embraced their children, while little Fernando exclaimed, joyfully: "God be praised! now we 'll all keep together!"

"Yes, my dear children," said the father: "I will remain with you and your dear mother. With our union and love we shall be happier than with all the pomp and riches of Spain."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

God's Providence.

ON a certain occasion, after the celebrated Father Beauregard had preached in one of the churches of Paris a beautiful discourse on Providence, a man accosted him, saying: "I have heard your sermon; it certainly was very fine, but I cannot perceive the force of your arguments; I do not believe there is such a thing as a Providence, for I receive none of its cares or benefits."

"What! are you such an unbeliever?"

"Ah, Father, facts are stubborn things; my wife and three children work hard, and have never injured any one; yet I am reduced to such distress by the failure of one of my debtors that, not being able to bear such misery, have determined on committing suicide."

"And how on earth did you come to church, if you entertained such a wicked purpose?"

"I happened to pass by when the people were entering, and I followed them."

"And you still think there is no Providence? What but a special Providence could ordain that, while contemplating self-destruction, you should enter a church, and hear a discourse just suited for you, and that you should be induced to come and deposit your griefs in my bosom?"

"Well, I admit," said the poor creature, after a slight pause, "that there is something remarkable in that; but, still, how am I to meet my creditors, to whom I owe $625? How has Providence provided for that?"

"Listen. I believe you to be sincere, though unfortunate. Here are $725, given to me the other day by a lady, after a sermon on alms, to be disposed of in works of charity; take it in God's name, and recognize in the gift the effects of His all-ruling Providence."

The poor man repented of his wicked intention, and, we hope, ever continued to adore the Divine Providence.

A Prayer for Students.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Our Lady's Praises Sung by Non-Catholics.

AN OFFERING FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

BY THE REV. T. J. JENKINS.

THE Virgin's praises are like her own blessedness—unending. Men and angels have vied in the holy contest from the dawn of the world; and no one can count the ages of lauds yet to come, not to mention that her name shall be coupled with Jesus' in eternal anthems.

Three and four years ago, respectively, we had the honor of laying the tribute of eight English and American and nine German (Protestant) poets at the feet of the Ever-Blessed, blest by all. Though possessed with vague impressions of the magnitude of the field thus opened, we hardly realized what further researches in the same direction would bring to light of the "treasures new and old brought forth by the wise scribes"—writing "better than they knew" of mankind's Queen. It is simple truth to say that if all the *Laudes Virgines* of non-Catholic writers, in verse alone, were carefully gleaned, two portly volumes would scarcely contain them.

The object of this third series of poems and hymns—the "Aves," as some one has called them, "from Protestant lips"—will be to supplement the testimonies of English-speaking masters of verse, adduced in "Our Lady and Some Non-Catholic Poets," adding only one or the other missing decade in the "German Protestant Rosary."

Mr. James J. Treacy, in his carefully-compiled "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," has gathered a number of nosegays, presented by especially our own contemporary poets for the shrine of our Lady. No less than fifteen new contributions to our Marials are counted in this new presentation at the altar of the Queen of Heaven. If not all are formally introduced, the reason may be sought in our selecting only the fittest, and most pressing in their demands, for a part in this goodly company of lovers of her "whom the King has seen fit to honor," and wills that all men shall proclaim as second in His kingdom. If the multitude and cogency of the testimonies to the Church, her feasts, her saints, her worship, given in Mr. Treacy's welcome volume astonish the reader, it may add to his admiration to learn that these hundreds of pieces are, after all, only selections from the mass of matter that could be piled into volumes on kindred subjects. There are, at least, three to five volumes of English authors that might be edited *in toto* as they stand: Mr. Orby Shipley's scholarly *Lyra Eucharistica, Lyra Messianica,* and others, published by the distinguished layman while still an Anglican; Philip Wooseley's translations of Church Hymns; Rev. John Keble's whole "Christian Year," from which we shall quote; many other scattered pieces already quoted in these pages; and Rev. M. Neale's renditions of hymns, and original sacred poetry. If authors of foreign tongues be included in the estimate, the little "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens" would have to spread into whole *parterres* of floral collections rivalling the famous hanging-gardens of Babylon, or the present floating flowery island of the China Sea, and necessitate a standing worship of flowers such as Prescott so delightfully de-

scribes as practised by a whole tribe of the original Aztecs.

Before we bring forward our new witnesses and lovers of the Queen in this happy May-time, let some who are used to this august presence finish the lauds they intoned in the days departed. Dear Longfellow has, alas! gone to his account in the maturity of his intellect, "full of days and merits," as far as this world judges, without having bowed his beautiful head, in dying, to the Mother Church; saying not even with his last breath, in the words of the spiritual gladiator: *Augusta, "moriturus te saluto."* May confiding hope still trust he whispered it to his guardian angel, and the echo was heard in the Court of the King and Queen of Hosts just as he was putting one foot on the threshold! Come forth, then, Mary-worshipper! and chant a death-song to her you know now to be the very Queen your living heart felt betimes she must be:

"Virgin, and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before, and intercedes;
So men repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their request an angry Father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in heaven makes intercession.
And if our Faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher, and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

The poet has elsewhere paraphrased—clinging, however, very closely to the Catholic version of the original—the colloquy of the blessed pair treating of man's redemption, to be introduced by the woman's consent who should bear the Eternal Son. We would much prefer to close Longfellow's brilliant reception by this one line of long-drawn sweetness, in which he unwittingly echoes the traditions of all the old Catholic discoverers, commencing with the saintly Columbus, the explorers and missionaries—in fine, the whole hierarchy of the Church, in the United States, when he sings the sublime preface to his grand chant:

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's Land!"

May he add the conclusion of the *Ave Regina* as his own:

"Vale, O valde decora,
Et pro nobis Christum exora!"

Poor Goethe shall have this opportunity to finish his stammered and churlish mite of praise to one his material soul would have worshipped, had he known her, as he paints his own fallen, now repentant, Margaret, kneeling, heart-broken, hair dishevelled, hands locked, head bowed, and eyes streaming—a very Magdalen—at the foot of the shrine of the Mother of Jesus, as she pours forth this agonizing prayer—translated, too, by our American writer, Bayard Taylor:

"Incline, O Maiden,
With sorrow laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain.

"The sword thy heart in
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where thy Son is slain.

"Thou seest the Father;
Thy sad sighs gather,
And bear aloft thy sorrow and His pain.

"Ah, past guessing,
Beyond expressing,
The pangs that wring my flesh and bone.
Why this anxious heart so burneth,
Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
Knowest thou, and thou alone."

And the sad, sweet, closing refrain:

"Help! rescue me from death and stain;
O Maiden!
Thou sorrow-laden,
Incline thy countenance upon my pain!"

Rev. John Keble's "Christian Year" offers to Catholic eyes and minds the quite curious phenomenon of a regular Anglican minister, living and dying as such, sitting down deliberately through a long course of years of his mature manhood, and inditing a sacred poem on every Sunday and feria major of the ecclesiastical year, including the recurring saints' days about Christmas-tide, all the minor feasts having special epistles and gospels; and concluding his astonishing book by a piece on each of the Seven Sacraments—except, probably, penance,—and descending to such purely Catholic themes as visitation and communion of

the sick, and to churching of women. There is no more Protestantism displayed than in the plays of Shakspere, who favors no new-fangled doctors or doctrines—the nearest approach to drawing the line being in these stanzas of Gunpowder Treason:

"She (the Church) mourns that tender hearts
should bend
Before a meaner shrine,
And upon saint or angel spend
The love that should be Thine.

. . . . . .

"Speak gently of our sister's fall;
Who knows but gentle love
May win her at our patient call,
The surer way to prove?"

Keble's apotheosizing of King Charles, the "Martyr," is, however, a stretch upon Rome's scrutinizing canonization-process. But this aside, if it were the place, one might attempt some explanation of how an Anglican can believe himself a sterling Catholic—claim all the past glories of the Church, reason and act as if in her true pale in the English "branch," and talk as unconcernedly about what other Protestants consider distinctive Roman Catholics' beliefs and usages as if all were well. Certain it remains that Newman's *"Apologia"* goes to prove nothing if not his entire sincerity in all his career of Protestant vicar, divine, preacher, up to the final break in his convictions, caused by his study of the heresies of Arius, Macedonius, and others. That Keble was of the High Church party and advanced Ritualists of his time is plain from his book, though, being edited in 1827, it came too soon for the influence of the Tractarian and Puseyite movement, culminating in the re-establishment of a performance of the ritual of the Mass, auricular confession, and nunneries. Some extracts now may satisfy the aroused curiosity of our readers. We allow space only for Marials. The Annunciation—*minus* the *"Ave Maria,"* than which Scott, Hemans nor Byron ever penned a truer and more charming—has these stanzas:

"Thou wept'st, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven;
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side heaven?

"A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer:
Even from the tree He deigned to bow
For her His agonized brow,
Her, His sole earthly care." . . .

After the touching *"Ave Maria,"* this rendition of St. Luke:

"Bless'd is the womb that bore Him—bless'd
The bosom where His lips were press'd;
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear His word and keep it well,
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
And never pass away."

THE PURIFICATION,

prefaced and indexed by the words, "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God," glorifies the mysterious presentation, introducing all the saintly actors, and thus portraying the Blessed Mother and her spouse:

. . . . . .

"His throne thy bosom blest,
O Mother undefil'd—
That throne, if aught beneath the skies
Beseems the sinless Child.

"Lost in high thoughts, 'whose son
The wondrous Babe might prove,'
Her guileless husband walks beside,
Bearing the hallow'd dove:

"Meet emblem of His vow,
Who on this happy day,
His dovelike soul—best sacrifice—
Did on God's altar lay."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Memories.

BY MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

THE STORY OF CLEO'S CHILD.

(CONCLUSION.)

Mrs. McCoy welcomed the strangers at her shop-door, where she had been anxiously waiting the return of the bell-man, and whatever news he might bring; she invited them in, and told Mr. Harwood all the particulars of how, when and where she had found the child. While she was speaking, his overstrained feelings gave way: he covered his bowed face with his hands and wept. As to Joanna, her mourning was turned into such joy that she threw her arms around the Widow McCoy and kissed her. "I nursed her at my own breast whin she was a baby, an' my heart 's bin broke intirely iver since she sthrayed off," she sobbed.

They went up-stairs, and Mr. Harwood recognized his "butterfly" through her strange disguise, and leaned over to kiss her ever so gently, when she stirred in her sleep, and sobbed, "I want-a my ma-ma—I want-a Jo." They thought it best not to awaken her, but wrapped her up in the soft, warm things Jo had brought, just as she was—"the funniest-looking little guy in her ruffles and war-paint that was ever seen," Mr. Harwood told his wife afterwards—and she was taken down to the carriage in Jo's faithful arms, still sleeping. Mr. Harwood waited to thank Mrs. McCoy in the most grateful terms for all she had done; he offered her a large sum of money, not knowing how else to show the depth of the obligation he felt; but she refused flatly, saying: "You owe me no thanks, sur, at all; I 'd ha' done the same if it had bin a poor little nagur, or even a kitten, lost an' cryin' in the dark sthreet; an', sur, wi' many thanks for the same, it would be a mortal sin to be afther takin' pay for what I did for God's sake—glory to His name!"

"I will bring her and her mother to see you, and let them thank you."

"If you plase, sur; but indeed I don't want to be thanked."

"I can't speak for my wife, but indeed you won't get rid of us as easily as you think, Mrs. ——"

"McCoy, at your service,—widdy of Patrick McCoy—God rest his soul!" she said, courtesying.

He wrung her honest hand. The woman astonished him by her native dignity, her piety, and her genuine benevolence; and he left her, wondering if there might not be something rotten in his philosophy.

"Come to my house at 12 o'clock to-day—for I see it is nearly dawn," he said to the bellman, "and get the reward you have fairly won, my good friend." He shook hands with him too; the carriage rolled away, and, as the sound of the wheels was lost in the distance, the Widow McCoy cuddled herself down in the middle of her feather-bed—brought from Ireland—and fell asleep before she knew it.

. . . . . .

"We could never find out," Mrs. Hastings wrote in her journal, "how the child wandered so far a-gate." When asked what she ran away for, she answered promptly: "Didn' you know? I went to dit t' gold 'way off at t' end of t' world."

"And did you find it, darlin'?"

"No: 't ain't nuffin; it 's all dark, an' I was 'fwaid!"

The child seemed to remember nothing else. All that happened from the time the good "Widdy McCoy" found her until she woke up in her own lace-covered crib, at home, was as a forgotten dream to her; and it was thought best to tell her nothing about it until she was older. She became, of course, the heroine of the neighborhood, and her adventures in search of the bag of gold at the end of the world were much talked of; but Jo would not allow anyone to speak to her of them, so the little creature revelled in the joy that everyone felt over her, without knowing exactly what it was all about.

Mr. Harwood and Cleo were at their wits' end to find some plan to express their gratitude to the Widow McCoy, who sturdily refused the money they would have lavished on her. Jo told her that she was "pig-headed," and not the woman she took her to be, to hurt Mrs. Harwood's feelings by being so proud as to refuse what they offered through love for their child, whose life she had saved, and not to pay her, for she knew as well as they did that there was nothing in the whole world that could pay for such a thing as that.

Jo and Mrs. McCoy had become very intimate, and felt a sort of joint proprietorship in the child, so they talked pretty freely to each other. Jo's last broadside lowered the widow's flag, and she no longer fought against the kind and generous intentions of Mr. and Mrs. Harwood when they at last hit upon something which they thought good. Mr. Harwood had several new brick houses, small but comfortable, just completed—not only convenient, and in an attractive neighborhood, but quite pretty in themselves. They furnished the corner one from attic to basement, then sent Jo and Violet to pay the Widow McCoy a visit and give her the title-deed of the same; and Jo was to make her understand that it was the child's gift, and so secured to her by law that she could not refuse it. They were instructed also to take her in the carriage to see it. Taken by surprise, she accepted the gift, which it appeared to her there was no excuse for refusing; but after she got back to the dear old shop, and looked around her, the new house and its pretty furniture, and the innocent pride of possession

faded entirely out of her mind, and she dropped on a meal-tub and burst out crying. The conclusion she arrived at was that she would not leave it for the finest palace that was ever built. Her mind was more at ease now, except for the doubt as to what Mr. and Mrs. Harwood would think of her when she went to tell them, quite sure that they would be so offended after all their kindness that they'd never wish to see her again. It had to be done, however, and the sooner it was over, she thought, the better; and that very night, arraying herself in her black Irish poplin, usually folded up and kept in lavender, she put on her best coat and bonnet, and went to Mr. Harwood's, where she was kindly received by himself and wife. Then she thanked them with tears in her eyes for their generosity, but "hoped they wouldn't think her ungrateful because she brought the paper back they had sint her"—and here she drew the deed for the house out of her pocket and held it out to Mrs. Harwood—"or that she didn't vally it, for she could niver live in it, an' what use would it be to her? Indeed, to tell you God's thruth, ma'am, I don't b'lieve I'd live a year if I was to go 'way from the ould place where my poor Patrick—God rest his soul!—lived an' died,—as nice a man, sur, as iver your two eyes lit on, an' so good he was that I niver see his like, an' he was that proud of the shop, ma'am, that I don't b'lieve he'd rest aisy in his grave if I giv' it up to sthrangers."

Seeing that it was her way of showing her love and respect for her dead husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harwood would not further press her to leave her present abode for the new one, and told her they understood all about it, and couldn't expect her to give up her dear old home that was so full of the memories of happier days, but that they could not take back their gift: the house was hers as fast as the law could make it; yet there was a plan which would settle it to her satisfaction and theirs, which was this: to let their business agent find a good tenant for the new house, and hand over the quarterly rent to her, to do as she pleased with. And so it was settled, Mrs. McCoy declaring, between smiles and tears that well became her pleasant face, that what she had done was "hardly worth thanks, as I'd da' done the same for any poor little sthray wean, black or white, that was wandherin' abroad in the night."

"I believe you would," said Cleo, holding the good creature's plump, warm hand folded close in both of hers; "but it just happened that the wean you picked up and sheltered as if it had been your own was mine, and that makes a difference, you see; no matter how you may feel about it, our obligation is none the less—you dear, good soul!" And Cleo put her arms about the Widow McCoy's neck and kissed her, which she declared, when speaking to Jo about it the next day with glistening eyes, "was better than all the houses they could ha' given her."

Things soon settled down into their old pleasant ways in the house: cheerful voices, music and song, a pleasant coming and going of visitors, and through it all, like the warble of a bird, a child's sweet voice at play. Joanna never let Violet out of her sight. One beautiful evening just when the west was blazing with the glory of the setting sun, Jo, who had taken the child out driving in a small open carriage that had been purchased for their use, told the driver to take them to the top of the street, just where it seemed to run into the sky. Violet's blue eyes widened and brightened; she clapped her hands with glee, for now, she thought, with Jo, alongside, and the pretty pony to help, she would soon have the "bag of gold at the end of the world"; but having got to that deceptive horizon line, that cheating vista, her countenance fell, a chill of disappointment stole into her childish heart, for the sun was far, far away, while stretching into the distance was a long, unimproved street with weedy fields, with ugly marshes beyond, a few rude dwellings here and there on either side; and as they drove on, the sun and the golden clouds, with splendors of color and tints, receded farther and farther away. Then the pony's head was turned, and they went home, Jo filling her with delight and expectation by the wonderful things she told her of a gray parrot with a red tail that she would find in the nursery on their return—a bird that would nod his head, and say "How dy'do" to her.

. . . . . .

When I left the dear ones at last, to join my husband at Norfolk, how little did I think that the parting was for aye! I never saw them again.

Max—my husband—was ordered on shore duty at Galveston, to continue the experi-

ments on which he was engaged before he went on his cruise. It was a year or more afterwards, when a letter reached me from Cleo—only a few frantic lines, full of bitter anguish—to tell me that one day after dinner the child was sitting on her lap, prattling merrily to her father and herself about her parrot and its funny ways and sayings, her violet eyes sparkling with glee, and her cheeks glowing and dimpled, when there came a sudden hush; the rose-tint in her face faded to lily whiteness, a film gathered over the wide, staring eyes, the smile still lingered on her lips, and her busy little hands dropped, still holding some lilies of the valley her father had given her from the table. She lived until sunrise, unconscious and motionless, then her pure spirit entered into the glory that lies far away beyond "the end of the world."

That is what I gathered from Cleone's almost incoherent lines, and this is how she ended: "Oh, Janet! how it would comfort me now had I only consented to your entreaties to have her baptized! Oh, my God! what may I not have deprived her of, I who would have given my life to save hers, or even to have made her happier!" How thankful I felt that it was in my power to impart the comfort she craved! I laid her letter down, and took up my pen to answer it, losing not a moment, although my tears so often blinded me that I was obliged to stop. I bade Cleone lift up her heart and be glad, for that her child had been baptized, thanks to Joanna's piety and affection. She, I told her, would give her all the particulars, which, in my haste to catch the return mail, I had not time to do; adding that poor Jo would have told her long ago, had she not been afraid that she would have been very much displeased about it.

Some weeks later she wrote again. Though still desolate and grief-stricken, she had found solace in what she had learned from the faithful Joanna, who was nearly as heart-broken as herself, and in the visits of the good clergyman who had baptized the child: she had insisted on Mr. Harwood's bringing him to see her. Cleone's heart followed her child; whither she had gone, there she longed for the hope to be. But how? Not of earth could such hope be born, or of the things which had heretofore been the delight of her existence, she knew by bitter experience; and now, made docile by her sorrow, she willingly opened her heart to the Truth, guided gently and wisely by the devout priest who had given to her child the waters of regeneration and life.

What I learned years afterwards, when I met this good clergyman, I will tell here. Mr. Harwood, dejected by his bereavement, and the grief and silence that brooded over his late happy home, and intolerant of the religious, and, as he called it, the fanatical turn things were taking, sought comfort in his club more and more—seeking a lethe for his sorrows in the wine-cup, or in the excitement of the card-table when high play rose to phrenzy. He was defiant, resentful, and bitter. "Why," he asked, "did not the power that had snatched away his child, be it God or what, take some starving little beggar to whom death would have been a mercy and release, instead of her?" He would hear no reason, admit no comfort, and reproached his wife for being so quickly solaced.

They went abroad for Cleone's health,—her only hope of recovery, the doctors said. As the months wore on, the bland, sweet air of Southern Europe brought back her strength. Joanna was ever with her, watchful of every want, gentle and tender in her ministrations. Together they spent much time in the churches, where Cleone most loved to be; together received the Bread of Life; and on Jo's breast, when sometimes the memories of her child swept over her in a natural outburst of grief, she wept her fill, but her tears were now spanned by the rainbow of hope, and brought balm instead of bitterness. Mr. Harwood wished to return home as soon as his wife's health mended. He had been very good and tender to her throughout, loving her and proud of her as ever; but the change in his habits, of which she was aware, filled her with the keenest apprehensions. Silent, and seeming not to notice his irregularities, she set herself to win him back to his former self by all those innocent, pretty artifices, those charms of manner and graceful, womanly attractions of which Cleone was mistress, but most of all by secret prayer, daily, constant, and untiring. They took passage home in a French steamer, that moved gaily out of port, with flags flying, followed by cheers from the crowds on shore. She looked as staunch as if she might have sailed the seas in safety until doomsday; but, as we all know, the *Perière* never touched land again, but went down in

mid-ocean, stricken by flame and tempest, with all her argosy of human life, her treasures of gold and merchandise, into the depths from which there shall be no awakening until "the sea gives up her dead."

A May-Flower.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

NO "lady's slipper," which some high-born dame
Sports in vain glory, is this little bloom
Just rising from the sod, its last year's tomb;
To nod, as many another, without fame,
Save such as country folks, in praise or blame,
Bestow upon them. Nature, in her loom,
With delicatest tints of light in gloom,
Has beautified this flower, whose gentle name
Brings Nazareth's green hills and vales to mind;
Anna and Joachim; and, dearer still,
Their sinless Child, whose ancient praises fill
Our canticles to-day. For, still we find
This Maiden, robed in white, with mantle blue,
Claiming this flow'ret as "The Virgin's Shoe."

St. Joseph's Cottage.

An Anecdote of Father S. T. Badin.

COMMUNICATED BY B. J. WEBB.

Those who know anything of the characteristics that most distinguished the renowned proto-priest of the United States, do not need to be told that he was as well known in his day for his eccentricities as he was for the zeal he manifested in God's service and in that of the people over whom he exercised pastoral jurisdiction. There never was a man whose oddities were more peculiar or more closely allied to the sentiment of humor. Wit was natural to him, and so was his appreciative faculty in discerning proper occasions for its exercise. An incident of his missionary career in Kentucky, that took place nearly seventy years ago, and which comes to the writer from an entirely trustworthy source, will exemplify the truth of what is here said concerning him.

It will be remembered by chronologists that in the war between Great Britain and the United States, known in our local history as that of 1812, the most important battle of the long drawn out conflict was fought and won and lost after the treaty of peace had been signed and exchanged by the joint commission appointed to adjudicate terms of settlement between the belligerent powers. From the beginning of the war to the memorable victory of the 8th of January, 1815, which practically put an end to the conflict, Kentucky had furnished to the army of defence her full quota of troops. Before the result of the battle of New Orleans was known in the State, there were hundreds of households throughout its borders in which patriotic impulse was powerless to stifle anxiety. With the news of the successful issue of the battle, the reaction in public feeling was general. Hope was enthroned in many a breast that had before been shadowed by apprehension. A little later, and the tidings that peace had been proclaimed was made the occasion of such general rejoicing as had never before been witnessed in the State.

There is a tendency in this age—outside of the Catholic Church, at least—to discredit all Providential action in human affairs. This was not the case three-quarters of a century ago, with any class of men, not even with those who were unattached to any religious organization. Men and women had prayed that God would remove from the land the incubus of war; and now, that peace was restored to the country, they were not to be persuaded that the blessing had not come to them through the medium of His tender compassion. Ingratitude, that most unaccountable development of satanic power over both instinct and reason in human nature, was a vice that was wholly unknown among the hardy pioneers of Kentucky at that day. Deep down in the heart of every man there was at least a tradition of faith, and out of this was evolved gratitude to God who had moved the rulers of two great nations to put an end to strife and to open to their peoples the paths of peace.

Thankful for the blessing that had come upon them and the country, non-Catholic Christians, all over the State, inaugurated in their churches "services of thanksgiving." What was done and said at these meetings, even though the writer had knowledge of the facts, which he has not, would concern none of his readers to learn. It will suffice to say that he gives full credit to those who got up and took part in them for having been actuated by proper and Christian motives.

Several such meetings had been held in the

counties lying east of the Kentucky River, when Father Badin happened to pay a visit to a number of Catholic families residing at or near the Great Crossings, in Scott County. Here was the home of the famous Col. Richard M. Johnson, whose services in the war of 1812, and especially at the battle of the Thames, not to speak of his after Vice-Presidency of the United States, have undoubtedly made his name familiar to the general reader. Here, too, —or not far away—lived another celebrated Kentuckian, Hon. William T. Barry, then a Senator in Congress from Kentucky, and afterwards Postmaster-General under the administration of Andrew Jackson, and Minister to Spain under that of Martin Van Buren. Father Badin knew these gentlemen well, as he did the greater number of the public men of the day in Kentucky; and, from all that has been said of his intercourse with such, it is reasonably certain that there was not one among them who did not feel himself honored in the acquaintance of the good priest.

On the occasion of this special visit, Father Badin found that his coming had been looked for with more than ordinary anxiety by the small number of Catholics whose homes were in the immediate neighborhood. These, he soon learned, had been twitted by their Protestant neighbors for their supposed ingratitude to God on an occasion that called so loudly for public manifestations of the contrary sentiment.

"Well, well!" said the priest, when he had got at the bottom of the trouble; "we will show these neighbors of yours that we not only know what it is to be grateful to our Divine Lord for His mercies, but that our Ritual provides for that precise character of praise that is most acceptable to Him, no matter what may be the occasion that calls for its rendition. It is not likely, however, that your friends will either understand or care to understand the significance of our service of thanksgiving; but that is their misfortune, and it need not disturb you."

An early day was named for the service, which was arranged to take place in the commodious school-house at Great Crossings, in which an altar was soon fitted up, and the people for five miles round were, in some way, notified of the contemplated meeting. The appointed day proved a pleasant one, and at the hour named for the beginning of the Mass there was not a bench in the school-room that was not crowded with sitters. Conspicuous in the assemblage were to be seen Colonel Johnson, William T. Barry, and other notables of the neighborhood. At the close of the Mass, Father Badin turned towards his auditors and thus addressed them: "Now, my friends, you will all kneel down with me, and we will offer up our prayers in thanksgiving to our dear Lord who has been pleased to remove from our land the scourge of war."

As a matter of course, every Catholic present came to his knees at once; but these did not number one in ten of the entire audience. Again the priest lifted up his voice and said: "All you who are *Christians* will kneel down with me, and we will together thank God for His mercies."

Thus apostrophized, the greater number of his auditors fell upon their knees. But there was a goodly number still standing or sitting, and among these were the parties hitherto named. Fixing his eyes upon those leaders in society and politics, Father Badin exclaimed: "All you who are *gentlemen* will kneel down with me, and we will all return our thanks to the Lord our God, who has remembered us in mercy."

It is needless to say that there was no more faltering in that assemblage of old-time Kentuckians.

The Month of Mary.

The love of the Church for the Blessed Virgin shows itself in a thousand different ways; it employs all the arts to proclaim in their varied but powerful tones the glories of the Mother of God. Architecture has raised to our Lady magnificent temples wherein Christian symbolism has spiritualized matter; music, inspired by the worship of Mary, has produced its most melodious harmonies; and poetry, so beautifully styled *l'ange gardien de l'humanité à toutes ses époques*,* has consecrated beautiful and sweet canticles to her who is to our poor humanity the best of guardian angels, that is to say, to our Mother. Painting has given life to the canvas; marble has learned to breathe under the sculptor's chisel; and all the arts, children of heaven

* The angel guardian of humanity in all its epochs. —*Lamartine.*

and consolers of earth, have carried on a noble rivalry in their efforts to carry out those words of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, *Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata,*—"Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O sacred Virgin."

Not satisfied with having made tributary to the Mother of God the masterpieces of art and genius, the Church has consecrated to her nature with its splendors and its mysteries; she has consecrated to her this month of May in which the fields begin to clothe themselves in verdure, wherein the rays of the sun unfold the roses in the gardens and awake poetry in the souls of men,—May, which brings the old man back to the morning of his life, and which stirs up in the youthful heart laughing dreams and cheering hopes,—May, the universal canticle of creation, which sends up to Heaven its perfumes and its harmonies,—May, which lulls suffering to sleep,—May, the month of Mary, the consoler of Christians and the fountain of our joys.

The altar of our Lady is decked out in the flowers of spring; the lights flash amongst garlands of flowers and foliage entwined by the hands of innocence. The litanies of the Mother of God, in which are gathered together all the glories of Mary, all the hopes of the Church, are poured forth from fervent hearts; those grand thoughts, those pious sentiments, are clad with poetical images. Mary is the Mystical Rose whose perfume embalms the garden of paradise and the solitudes of the earth; she is the tower of David which affords a refuge to the warriors of the earth; she is the mirror wherein the Eternal Wisdom is reflected, and the tabernacle in which it reposes. Immaculate sanctuary, house of gold adorned with all virtues, the Virgin of Juda still continues to be the gate of the new Eden, the star that shines over the tempest-tossed ocean of the world. Terrible as an army in battle array, she defends the Christian cohorts; tender and compassionate Mother, she receives back the penitent, she blesses pain. The angels salute her as their Queen; before her the patriarchs bow their heads venerable by the snows of many winters, and the Apostles bow their faces from which tongues of fire emit their rays; the martyrs lower their palms to her, the Pontiffs their pastoral staves, and the virgins their spotless lilies. The holy women that have prefigured Mary—Rachel, Judith, Esther—those that have imitated her virtues, and who form the humble, radiant phalanx of Christian mothers and spouses,—all unite in one voice and with one heart to bless and glorify her; and, Queen of Heaven, the Virgin who humbly declared herself the handmaid of the Lord will be the eternal object of the love of men, the admiration of the angels, and the complacence of God.

This sublime litany is often followed by the recitation of the Rosary,—a mystical crown placed upon the royal brow of Mary by the piety of the faithful. The solemn voice of the pastor begins those touching and popular prayers which have been on our lips since infancy; all present answer; and amongst all those invocations, the constantly repeated expression of the wants of man and of the Christian, a concert is formed that ascends to the Virgin like a perfume of agreeable odors. Let freethinkers laugh if they will at this pious custom of saying the beads, which is a solace to so many unfortunates weighed down beneath the miseries of life; we will say with an illustrious philosopher (De Bonald) that "the humble practices of religion are like the little attentions of friendship, which constitute the sweetness of life and the happiness of tender souls."

Both sexes, all ages, all conditions, find in the worship of Mary a support and hope; it infuses into the soul a wonderful calmness and profound peace. How much to be pitied are sectarians who have banished the image of the Virgin from their churches and the thought of her from their hearts! Thinking to honor the Son, they condemn the Mother! They rejected the venerable chain of traditions of the Catholic Church; they closed their ears to the voice of the Fathers and the Doctors, who, in this valley of tears, turned their eyes to her of whom Jesus was born. Oh! less unhappy than our separated brethren of the West, the schismatical Christians of the East honor Mary; the *Panagia* * is their support, their hope, their love. We like to believe that these pious sentiments, preserved intact in the hearts of the Orientals, is a pledge of their return to Unity; and to it we attribute much of what we now see going on in the East in the way of conversions to the Catholic faith. Mary herself is tearing away the veil that hides the

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* A name given by the Greeks to Mary,—meaning, *All holy*.

truth from them; the Ark of the Covenant between God and man, she is for the two Churches, of the East and of the West, the ark of reconciliation; her name, invoked by both on their separate altars, will be the bond to reunite them. As was formerly the case with Florence, so now Byzantium will draw towards Rome, Rome will embrace Byzantium, and in the family of Christ there will be but one fold and one shepherd.

The Lazaretto of Tracadie.

A. M. Pope, in The Catholic World.

To visit the Lazaretto of Tracadie, now in charge of the Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu, had long been a cherished project of the writer, who in the autumn of last year was enabled to carry out the design.

Crossing from Chatham in a small ferry-boat, we strike a broad and level road that intersects the principal settlements in the vicinity. The first place of note on the road is Oak Point, the residence of a Highland gentleman, Mr. MacDougall, whose beautiful property and genial hospitality are renowned throughout the province. A few miles further on, we come to the district known as Burnt Church. This name is a relic of the old wars. . . . In this vicinity there are many Indians of the Mic-Mac tribe. They have lost the vigor of their warlike ancestors, and live by fishing and shooting, occasionally finding work among the lumbermen. They are a simple race, very tractable, most respectful to their spiritual pastor and masters. . . .

After passing Burnt Church we stop at Neguaak. Some miles further on is Tabucintac, on the river of that name. The road now lies in the heart of a pine forest; here and there a cleared spot gives a view of the sea. On we go, on still northward, until we reach a broad, open country, and, crossing a bridge over a beautiful river, find ourselves in Tracadie. There is nothing in the aspect of the place to suggest its being the seat of so much misery. The houses and barns look neat and clean; there are some fine dwellings, and three general stores. On the summit of a slight eminence stands a large and handsome stone church, as yet only partially completed. Down by the sea is the old wooden edifice that has for the past seventy years been consecrated by the prayers of the faithful. It is quaint and old, and much too small to contain the parishioners, who come from within a circuit of sixty miles. Over the altar is an oil-painting of the baptism of our Lord by St. John; and near it is a picture of another distant coast by which a saint lies dying, his hands clasping his crucifix, his eyes upturned to heaven; St. Francis Xavier, who kissed the sores of the lepers of old, is here to give encouragement to the apostles of Tracadie.

From the church to the Lazaretto—or, as it is now called, the Hôtel Dieu—is only a few hundred yards. An irregular path over the beach, terminating in a rustic bridge, leads to the enclosure that is the leper's world. The hospital can scarcely be called a triumph of architecture, nor has it any of the stately solidity that one expects to see in a Government institution. The building forms a quadrangle, and is but two stories in height. It is built of wood, and has been patched and added to until it presents rather a piebald aspect. The Sisters have purchased land adjacent to the sixteen acres allowed by the Government to the lepers; and last year they erected, at their own expense, an addition sufficiently large to contain their dwelling apartments as well as a general reception-parlor.

Viewed from the entrance-gate, the Lazaretto has the appearance of a slightly built wooden barrack erected in haste for temporary use, and one wonders how it has stood so many winter gales blowing over the frozen surface of Tracadie Bay.

In answer to a pull of the bell-rope, a little wicket is opened and the smiling face of a Sister "tourière" is seen. She, apparently satisfied that we are not wolves in sheep's clothing, opens the door and ushers us into a charming little parlor, wherein a bright wood fire is crackling cheerily. One side of this parlor is formed by a light wooden grating, behind which we see the sweet face of the Mother-Superior, who, accompanied by her Sisters, bids us a graceful and gracious welcome. From her, and from the curé, Rev. Mr. Babineau, we learn the pitiful history of the rise and progress of leprosy in Tracadie.

One sultry August afternoon in the year 1823 the Rev. M. de Bellefeuille, a missionary priest visiting Tracadie, was called upon to bury a woman named Ursule Landry, who had died of a mysterious and loathsome disease to which none could give a name. Her flesh had become hard and scaly; hideous swellings distorted her face and form; spots of a brownish tint appeared upon her limbs; her eyes were covered with a yellow film; her eyebrows had dropped off, so had her nails. Her hands and feet stiffened, and sores broke out, discharging matter of an offensive odor. What the malady was none knew; in all the countryside there had never been seen the like. Rumor came from Newcastle that the wife of a Scotch resident in that town, named Gardiner, was similarly affected, and a young physician of those parts had gone to Europe to study up the case. Meanwhile Ursule Landry had died, and her simple coffin was borne to its last resting-place in the grave-yard by the sea, on the shoulders of four of her countrymen. The weather was very warm, and one of these poor fishermen, François Saulniers, was in

his shirt-sleeves. The coffin weighed heavily upon his shoulder and cut through the thin woollen garment into the bare flesh. Undertakers were not skilled craftsmen in these parts, and from the edge of the coffin flowed a poisonous discharge that inoculated the newly-made wound of the pall-bearer. He died a leper. The sister of Ursule Landry also became a victim. Symptoms of it appeared in the children of both these women, and so the disease spread. Sometimes it assumed a different form: instead of swelling and becoming discolored, the sufferers grew daily paler and more emaciated; the hands shrivelled up; a sepulchral cough set in, attended with all the symptoms of consumption, and death came for his prey.

The young Miramichi physician travelled through Europe, prosecuting his studies with regard to this mysterious disease. On the shores of a Norwegian fiord he found its victims; they were kept apart from other men, shunned in life and isolated in death: the disease was leprosy. On his return he, with influential men of the district, laid the matter before the provincial Government, and a Board of Health for the counties of Gloucester and Northumberland was constituted.

On Sheldrake Island, in the Miramichi River, was a small and gloomy building. To it the eyes of the Board of Health turned. It was purchased, and became the first New Brunswick lazaretto. A search was made for the poor victims of the disease, who, on the 19th of July, 1844, were taken in boats to this wretched spot. A man and his wife were hired to take charge, wash, cook, etc., and a supply of provisions was doled out to be administered by them. Squalor and misery prevailed. The poor unfortunates confined by force in this worse than prison constantly planned and effected their escape; there is on record an instance of a moonlight flitting of a party of four—one of them a woman, with an infant a few weeks old—who put off in boats and made their way to Tracadie, only to be recaptured and brought back to their hated "hospital."

On the 16th of October, 1845, the Lazaretto was burned down. It was rebuilt, however, but, on account of troubles ensuing from the erection of a quarantine hospital on the island, it was determined to remove the lepers to another part of the province. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, 1849, these poor sufferers, thirty-one in number, were put into boats and conveyed to Tracadie, where, on a lonely spot by the sea-shore, stood a new and comfortless building, henceforth their living tomb.

The curé, Rev. M. Gauvreau, who was possessed of a considerable knowledge of medicine, did all in his power to relieve their sufferings. The Board met and paid bills and passed measures, but did not, indeed could not, see to these measures being carried out. Wardens and washerwomen played fast and loose with the provisions and clothing allotted to the patients. The "rich man" may have derived some profit from the concern, but Lazarus died at his gates without even a dog to lick his sores. A physician now and then paid a little visit and received a large recompense; but here, as elsewhere, "doctors differed, and patients died." At one time the star of hope rose. A young French doctor practising on the opposite side of the Baie des Chaleurs, had pronounced the disease curable, and offered to come to Tracadie as resident physician and prove the truth of his assertions. He was a stranger; the Government guaranteed him nothing, but the friends of the lepers went security for the payment of his salary, and he came. M. Gauvreau, whose dearest wish it was to see his poor people cured, gave Dr. La Bellois the warmest encouragement; but after several trials, the foreign doctor retired in confusion, and Death in his most loathsome form stalked triumphant in Tracadie. On Saturday, 4th of October, 1852, the Lazaretto was burned to the ground, one of the patients, named Tuigley, having played the part of incendiary. As the season was too far advanced for the erection of new buildings, the lepers, thirty-six in number, passed the winter in what had been used as a prison for the turbulent—a building thirty-two feet by thirty, divided into two apartments. Here their sufferings were intolerable. Afflicted with a disease that at best, even with ventilation, bathing, and attention to diet, is more or less offensive, these poor beings were huddled together, unwashed and uncared for. The office of washerwoman to the institution must have been rather a sinecure, as tradition tells that clean clothing was distributed but twice a year, and the clean shirts were put on over the dirty ones! There was no nurse to tend them; they were not unfrequently found dead in their beds. M. Gauvreau said that on one occasion, when summoned to administer the last Sacraments to a dying person, he literally had to step over a dead body lying in the ward in the midst of the sleeping lepers. An old patient of that time, still living, relates how once the good Father found a dying girl in such a state of filth that with his own hands he took a sponge and washed and dressed her sores before giving her the last consolations of the Church.

In the spring of 1853 the Lazaretto was rebuilt but the internal economy was not improved. Iron bars guarded the windows; high walls closed in the narrow limits of the lepers' yard; men and women were huddled together like sheep; a guard paced before the door. Those suspected of being afflicted with the disease were hunted down, and brought to the hated prison by main force. No amusement or recreation was provided for them. The murmuring of a little brook before their door was their only music; the sky above them, the

distant fields they no more might tread, the sea they loved so well, their only books. What wonder they became reckless, and cared not for the laws of God or of man? Sometimes a ray of hope would come to their place of exile. Once, in the year 1860, a visitor brought them tidings of a mineral spring near the Hillsborough River, in Prince Edward Island, where, could they visit it, they would obtain a cure. The Board of Health permitted the experiment; some of them went, but, alas! in vain, and came back to die.

In the year 1866 a petition was sent to the legislature at Fredericton, begging that a change might be effected in the management of the Lazaretto, and that Sisters of Mercy might be invited to come and act as nurses to the afflicted patients. After a considerable discussion of *pros* and *cons*, this petition was conceded and the idea was carried out. Mgr. Rogers, Bishop of Chatham, asked the community of the Hospitalières of St. Joseph of the Hôtel Dieu of Montreal to give some Sisters for this mission. His request was granted; and and on the 29th of September, 1868, a devoted band of six Sisters arrived in the parish of Tracadie. The poor peasants received them as angels from heaven. The whole parish turned out to do them honor, and greeted them with every sign of respect and reverence. They knelt to them as to saints. One little leper boy had a rather startling habit of genuflecting every time he met a Sister, even if he were running at full speed. The present superior tells with much amusement how on one occasion, when she was opening the door for an aged clergyman from Montreal, an old man appeared at the grating. He paid not the slightest attention to the priest, but fell on his knees before the nun, saying: "C'est la confiance qui m'amène à votre Sainteté."* Her embarrassment may be imagined.

The building provided for the Sisters was forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide and thirteen feet in height. They took possession of this miserable lodging and at once set about improving the condition of the patients. In some respects the administration was as before: the supplies passed through the hands of the Board of Health; they provided the cook. But, owing to a communication from the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, neither entrance nor residence in the Lazaretto was to be compulsory by law; persuasion was henceforth to be the means employed. The Sisters had the bars removed from the windows and the prison walls pulled down. Air and light, soap and water, wholesome food and good nursing worked wonders. The sexes were separated. Needles and thread were provided for the use of the women; a garden was laid off, in which the men worked with good-will. A chapel was fitted up, wherein the Holy Sacrifice was offered daily. The whole aspect of things was changed. The gloom of discontent no longer clouded the leper's brow; he accepted his cross, and learned to look beyond it.

Still there were drawbacks to the perfect working of the institution. The Sisters, watching by the beds of their patients, could not obtain at times the smallest quantity of food for them without a *written* order being sent to the cook. Now, as the cook could not read, but had to employ the services of an interpreter, and as the Sisters were not always provided with portable ink-bottles, there was generally a considerable amount of ceremony and no small delay before a cup of broth could be extorted wherewith to revive a fainting patient. Then the aforesaid cook, being of a convivial and hospitable turn of mind, would entertain his friends most liberally, while the lepers often ate dry bread, and grudgingly saw their viands served up at impromptu parties in the cook-house. For some years after the arrival of the Sisters at Tracadie nothing was changed in the mode of administering the Lazaretto through a Board of Health, the Sisters being simply nurses, and having more or less responsibility, without control. The wisdom and prudence of this Board of Health were often questioned, and their indiscreet administration was the occasion of much displeasure and criticism. There was so much red-tapeism, so much farming out of contracts, the Government funds filtered through so many hands, that the unfortunate sufferers did not derive as much benefit as they should have had from their annual allowance.

In the year 1880, on the 25th of November, the Lazaretto was transferred to the Dominion Government, and became subject to the department of the Minister of Agriculture, who placed in the hands of the Sisters the entire charge and administration of the money voted for the maintenance of the hospital. Since then all has gone smoothly; the patients are much better fed and clothed, and means have been provided for their occupation. They no longer spend long days and weeks in idleness. A loom, quilting-frame, carding-combs, and spinning-wheel have been provided for the women; the men have tools, and, as some of them are good workmen, they make many useful articles. There is a boat in which they may go fishing; and they have violins, on which some of them play fairly well. In the winter evenings they have many a merry dance, and in healthful work and innocent recreation forget for the moment the heavy cross which God, in His mysterious providence, has laid upon them. They never attempt to go beyond the limits which Government has allotted to them, nor is there the same difficulty in inducing them to enter the Lazaretto. The curé, Rev. M. Babineau, investigates the

* I come to *your Holiness* with perfect trust.

"suspected cases," and, if he finds them to be diseased, reasons with them until he brings them to a sense of their duty. His work is often very arduous, but he succeeds in convincing them that they will be happier and better cared for in the hospital. The great difficulty with which he has to contend is their absolute refusal to believe that they have the leprosy. Others may have it, but not they; it is some other disease, or the result of some accident, or some trifling indisposition, which will soon pass. Sometimes when the ominous yellow spots first appear the poor creatures hide them, and run away.

In visiting the wards, one is struck by the insufficiency of accommodation they afford. There are two wards down-stairs, each thirty feet long by twenty-five wide, for the use of the men; one of these contains eight beds; the other contains three beds, a large stove, a table, and some chairs and benches. This apartment, though serving as a dormitory for some of the patients, is also dining-room, sitting-room, smoking-room, work-room, etc.; and as it is the life-long home of eleven men, and is seven feet seven inches in height, the state of the atmosphere is not very healthful for either patients or nurses. The wards for the women are above; there are three—two are dormitories, one a room for day occupation. The ceilings of these are lower, and there are eight beds in each dormitory. At night, when the windows and doors are closed and the patients all asleep, the smell arising from so many diseased breaths and running sores is something intolerable. Since the hospital has been under the Dominion Government many improvements have been effected, one being the erection of a small mortuary chapel. Up to last year, the dead lay among the living for thirty hours, after which time they were carried to their lonely corner in the little graveyard.

The yearly grant for the Lazaretto is $3,000; $800 of this is a provision for the support of the nuns, $100 for the chaplain. One cannot help contrasting the salaries of those who minister to the soul with those who minister to the body; for among the Government papers in Fredericton is one wherein is set down the amount of $640 as the sum yearly paid to a physician for his visits to the Lazaretto. When the Sisters came, the number of patients was but fifteen, and the allowance was ample; now there are twenty-seven, and it is not easy to give them the comforts they require. Still, the curé and the Sisters coincide in speaking most warmly of the vast improvement felt in every way since the institution passed under the more generous administration of the Dominion Government.

It is not easy to give an idea of the impression produced by the first sight of the lepers. Strong men have fainted and turned sick at the sight of such affliction. The ward first visited is that of the men. Here are exemplified various stages of the disease. To an inexperienced eye some of these men look well and strong; but, alas! they will tell you that the deadly symptoms are there, either in discoloration of the skin, swellings, contracted joints, or some other fatal sign. One of the surest indications seems to be the contraction of the muscles between the thumb and index-finger; this is said to be a peculiarity of the disease. The flesh sometimes becomes destitute of all feeling, is insensible to burns or cuts; in these cases there is great internal suffering.

There is now in the hospital a man whose aim in life seems to have been higher than that of his companions in misfortune, and whose habits are such that the offensive nature of the disease causes him intense mental agony. He is in appearance strong and active, and his manner most prepossessing. He takes pleasure in gardening and reading, and plays the violin fairly well. In his case the fatal malady has broken out after lying dormant for three generations. The most pitiful object in the house is a young man who presents an aspect scarcely human; he is swathed in flannel and seated in a chair near the stove; his face and hands are covered with white scales; his face, from which the nose has disappeared, is most fearfully distorted, and every now and then he gives a sort of whistling cough that seems to come from lungs in the last stage of decay. The Sisters say that his whole body is a mass of these dry white scales, that keep constantly falling off; in the morning his bed is covered with them. His voice, like his cough, though faint, is most thrilling, and haunts one for many days. Some little boys, too young to realize the blight that has fallen on their lives, are gay and happy, having a very keen appreciation of the culinary comforts of the hospital. Among the occupants of the men's ward there is a look of listless sadness that one is glad to find absent from the faces of the women who, with that facility for accommodating themselves to circumstances peculiar to the sex, have managed to give their apartments somewhat of a homelike aspect. Here they sew, knit, weave, and spin, and, when their strength permits, assist in the washing and nursing, for which work they are always paid.

Among all the patients, male and female, there reigns a wonderful spirit of resignation; their devoted pastor and their no less devoted nurses have instilled a spirit of meekness and fortitude very foreign to their natures. They bow to God's will, and carry their cross, if not cheerfully, at least bravely. The fixed idea of each, that his or her disease is not leprosy and is not incurable is a merciful hallucination; for, with their comrades dying before them in all the agonies of strangulation or suffocation, the prospect of the same ending to their own sufferings would be almost too

much for human endurance calmly to contemplate. It is not etiquette, when in the wards, to speak of leprosy—the word is considered insulting; it is "la maladie." The revulsion of feeling since the favorable change in the management of the hospital and of the patients would be fraught with one dangerous result, unless checked by prudent surveillance. The friends and relations who from time to time come to visit their sick are not sufficiently afraid of the possibility of contagion, and would not sufficiently guard against it, if they were not *checked* by the rules of the institution. An eminent Ottawa physician has given as his opinion that the disease may be inoculated, may be imparted through the close intercourse of domestic life; that some firesides where it has long been harbored would be dangerous resting-places, and that members of families predisposed to the disease are those who are in the greatest danger of contracting it.

There is now in the hospital a young married woman of gentle and melancholy mien. She left an infant five months old, and entered here at twenty-eight years, to end her days in exile. Her sister, a dwarf, of about thirty years of age, has all the appearance of a woman of seventy. Disfigured face, swollen and distorted ulcerated mouth and tongue; ghastly, rolling, sightless eyes; fingers and toes from which the flesh has fallen; skin hard and glazed, and many ulcers,—all call for compassion and sympathy. She lies on her little bed, suffering most intense and unceasing agony, choking for breath, smarting from internal sores, quivering with pain, weak in body, but brave and strong in soul. We asked her did she wish to die. She faintly answered, "No: not if it be the will of *le bon Dieu* that I should suffer longer."

Day and night her prayers ascend,—prayers for her good nurses, for the priest who has smoothed her weary path to the grave, for her fellow-sufferers, and for the holy souls. She never murmurs or complains. To look at so frail a body, so covered with a loathsome outgrowth of decay, and to hear her earnestly, almost joyously, telling the praises of God, is indeed impressive. The Sister in charge was reading the prayers for the sick at her bedside, and as we looked the poor sufferer held up her little hands and smiled, as though to greet the angels; overcome, we turned away.

One end of the men's sleeping apartment has a large window opening toward the chapel. In this room the patients hear Mass. The chapel is small, but exquisitely dainty. Its most noticeable ornament is a large and beautiful picture of our Lady holding in her arms the Divine Infant—a copy from the celebrated painting by Father Vasseur, S. J.

Many theories have been held out as to the possible or probable cause of the origin of leprosy in Tracadie. The people have a legend, that early in the century a ship from Europe put into Caraquette harbor, and that Ursule and Isabelle Landry, natives of that place, washed for the sailors, and became inoculated with the disease many years before they moved to Tracadie. Whatever value may be attached to this theory, it appears beyond a doubt that the disease originated in this locality in these two Landry girls; and it is difficult to account for this fact unless the theory of inoculation be accepted. It is possible that some escaped (or unknown) leper from a lazaretto in Norway or in Trinidad may have passed through northeast New Brunswick, scattering the seeds of desolation and death in his pathway.

Writers who assign the cause to be the poverty of the place are simply talking nonsense. Tracadie is not a lone sand-bank, nor do the dwellers therein subsist on half-decayed codfish. The district has not one family that is not comfortably housed and clothed. The land has not been much cultivated, but it is not by any means poor, as the crops of those who have experimented in agriculture testify. The lumber district produces a fine growth of wood, wherein is found game in abundance; the rivers abound in fish; over the sea and in the marshes large flocks of birds are constantly flying, so that there is a choice of food to be had at very small cost. Were the country opened up by a railroad tapping the Intercolonial, and the place accessible to summer tourists, a different impression concerning it would soon gain ground.

As it is, Tracadie is very quiet in its lovely beauty. Across the entrance to the bay stretches a high red ridge of sand called the Dune; on this is a cluster of large white buildings that seem to rise abruptly from the waves. A little steamer plies busily from the harbor bar to a saw-mill on the shore. Here and there a sail-boat glides over the blue water. Great flocks of wild fowl fly screaming out to sea, and across the shining sand come the voices of children at play.

Hark! there is the muffled toll of the convent bell. From the hospital door, across the green lawn, and out to the gate, moves a procession of men; they are lepers, and they carry a coffin. At the gate they stop: they may go no further. Hired hands then seize the coffin and bear it over the little bridge and along the stony beach. In one corner of the cemetery is an open grave; around it are many mounds, each marked by a simple wooden cross. The coffin of this last victim is lowered, the earth thrown in, the men turn away, and the blue waves plashing against the grass-grown bank sing the last requiem of the little sufferer. We might place above her head the epitaph of one of her fellow-countrymen—an exile from Grand-Pré—who sleeps in Caraquette churchyard: "Miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei."

Notes from Rome.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Italian Parliament signalizes itself at short and pretty regular intervals by some great or petty outburst of spleen against the Papacy. These periodical ebullitions are like the straws that show us how the wind of persecution blows; though goodness knows we can trace its course all too clearly without needing to have it marked out by "honorable" members of the Legislative Chambers. Not many days ago a question put by Deputy Patrenostro gave rise to a lively but not very dignified discussion. The debate turned on the payment of the telegrams sent by the Holy Father to nations outside of Italy. Article 12 of the Law of Guarantees provides for their gratuitous transmission within the kingdom, if not to foreign nations also. The fiery deputy wished to know whether they were transmitted as State despatches, free of charge; and, anticipating an affirmative reply, called on the Government to suppress this item of the national expenditure by making the Pope disburse the full costs of his telegraphic correspondence. This motion of Signor Patrenostro was by no means prompted by any regard for the nation's finances, he himself being one of those insatiable vampires that uphold the present ruinous system of political economy, and help to suck the country's life-blood. The Holy Father will, of course, disburse whatever is required of him. His lock-picking enemies of the Chambers should, nevertheless, remember that Leo XIII and his glorious predecessor, by refusing to accept the annual stipend allowed them by the Law of the Guarantees, have saved the country over forty-two million francs; and that, after having despoiled the Papacy of all its temporal goods, the Government should be slow to raise discussions and unpleasantness over this insignificant item of foreign telegrams.

While the present illustrious occupant of St. Peter's Chair was being subjected to this new indignity, a worthy tribute of honor was elsewhere paid to the memory of his immortal predecessor St. Pius V. Official Italy held high festival at Leghorn on the occasion of the launching of the *Lepanto*, one of the four largest ships-of-war in the world. It was one of those State festivals, unhappily so rare nowadays, in which the rites of religion still take a prominent part. The immense leviathan was solemnly blessed by Mgr. Pacini, Bishop of Leghorn. The right reverend prelate shortly afterwards presented an address to King Humbert, taking a good omen from the name of the new iron-clad, "which recalls the memory of Lepanto, within whose gulf, three centuries ago, the dreaded power of the Ottoman was shorn of its strength." At the time to which he refers, the Turks had declared war against the Republic of Venice, and threatened Christendom with a new invasion. After having taken the city of Nicosia, in Cyprus, they barbarously slaughtered 15,000 of its inhabitants. The siege of Farmagosta followed. The city was delivered into their hands on honorable terms, which were, however, perfidiously broken by the ferocious victors; the inhabitants were massacred in cold blood, or led away into slavery, and their brave defender, Marc-Antonio Bragadino, flayed alive by the common executioner. Then it was that the holy Pontiff St. Pius V, whose heart bled on hearing of these and similar cruelties exercised by the Turks, united the forces of Rome, Spain, Venice, Malta, and Savoy against the common enemy. The allied fleet, under the command of Don John of Austria, joined battle in October, 1571, with the enemy's ships drawn up at Lepanto, and inflicted upon them the defeat which saved Europe from impending invasion, and broke forever the maritime power of the Turkish Empire.

The public-school system of instruction in this country presents some lamentable phases, which merit the attention of everyone interested in the education of youth. The exclusion of religion from the schools has produced such results as surprise no man of sense,—setting loose on the nation a flood of irreligious youth, who in a few years have run up its crime-calendar to truly alarming figures. A new though not unforeseen characteristic of this iniquitous system has of late been brought to light, revealing the significant fact that a very large number of teachers are infected with the most insane political ideas, and already belong to, or are rapidly joining, the ranks of the Socialists, Internationalists, and other enemies of public order. The *Nuova Antologia* attributes this alarming defection of the teachers to the insufficient pay and the physical and moral sufferings which they must endure. The *Opinione* traces the evil to its real source when it says, in a recent issue: "It is not misery alone that drives them against society; it is the lack of a sufficient moral education. In this lies the defect of our whole system of instruction—higher, intermediate, and elementary." After the "paternal" Government, out of a pretended regard for the consciences of Italian youth, had outraged their most cherished sentiments by putting a ban on religious instruction, the state-schools passed rapidly from indifference to atheism, from atheism to the verge of revolution. Now, instead of being the centres of knowledge and probity, they are rapidly degenerating into propagandas of dynamite and socialism. The way is slippery and the gradation rapid. But there is one thing more calamitous than dynamite: it is the corruption, the moral ruin, and desolation spread among innocent youth by the monsters that sit on Satan's throne in the Government's godless schools. Up to the present hour these in-

stitutes have been prolific nests of vice, vestibules to the state-prisons, powerful allies to the revolution, scourges to the entire nation.

Another inestimable boon which the revolution professed to confer on Italy was to free the people from the trammels of Church laws and bring them to the enjoyment of perfect human liberty. Notable among the many public scandals that followed the invaders to this city, was the non-observance of the precept which commands us to rest from servile works on Sundays and festivals of obligation. Under the old *régime*, the Church's law was strictly observed; the poor man who gave "his daily toil for daily fee" was allowed his meed of relaxation, and encouraged to devote it to the service of his Creator. The new masters who came to free the city from the "Tiberian ferocity" of the Popes, and to "annex" the Church's property, "annexed" likewise the fraction of time devoted to the worship of God and the repose of the material man: they took from Cæsar what was Cæsar's, and from God what was God's. The sufferers have at length protested against this abuse. A commission appointed to examine into their claims has granted them the natural right of which, thanks to their "liberators," they had been deprived for thirteen years. An echo to the cry of the Roman workmen and artisans has been heard from Milan, and other cities of Italy. The result, of course, will be the same: the Freemasons and other "patriotic" brotherhoods of Italy will be forced to acknowledge the justice and wisdom of the Church's law, which they formerly characterized as an "insupportable tyranny." Theirs, however, is necessarily an imperfect work. The Church's rest on Sundays and festivals is but a means for facilitating its ulterior and higher aim of dedicating to the service of the Creator a portion of that time every moment of which is His free gift. The Freemasons' new "concession" looks not beyond the present animal life: it provides (as the Church does far more efficiently) for the repose of the body, but seeks to deviate from the duties of religion the very persons whom it is supposed to benefit. The listless inaction which seeks not the church-door will infallibly lead to the beer-shop, the gambling-table, to every resort of vice, and will desecrate God's hour with a more abundant harvest of crime.

Mgr. Vannutelli has been appointed to represent the Holy Father at the coronation of the Czar of Russia. According to custom, the eminent prelate will present the congratulations of the Pope to the newly-crowned Emperor the day after the actual ceremony, as no Catholic, and much more no representative of the Vatican, could take part in the rites of an heretical church. In 1856, Mgr. (now Cardinal) Chigi bore the congratulations of Pius IX to the late Emperor Alexander II when assuming the crown of all the Russias.

H.

Youth's Department.

A May Carol.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

QUEEN of the skies, so brightly fair,
So mild, so chaste, so meek,
We beg thy love, we claim thy care,
Thy children, frail and weak.
Behold! our prayers like incense rise,
Queen of the skies!
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies!

II.

The shadows of a sinful earth
Are hov'ring o'er our way;
O thou who gav'st a Saviour birth,
Be thou our guide and stay.
Oh! turn on us thy loving eyes,
Queen of the skies!
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies!

III.

The fragrant wreath for thee we twine,
To thee our voices raise;
As 'round thy chaste and holy shrine
We hymn our notes of praise.
Oh! hear our prayers, receive our sighs,
Queen of the skies!
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies!

The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain.

BY CANON SCHMID.

PART II.

CHAPTER XI.

(CONCLUSION.)



JUST as Fernando had quieted Clara, who was smiling again amidst her tears, and while the children were in high glee at the happy change of affairs, the door opened and Alonso stepped in, accompanied by Father Antonio. The mother and children shrank back with fear. Little Bertha, who was playing with the diamond star thrown on the table by her father, let it fall in terror at the sight of the old noble.

The proud Alonso had no doubt that he could succeed in having Fernando's marriage annulled, and was bent on his separation from Clara. "Dearest Fernando," said he, "do be reasonable. This is no trifling matter. A grand countship, the preservation of our family, and the title of the Counts of Alvarez, are at stake. Your present wife can never be a countess. You cannot even lead her into the society of the higher nobility of Spain. Just think, what a dreadful thing that would be! Neither can your children inherit our title: it will revert to the crown. Such a loss would be irreparable. I will buy this castle, or any other fine estate in Bohemia, for Lady Clara She can live with her children in the best of circumstances, and be sumptuously provided with everything that heart could wish. But you, dear Fernando, will go with me to Spain to take possession of your estates. It pains me, indeed, to act thus towards the good lady, but the separation is necessary."

Fernando merely shook his head, saying: "Uncle, you have heard my final reply; I have nothing further to say."

Charles, the elder boy, here fearlessly walked up to Alonso, and said: "We'll not let our dear father be taken from us. Go away, you bad man, or I'll call the servants, the gardener and forester, and have you put out!"

"You're a bad uncle," exclaimed little Fernando. "Our other uncle, the wood-chopper, is a thousand times kinder to us than you are. There's joy in the whole house when he comes; but you bring nothing but sorrow!"

Alonso became very angry at the language of the children. The thought that a wood-chopper should be as good an uncle to them as himself, was unbearable. "Silence, boy!" he exclaimed, excitedly; "I want to know nothing of your relations." With this he began to walk up and down the room, and came near treading on the diamond decoration lying on the floor. "Just see," he said, addressing Father Antonio, "what a miserable fellow my nephew is! He throws down the badge of my high rank for people to trample under foot."

Father Antonio, whom the sight of the mother and children all in tears touched to the heart, took the excited Alonso gently by the hand, and led him into the next room. "Dear sir," he said, "you endeavor in vain to separate this couple. And, to tell you the truth, I cannot conceal from you that it is nothing but pride and unbridled ambition that influence you in this affair. Pride and ambition have, during your whole life, caused much harm, and were the occasion of your making your wife, children, and many others, not excepting yourself, very unhappy. Alas, your deceased wife, the noble Blanca, so modest and humble, would, perhaps, yet be living if your vain projects had not caused her such great sufferings. The false ideas of honor which you infused into your hopeful son, Philip, were the cause of his bloody death. Your amiable daughter Eugenia was also sacrificed to ambition. And how did it happen that Fernando, of the same high rank as yourself, became a merchant's clerk, and had to leave his beloved country, to seek his fortune in a foreign land? Nay, where would he be now, if your bloody commands had been carried out? Of myself, I say nothing,—how unspeakably miserable the attempt to fulfil your orders made me! But how miserably wretched you have made yourself! Your life has been a continuation of sufferings,—so full of misery that once you nearly fell into despair. And scarcely has the good God rolled away the heaviest stone from your heart, by leading back to your embrace the amiable Fernando, whom you considered dead, than you endeavor again to make him miserable by rendering his sweet wife and dear children unhappy. Will you never cease doing evil? You have not, I fear, been truly converted; you are yet far from the humility of Jesus, and His love has never really entered your heart. Reflect that He was humility itself; think how deeply He humbled Himself in order to save mankind, even washing His disciples' feet. He permitted Himself to be classed with criminals, that He might gain eternal happiness for us. If you want to be a Christian in earnest, you must learn humility."

Alonso reflected for a moment, and then replied: "Yes: you are right, dear Antonio. If people had always told me the truth, like you, I should be a better man to-day, and much evil would have been prevented. I thank you for your good advice, and will follow it."

With cheerful countenance, Alonso now returned to the room where wife and children were still clinging to Fernando, as if they feared he would be torn from them. Alonso greeted them all with a kind look, and, laying

the parents' hands in one another, said: "Dear Fernando, dear Clara, I recognize your marriage; live on as happily as heretofore!"

Clara, with a woman's instinct, fell on her knees, and, with beseeching eyes, in which the tears shone, begged Alonso to bless them as the patriarch of her husband's family. Fernando imitated her example, and the children knelt also.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Alonso: "you must not kneel to me. I am not worthy; I cannot permit it; I have not deserved this. Arise, I beg of you!"

"Not before you have blessed us!" replied Fernando.

"Well, then," said Alonso, visibly moved and lifting his eyes to heaven, "God bless your marriage, yourselves, and your children!" With this he lifted Fernando up and folded him in his arms. He embraced Clara, too, who burst into tears of gratitude. The fountains of his own heart were opened; his eyes streamed with happy tears, such as he had never shed before. Nay, he experienced such inward joy as his soul had never known till this moment. The children, who stretched out their hands to him, he took up in his arms, and kissed repeatedly with fatherly tenderness. He begged Clara to bring the youngest child—yet a babe in the cradle. The little one smiled sweetly at the kind old man, and allowed himself to be taken in his arms.

"Dear child!" said Alonso, kissing the smiling infant, "cruel man that I was, I wished to make your future lot unhappy by taking your dear father from you even before you could lisp his name. But you have no longer anything to fear from me; smile on in your baby innocence. I will spend the rest of my days in making you, sweet child, your sister, brothers, and dearest parents, as happy as I can."

Clara now prepared as bounteous an evening meal as the circumstances would allow; for, indeed, the events of the evening had made her forget the usual preparations. At the request of Alonso, all the children ate with the grown people. The delighted old man sat between the now happy parents, with Father Antonio opposite. The mother had the babe in her lap. Alonso had never felt so happy and contented. He was charmed at the joyful clamor of the children, and begged the parents to leave them, for once, entirely free; even the unintelligible prattle of the baby sounded like music to his ear. "O God!" he exclaimed, at the end of the supper, "how good Thou art! What undeserved happiness Thou hast prepared for me in my old days! Alone, forsaken and sad, I sat the whole day long in my chamber; my palace at Madrid I visited no longer; in the castle where I had taken up my residence there reigned the stillness of the grave. I had no relations on the face of the earth. And now, O thrice-blessed God! Thou leadest me to such an amiable family and lettest me see in Fernando a beloved son, in Clara a good daughter, and hopeful grandchildren in these little ones; for as such I shall always regard them. Good God, I thank Thee! All the remaining days of my life shall be one continued act of thanksgiving!"

CHAPTER XII.

Alonso determined to remain some days in the midst of the amiable family of Fernando, then to accompany the parents to the Court of the Emperor, to have their affairs arranged. During these days the old man was made partaker of another great pleasure. One evening Count Gallas, his consort, and Countess Oberdorf came unexpectedly to the castle to congratulate Fernando and Clara. Fernando had immediately given information to Count Gallas, and Clara to Countess Oberdorf, of the happy change in their fortunes. These noble and excellent personages were so surprised and rejoiced that they determined to testify their gratification in person. It delighted Alonso to see Count Gallas greet his former steward as his equal, and the two Countesses embrace Clara so tenderly.

Alonso prolonged his stay, and only after many days set out for the Court. He requested of the Emperor a private audience, and received it immediately. As Alonso had done much for his native country, the Emperor of Germany, who was at the same time king of Spain, esteemed him very highly. Alonso related the fortunes of his nephew Fernando, without, however, discovering his own criminality. He only said that Bernardo di Rio, a very noble man, who was, however, mistrustful and hostile to himself, had succeeded in getting Fernando, then a mere stripling, into his power; that he had given him an excellent education, but, being surprised by death, had been prevented from fully carrying out his

praiseworthy designs in regard to the young Count.

The Emperor remarked that Fernando's children could lay no claim, according to the laws of the kingdom of Spain, to the Countship of Alvarez, and that it was not even in the power of the king to change them; but that, as Emperor of Germany, he intended to provide for Fernando's offspring in some other way, to the entire satisfaction of Alonso; he wished, moreover, to see Fernando and his consort.

Alonso had now no greater anxiety than to clothe Fernando and Clara as splendidly as count or countess of the time could be clad. He adorned Clara, in particular, with those precious jewels which his deceased wife Blanca had received as a legacy from Fernando's mother, and which Alonso, by good fortune, had brought with him from Spain. And in due time he introduced Fernando and Clara to the Emperor. The Emperor regarded the amiable couple with benevolence, and then spoke: "Fernando of Alvarez, you have already learned that, on account of existing laws out of my power to change, your children cannot secure the inheritance of the countship of your forefathers in Spain. But there is in Ratibor, in Silesia, a fine estate just now for sale. Your uncle once lent me, in time of war and great scarcity of money, a sum about equal to the price of this estate. This sum, of which yesterday he made me a present, I now make over to you, and I have already given orders to have it paid you. Buy, then, this property, and remain on German soil as faithful a subject to me as your father and uncle have hitherto been to me in Spain. But you, worthy Clara, whose heart has long since ennobled you, I will that you shall hereby be raised to the rank of nobility; and the diploma to that effect, signed by me, will to-day be delivered to you."

Fernando and Clara bent the knee to the Emperor, respectfully kissed his hand, and thanked him for his gracious kindness.

The Emperor then said: "Don Fernando, Donna Clara, arise. I hereby testify to you my gracious benevolence."

Alonso was much pleased that the Emperor prevented the request trembling on his lips by granting it before it was asked. He thanked him in the heartiest terms, and greeted the now ennobled Clara with such sincerity that it was very evident it was only now she was welcome to him as the wife of a Count of Alvarez. The Emperor dismissed Alonso, Fernando and Clara, with the words: "Farewell! we remain graciously inclined to you all."

From this hour Alonso called Clara nothing but Donna Clara. He soon set out with Fernando and his family for Silesia, to see the property given by the Emperor. His expectations were more than fulfilled, and the purchase was soon effected. Alonso resolved to remain some months, and was untiring in his exertions to beautify the castle and gardens, having everything procured that could contribute to the perfect arrangement of a nobleman's country residence. Fernando and Clara esteemed themselves much happier than before, not because they had a more splendid residence, finer apparel, etc.; neither because they would be more honored by men than before; but for the sole reason that now, on account of their greater income, they were in a position to do more good to their fellowmen.

When the day determined on by Alonso for his return to Spain arrived, the whole family, father, mother and children, gathered around him, the parents embracing him, and the children clinging to his knees. He was deeply moved. "My dearest children and grandchildren," he said, "I cannot leave you. I will remain with you and let you close my eyes. Nowhere have I felt myself so happy as among you. In Spain, one of the most beautiful countries in the world, I had everything I could wish,—rank, honor, riches, splendor, numerous castles and estates—all the luxuries and pleasures of life; but still I was miserable. All these things could not secure me against contradictions: I was in want of the principal thing. A peaceful heart, free from reproaches of conscience, was not mine. The continual sight of your domestic happiness, your love and singleheartedness, your contempt of all vain pomp, your quiet, noiseless charity, by which you render all about you happy, have taught me where alone life's true happiness is to be sought."

He, therefore, remained in Germany, and Father Antonio became chaplain of the beautiful castle-chapel, which Alonso had restored and decorated in a manner worthy of divine service. He consecrated the remainder of his days entirely to God, and sought his honor in

serving Him alone, his happiness and joy only in the happiness and joy he spread around him. Often would he say: "Sultry and fearful, full of terrible storms, through my own fault, was the summer of my life; I can never sufficiently thank God that He permits the autumn of my life, entirely contrary to all my deserts and expectations, to be so calm and beautiful. I never became happy until I subjected myself entirely to Him—was humble and loving towards my fellow-men. Without the fear of God, charity and humility, there is no true happiness upon earth." He repeated often the saying of the old sages: "There is no true happiness on earth without virtue,—no true virtue without Religion."

Our Lady's Month.



THE Month of Mary! For a long time past, this beautiful name has been given to the most beautiful month in the year by the devotion of the Church and the faithful. It is the month of sunshine and of flowers. As it approaches, every Catholic heart is full of joy, and a secret voice seems to tell us that days of blessing are in store for us. Let us listen to this sweet voice and believe its its promises, for, if we are willing, these days will indeed be days of benediction.

There are a thousand ways in which we can show our love for our Immaculate Queen. Though at all times we should be devout to her, it ought to be our endeavor to honor her especially during the month which is all her own. She loves them that love her, and will be sure to repay, as only a queen and the Mother of the Infinite Source of all good can, whatever we do to serve her.

Let every child of Mary, then, hail the return of her month with a holy joy and a filial hope! Let us excite in our hearts a desire to surpass, this year, all that we have hitherto done. It is not necessary to undertake a large number of devout practices, but to be very faithful to those determined upon. One of the saints, who had a most tender love for the Blessed Virgin, when dying was asked what devotion he would particularly recommend in honor of the Queen of Heaven; he replied that it didn't matter so much what it was, provided it were constant. What precious favors may we not hope from our loving Mother, if, while perseveringly invoking her intercession for an entire month, we do our utmost to imitate the purity and holiness of her life!

The Half-Filled Bottle.

BY E. B. G.

The escutcheon of an ancient family in Denmark bears the strange figure of a half-filled bottle. This singular device owes its origin to the generous conduct of one of the ancestors of the family who was a soldier in the frequent wars which his country carried on with the Swedes. On one occasion, at the close of a successful battle, he was stationed as guard near the scene of the conflict. He felt very thirsty, and with much difficulty succeeded in procuring a bottle of beer. He was just in the act of raising it to his mouth when he heard a piteous cry from a wounded and famishing Swede in the immediate vicinity. Forgetting his own great thirst, the noble-hearted warrior hastened to the relief of his enemy, whom he found lying on the ground, deprived of both legs. The Dane leaned over him, and placed in his hands the precious bottle. Far from being touched by this chivalrous act, the old and inveterate hatred of the Danes once more took possession of the wounded Swede, and seizing the opportunity he drew his revolver and fired at his benefactor. Happily, the shot missed its mark. Then the Dane quietly took the bottle, saying, "Now you shall get only half of it"; and after drinking half of its contents, he handed the bottle back to the treacherous Swede and returned to his post.

Mary, the name that Gabriel spoke,
The name that conquers hell;
Mary, the name that through high heaven
The angels love so well.

Mary,—our comfort and our hope,—
O may that word be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,—
The first we breathe in heaven.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Roses.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

OH, Rose of Sharon, now that roses bloom
In gardens and in hedges everywhere,
Beauteous in crimson here, in whiteness there,
And every breeze which strays within my room
Is fragrant with the delicate perfume
Their blossoms waste upon the sensuous air,
I love to think how much more rich and fair
Than all the loveliness these flowers assume,
Is thine, dear Mystic Rose, whose bloom displays
The selfsame beauties, undiminished yet,
Which dazzled in the long ago the gaze
Of every eye whose wistful glance they met,
And filled all hearts with reverent amaze
And those sweet ecstasies they still beget.

Are roses white? dull is their whiteness all
Beside the beauty of each blossomed leaf,
Sweet Rose, thou showest, who, like Joseph's sheaf,
Before which all the others seemed to fall,
Upliftest thy fair head by Zion's wall:
Are roses red, and typical of grief,
Such as the heart feels when is pity deaf,
And mercy obdurate to sorrow's call?
Redder, oh, Mystic Rose, by far than them
Thy petals rightly are, for each one hath
Remembrance of that day when, from thy stem,
Rude hands that wrought thy tender bosom scath,
Rent the fair flower which bloomed at Bethlehem,
And crushed its beauty in their impious wrath.

White Rose of purity, so much more fair
Than all thy lovely types which we behold
In this first month of summertime unfold
Their buds in beauteous blossoms everywhere,
The whitest roses that the bushes bear
Which in the garden grow or on the wold,
Shall decorate thy altars manifold,
And bless the hands that pluck and place them there:
Red Rose of sorrow, to compassionate
The unutterable grief which once was thine,
With the white blossoms that we dedicate
Unto thy spotlessness, on every shrine
Which to thy reverence is elevate,
Red roses all this month shall intertwine.

JUNE, 1883.

Blessed Rita of Cascia.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

TOWARDS the close of the fourteenth century, a pious couple named Antonio and Amata (Ferri) Mancini dwelt at Rocca Porena, a hamlet in the Duchy of Spoleto, near Cascia, in Umbria,—a region renowned for its fruitfulness in saints. The peaceful and happy union of these good people had but one drawback. Heaven had refused to bless them with offspring; and the home and hearts of the honest Umbrians seemed lonely and dark without the sweet prattle and sunshiny presence of a little child to call them parent.

But their faith was great, and a miraculous favor was in store for them. In their old age, when they had quite despaired of offspring, God took pity upon the distress of His faithful servants and granted to them the long-coveted blessing. In the year 1381, a little daughter—the blessed subject of our sketch—was born to them.

The joy of the Mancinis knew no bounds, and a singular event which attended the happy occasion added its crowning bliss to their ecstatic felicity; for an angel from heaven, ap-

pearing beneath that humble roof, imposed the name of RITA upon the new-born babe! Accordingly, four days after her birth, the little girl was baptized in the parish church of Rocca Porena, receiving at the font the heaven-given name, which mysteriously foreshadowed the gifts and graces destined to adorn her future life. Another marvel quickly followed upon the first. The day after her baptism, to the profound amazement of all who beheld the miracle, a swarm of beautiful bees, white as snow, was seen issuing from the little Rita's mouth, where they had left behind them a comb filled with luscious honey! This was at the dawn of the day; and during that day, as many grave writers attest, the little babe refused its mother's milk, and took no other nourishment save the miraculous honey.

Before we complete this sketch of a favored daughter of heaven, we shall have something more to say about the wonderful bees of the Blessed Rita; but, for the present, we shall content ourselves with imagining with what love and reverence the good Antonio and Amata must have regarded the little treasure God had so graciously committed to their charge. Under their zealous care, the child made daily progress in the science of the saints, her early years being an almost unvarying round of works of piety and penance. Tenderly devoted to the blessed Mother of our Lord and to His holy precursor, St. John the Baptist, the young Rita also cherished a special love for the great St. Augustine and for his spiritual son, St. Nicholas of Tolentino, who had been called the Thaumaturgus or wonder-worker of the Augustinian Order. Naturally enough, with such sublime models constantly before the eyes of her soul, the heart of this chosen child was attracted, almost from infancy, to the practice of the Evangelical Counsels.

At the age of twelve years she wished to enter a nunnery, but her parents strenuously opposed her design. Like St. Monica of Tagaste, St. Catharine of Genoa, and other heroic and sainted matrons, Rita of Cascia, in the mysterious decrees of divine Wisdom, was destined to pass through the wilderness of conjugal affliction before she could be permitted to enter the Promised Land of religious perfection. Her aged father and mother, wishing to see her provided for before their death, constrained the little maiden to accept the addresses of a certain Ferdinand (or Paolo, as some authors have it); and, submissive to the authority of her parents, and doubtless, also, to the advice of her spiritual director, the fair young child—for she was nothing more—abandoned her design of entering a convent, and was united in marriage to the one who had been selected for her husband.

The wisdom of that choice, humanly speaking, was soon recognized as extremely doubtful. Either the good parents had been grossly deceived as to the true character of their chosen son-in-law, or God had permitted them, for His own sublime ends, to be blinded to his faults. Be it as it might, it soon became clear that they had committed the happiness of their gentle daughter to the keeping of a brutal savage who was utterly unworthy of her.

Poor little, helpless Rita, refined and spiritual as an angel, found herself, to her horror, condemned to daily association with a man of the most ferocious temper and cruel nature. The pure and loving heart of the child-wife was filled to overflowing with the bitterness of that worst of all slavery,—the bondage of a meek victim in the grasp of an unscrupulous tyrant, who continually outrages the sanctity of one of the holiest of ties.

The English laureate, descanting on the natural consequences of a like ill-assorted union, predicts to the dainty and delicate bride who had chosen to mate herself with a boor,

> "———thou shalt lower to his level, day by day,
> What is fine within thee, growing coarse to sympathize with clay."

For, adds the poet, reasoning according to the dictates of worldly experience,

> "As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down!"

But it is in situations such as these, Tennyson to the contrary, that the children of light reverse the accepted text, and prove themselves wiser in their generation than the children of this world.

Rita of Cascia, having entered upon the holy state of Christian wedlock from the purest and noblest of motives, instead of lowering, day by day, to the level of her vile husband, became, day after day, more and more exalted and spiritualized by the fierce pressure of his

brutal persecutions. The unearthly beauty of her gentle life constantly bore testimony to the great truth that the grossness of man's nature can never have weight to drag down the spirit that God upholds and elevates, even if the vehicle of that support and elevation be the chosen instrument of His own uplifting above the atmosphere of passion and corruption,—a cross.

"Nearer, my God! to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
Even if it be a cross
That raiseth me!"

Tenderly devoted to the Sacred Passion of our Lord, the suffering little Rita found a never-failing fount of patience and fortitude in the Wounds of her divine Model. Like the Scriptural dove she so closely resembled, she made her abode in the clefts of the mighty Rock; and there, pondering daily the outrages and insults lavished upon Him "who was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins," she learned to bear, with a portion of His unalterable meekness and gentleness, the blows and taunts and brutal violence of her unmanly tormentor.

Oh! what a sweet exemplar is here for those less heroic sufferers who so often, in circumstances like Rita's, beat their wings wildly and passionately against the bars of the hated cage, or, turning upon their cruel mates, tear them with impotent fury! What an eloquent rebuke to those selfish recreants from an unpleasant duty, who, under the specious pretext of "incompatibility of temper," shake off entirely the trammels of the marriage-vow, and seek the fatal freedom of a civil divorce! In prayer and patience, Rita of Cascia endured her living martyrdom for the space of eighteen long years. Some pious women, in her position, would have said, "It is impossible for me to save my soul in this maelstrom of domestic unhappiness. I will take my children and go with them to some quiet spot where we may serve God together, and live in peace"; and straightway, deluded by the chimeras of a false piety, would have wandered away into that easier but more treacherous path of their own choosing, leaving far behind them the King's highway of the holy cross, which alone "leadeth unto life." But not so the Blessed Rita. Saint as she was, she knew that to follow one's own lights and one's own indulgence in a question involving neglect of the duties of one's state of life, is to follow an *ignis fatuus* of delusion which, sooner or later, will be sure to land its hapless dupe in a quagmire of endless misery. The will of God had nailed her to her cross; the will of God alone could detach her from it. And none save God Himself knew how exquisite were the flowers of holiness which, during those long years of agony, budded and blossomed around the young crucified victim, covering her with such a veil of fragrant, beautiful virtues that her wounds were almost hidden, even from the eyes of the admiring angels.

But the hour of release came at last. "It shall appear at the end, and shall not lie," saith the prophet; "if it make any delay, wait for it, for it shall surely come, and it shall not be slack." And Rita, having waited in patient faith and courage through all her troubled childhood and girlhood, read, at last, in the maturity of her fair womanhood, the riddle of those eighteen strange and terrible years. God had destined her to be the instrument of salvation to her husband's guilty soul. In the year of our Lord 1411, the cruel Ferdinand was mortally wounded by the hands of assassins; and, languishing on his death-bed, he found himself face to face with eternity. Despair must, at first, have taken possession of that affrighted spirit. In the recollection of a godless past, filled to overflowing with crimes and excesses, there must have been a signal remorse in the wretched man's memories of a desecrated hearthstone, of the bad example given to his two young sons; and, more than all, of the multiplied outrages and cruelties heaped upon his innocent and defenceless wife. But in that dark hour of Heaven's retribution the faithful Rita was close at hand to complete her mission. Like an angel of mercy, bending over the dying man, she forgot—or remembered but to forgive—all the anguish his inhumanity had caused her; and, with radiant eyes, and lips illumined with the smile of Faith, she pleaded and prayed and exhorted at the death-bed, until, with the help of divine grace, she had lifted the despairing soul from the slough of sin to the blessed hope of God's forgiveness, of eternal salvation. Repentance came late, but it came with fervent sincerity. At the eleventh hour the contrite Ferdinand corresponded to the grace accorded him through the prayers of his saintly wife, and peacefully expired,—as we may well believe, blessing to the last the

angel whom God had given him for his spouse, and whom he had all too tardily learned to love and appreciate.

At the age of thirty, Rita found herself a widow with two young sons. The tranquil vision of her husband's death had been to her like the contemplation of a beautiful sunset after a day of violent storm; but already a new cloud had arisen to darken the serenity of her peaceful widowhood. The hot blood of the hapless Ferdinand still coursed through the veins of his sturdy boys; and, despite the pleadings of their pious mother, the youths thirsted to avenge their father's murder. In vain poor Rita besought them to forego their revengeful desires; in vain she reminded them of Ferdinand's repentance, holding before them the image of their Blessed Redeemer in all the fresh agony of His bleeding Wounds, imploring His Eternal Father to forgive the wretches who had just nailed Him to the Cross. Finding that she prevailed not with her headstrong boys, she turned in faith to the One who had never yet been deaf to her prayers, and, kneeling, conjured her God to sooner deprive her of her sons by death than suffer them, living, to imbrue their hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. The offering of that heroic soul was accepted. Within two years after her husband's assassination, Rita of Cascia sat alone at her desolate hearth, a widowed and childless mother.

The death of her sons severed the last tie that bound her to the world; and the pure heart, freed from those mysterious fetters that had so long enchained it, like

"The dove let loose in eastern skies,"

plumed its flight at once for its true home—the convent.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

BEFORE my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find;
And yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

—*Southwell.*

Joseph Haydn.—The Story of his Life.

BY FRANZ VON SEEBURG.

CHAPTER V.

A silent and solitary cell. The walls are bare, with the exception of a picture of a saint, dark in colors and earnest of features. Beneath it hangs a poorly carved crucifix, on which is suspended a rosary. Near the door is an earthen holy-water vase, and beside the window a plain desk, at which sits Joseph Haydn, the Servite novice, in his long dark habit. The book that lies open before him remains untouched: for the last hour he has not turned a leaf in it. Perhaps the novice is occupied all this time with a single thought? Yes: his countenance is earnest, but his eye does not rest on the book. He is looking towards the window-sill, on which a bird is perched, singing with all his might. After a while the bird flies away, settles on a blossoming tree, and then soars off into boundless space.

Haydn follows the movements of the little songster with moist eyes. "Fortunate little creature!" he sighs; "you may sing when you choose: I must be silent, whilst every day the claims of music are growing more imperious in my soul. Stupid desk!" he exclaims, impatiently; "why are you not a spinet on which I could rattle and sing as of old! All should, indeed, be to the praise of my God,—all should be pious as a prayer; but this—" and he brought down his open hands on the desk so as to make it rattle and clatter. The novice was startled, for the blow resounded through the stillness of his cell.

Some minutes afterwards the master of novices entered. He was an elderly man, in every one of whose features beamed benevolence and fatherly affection. "Brother Joseph," he said, raising his finger in a threatening manner, but at the same time smiling kindly, "what was that noise in your cell?"

Haydn hesitated, and then said: "I was wishing for a spinet, and because I had none I impatiently struck the desk; but I did not intend to make such a noise."

The monk slowly shook his head. "Such thoughts," he said, "even though not sinful in themselves, should not be admitted into

your mind during the hour of meditation. Humbly say your *Mea culpa,* and consider quietly what your book tells you."

He placed his right hand by way of blessing on the novice's head, and started to leave the room. At the open door he turned and said: "Come to my cell this evening at 8 o'clock."

Haydn bowed respectfully, but the last words of the novice-master, whom he honored as a father, fell with a heavy weight upon his soul. He felt guilty, and saw in imagination a storm gathering over his head.

Eight o'clock came at last. Haydn stood timidly before the master of novices, who looked scrutinizingly into his face and said: "Come with me." He led the way to the choir. Haydn did not venture to look up; but now, when the organ-pipes shone in the evening light, he raised his eyes: it was as if he saw his best friend on earth before him. This look did not escape the monk, and an almost imperceptible smile passed over his countenance. He pointed to the manual. "Play and sing just as you feel in your soul," he commanded, as he went to the bellows.

Haydn's eyes sparkled. First he kissed the organ stealthily, then sat down, drew out the stops, looked for moment heavenward, and began to play. How sad and serious it sounded —songs such as home-sickness inspires,—unadorned, but true and clear! It sounded as if a bleeding heart inspired the music. Then the melodies passed from this earnest longing to joyful, blessed sight. The minor key was used. It sounded like the prayer of a child's heart on Christmas Eve—a simple, pious air in clear thirds, such as mothers sing by the cradle; then suddenly the full organ pealed forth a hymn through the dark aisles, as if David himself sang one of his psalms of triumph; and when the last notes quivered high up among the arches, Haydn's ear still followed their dying echoes.

The Father went over to Haydn and touched his arm. "You are pious, as is evident from the tones that have just echoed through this holy place; but you will hardly become a monk. Rise and go back to your cell."

Haydn passed a sleepless night. The moon shone in its full splendor into his cell. He sat on his hard bed, his head bowed on his bosom, and thought of the past, which had strewed so few flowers in his path; but he feared to think of the future, which he had no power of shaping. When his eyes fell on his habit, he shook his head dissatisfied: he felt that what was a source of peace to thousands of others was not the way of peace to him. Or should he force himself to what was not his calling? Hunger and misery had driven him to make the attempt, but his soul could not take root in this soil. Yes: when he sat at the organ and played, he felt happy; then he forgot all his surroundings, the past and the future, and even the fact that he was a novice.

Midnight had passed, when the bell summoned the community to matins. The monks slowly and silently proceeded in ranks to the choir, their heads buried in their cowls. Haydn, being the youngest novice, stood at the lector's stand to intone; but instead of doing so in the simple tone of psalmody, he sang the antiphon in a clear, loud voice, just as he happened to be inspired at the moment. For this fault he had to assist at the office on his knees, and next day he received a severe reprimand. Besides this infraction of the rule, it was found that one wall of his cell was covered with the productions of his musical genius which he had pencilled there.

On the same evening Haydn was told to lay aside his habit and leave the monastery; but the parting was with kindly feelings on both sides. "Return to the world," said the master of novices, gently; "your home is not with us. Build thy own nest, bird of song, and sing thy hymns to God! Ever remain as you now are, pious and faithful. You are not called to be a monk, and woe to you and to us if we tried to force you to it! But that you may know that charity goes with you across our threshold, you have free access to our table every noon as long as poverty follows your steps; and on Sundays and festivals you may play our organ, and receive your regular pay for it."

Haydn kissed the monk's hand. "God reward you!" he exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "Yes, it is true that poverty finds consolation and food at the doors of convents. May God give you a long life, so that Joseph Haydn may have the opportunity to prove to you that he is not ungrateful! I will make my way through the world and cultivate the genius that God has given me; and the songs that I compose will be as pure as morning dew, as pious as the sounds of the *Ave,* as beautiful as

the song of birds on a fresh, sunny morning in spring. You, noble monks, have placed me on firm ground, on which I can lay the first stone of a fairer future. When one of your number is writing the chronicles of the Order let him set down that Joseph Haydn owes you the best thanks of his heart."

The monk smiled at the enthusiasm of the youth. Throwing himself on his knees, Haydn received the paternal blessing of his friend, and departed.

Hastening joyfully down the monastery steps, Haydn ran against a young man.

"Hello, friend! your bones are pretty hard!" exclaimed the stranger.

"I am glad of it," said Haydn, "because it gives me hopes of a long life. But if I have hurt you, I am sorry for it. Pardon me!"

"Were you turned out of the monastery there?" asked the stranger.

"No: I was dismissed in pity. They found me too much of a musician and too little of a monk."

"A musician!" repeated the other. "I am the same. Your name?"

"Joseph Haydn."

"Quite an unknown name. Mine is Ditters." *

"The name is strange to me," replied Haydn, with a slight bow.

Ditters laughed heartily.

"So we are two great unknowns! How would it be for us to enter into bonds of friendship? the strangers might become good and fast friends."

Haydn, usually so ready to act upon a suggestion, hesitated. "I once heard it said that friendship is something so sacred and noble that its head is in heaven and its heart on the earth. When I choose a friend," he went on, thoughtfully, "he must be pious and better than I am. His heart should be pure with the golden peace of God in it; and, besides his friend and his God, he should know no love but music."

Ditters, a bright-eyed and hearty youth, looked earnestly at Haydn.

"That I am good, my mother told me when she gave me her dying blessing; that I am better than you I know not, and I think not. Let it suffice that we both wish to be good; thus we shall never lead each other to what is offensive to God. May we not enter into friendship on these terms?"

"Here is my hand on your proposal," replied Haydn, earnestly. "My heart is deep like a mountain lake, but clear and transparent. Everything is either doubly agreeable or doubly offensive to me. Be true and pure in your friendship, and you will find me, I think, a good comrade."

They walked side by side for some distance, without speaking.

"And what are you going to do now," asked Ditters, resuming the conversation.

"You do not take me for a nobody, I hope," answered Haydn, in good-humored pride. "I have been installed organist for Sundays and holydays in the church of the Fathers Servites in Vienna."

"Your title is a pretty long one," said Ditters. "And the salary?"

"It is considerably shorter, for it was spoken of only in general terms. It will certainly not be much, I am well convinced of that; and my anticipations in regard to pecuniary matters seldom deceive me."

"You are a precious fellow! On what do you propose to live? For money—"

"I have none; but debts I have."

"That is something to begin with," said Ditters, laughing. "Shall I lend you money, or give you a few gulden?"

"No!" exclaimed Haydn: "our friendship too is young for that, and nothing is more dangerous to a young friendship than money lent or given. Let us speak of something else. I will fight my way through the world."

"No: you will fiddle your way through the world; that sounds better for you. You must become a modern Orpheus—"

"Without an instrument," said Haydn, sadly. "Yes: if I only had a spinet, I could more easily forget hunger and misery."

"Poor fellow! now I feel double compassion for you. To be a musician without an instrument is the worst kind of hunger imaginable. Come to my room with me; there you will find a good spinet—"

"Indeed!" interrupted Haydn, joyfully.

"Certainly! And we shall also take care to have something to eat and drink."

"No, Ditters," replied Haydn, placing his hand on his friend's arm; "I do not want

* "Ditters (born in Vienna in 1739), a good composer, travelled through Italy, and succeeded Haydn as music director for the Bishop of Grosswardein.

food and drink; I want to see and play on your spinet."

"Either you are a fool or a genuine musician. Here is a fellow, indeed, that turns up his nose at a pitcher of foaming beer and a fragrant roast!"

Joking thus and laughing, they arrived at Ditters' quarters. The place showed no marked signs of wealth, neither did it betray poverty or want. Hardly had they entered when Haydn pounced upon the spinet and began to play. At first he merely trifled with the notes; but soon he poured forth melody after melody, at first earnest and solemn, then ending joyfully, even playfully.

"What is it you are after playing?" asked Ditters, thoughtfully, when Haydn stopped.

"How should I know?" answered the latter, laughing. "It was only nonsense, not music, that I played."

"Let me hear some real music, then."

"Give me a theme."

Ditters reflected for a moment, and then went to the spinet and played a melody. Haydn first repeated the melody in a simple manner, then he surrounded it with growing accords, then he made the simple idea jest, grow serious, complain, entreat, and finally burst forth in strong, full melody.

"And such a talent as this suffers hunger!" exclaimed Ditters, clasping his hands together. "Why, man, the world belongs to you!"

Haydn laughed heartily.

"I only wish I had ten gulden!—what should I do with the world? Do you know, my dear friend, I feel that there is within me a whole ocean of song; but what shall I do with it? In my poverty it will drown me. If every note that I can sing were only a crumb of bread I should be a rich and happy man."

"You will be happy, my dear Haydn," replied Ditters, warmly, "but you will hardly be rich. It is not written in the book of fate that a genius shall sit at a rich table. What matters it? Perhaps there would soon be no geniuses left if they all had their fill every day."

The clatter of glasses and plates was heard in the next room. Haydn's eye flashed for a moment, and then he blushed. Ditters had looked at him, and read his hunger in his countenance. And this humbled him. He did not want his friend to think meanly of him—as if it were a shame for a hungry stomach to long for food.

Ditters laughed heartily. "I am as hungry," he exclaimed, "as if I had fasted for a week. Come, let us eat and drink!"

In a few moments they were seated contentedly at an amply provided table.

"Eat, Haydn, eat!" he said. "You need not be ashamed to be hungry, as if you were not a human being. Now let us drink to a glorious future!"

"And now to the spinet again!"

Haydn was more than happy. That he had had a hearty meal was soon forgotten in the bliss of being able to give vent to his feelings on the old but excellent instrument. The hours flew rapidly by. Evening had long since changed into a bright, moonlit night.

"One more air," he said, "and then I must take my departure."

His last air sounded like thanks from the lips of a child, like a pious orison, like the glad evening hymn of a bird before the dear songster of the woods betakes himself to rest in the branches, or like the sweet dream or the joyful laughter of an innocent boy.

"And now let us part," said Haydn, rising.

"Where do you intend to go?"

"To my good friends, the stocking-weavers."

"At eleven o'clock at night?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Haydn, pressing his hand to his forehead. "How fast the evening fled!"

"Yes: it has gone on the waves of your melodies into the boundless ocean of Time. Friend, stay with me to-night. If the old sofa there beside the spinet is good enough for you, you are a welcome guest."

With a hearty shake of the hands they parted. Haydn, thanking his friend, closed the door after him. He then knelt down on the floor, covered his face with his hands, and prayed. And what were his prayers? Ask a happy man who is humble. At last he arose, and was about to undress when his eyes fell on the spinet. "Only one piece more," he said to himself. "Softly, softly, that I may not disturb my friend." Softly he opened the instrument that was so dear to him. The tones sounded so spiritual, as if angels' hands awoke them; and so full of peace, as if angels sang.

The bells from all the towers proclaim the hour of midnight. Haydn hears them not: he has fallen asleep on the spinet. Through his spirit float the last notes of his melody, like water-lilies on the surface of a lake.

VI.

Next morning Haydn gratefully shook his friend's hand. "Shall I see you soon again?"

"To-day."

Then he went to the Kohlmarkt and ascended the stairs of his former dwelling. The old woman opened the door for him. As soon as she caught sight of him she looked displeased.

"You here, Herr Haydn!" she exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"I wish to ask you—"

"To ask what? I thought you were with the pious Servite Fathers and were applying yourself with all earnestness to become a good monk; now it looks as if you had run away or been driven away. How is it?"

"It was not my vocation," answered Haydn, humbly.

"Eh! what is that you say!" replied the old lady. "Is it not the vocation of everyone to be happy? Yes! And can this be better attained anywhere than in a religious community? No! Therefore you have missed your vocation!"

"You yourself did not go into a cloister," said Haydn, recovering himself, "but you got married, and yet you are both a good and happy woman. It seems, then, that your vocation was something else besides the convent."

The old lady's countenance softened perceptibly. "Yes, it is true that I am an honest woman,—that cannot be denied; and I am also happy, as God knows, who sees into my heart. And, finally—perhaps you are right. If all the good people entered convents, the world would belong to the bad alone. And that should not be."

The door was opened and Mary appeared. As soon as she saw Haydn her countenance lighted up, she reached out her hand, and said: "Here you are at last! I felt sure that you would return."

The old lady put her arms akimbo and looked displeased at her daughter. "Mary," she said, reprovingly, "what are you prating about, as if you understood anything of the matter! Keep to your needle and your knitting; that suits you better."

The rosy lips pouted angrily for a moment. Then the girl ran back to the room, exclaiming, joyfully: "Father, Herr Haydn has come back to us again!"

Haydn resumed his place in his little attic, which would have been so dear to him if he only knew how he was to pay his rent. A noise in the outer room soon interrupted his gloomy meditations. He heard the steps of men, and a harsh voice saying: "If Mr. Haydn lives here, show us his room." At these words the speaker pushed the door open, and, with the help of his companion, drew an old, somewhat worm-eaten spinet into the room.

"Where shall we put the old box?"

Haydn gazed speechlessly at the instrument.

"Here, let us set it up in the middle of the room," said the other man, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand.

"And now we want our well-earned twenty kreuzers," said the first speaker. "Your stairs are high, as if they wanted to climb over the clouds into the moon."

"But I know nothing about the spinet," stammered Haydn, looking at the man's outstretched hand.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the latter; "do you think we are going to carry the old box out again? A young man charged us expressly to bring it here to Mr. Haydn. Aren't you the man? But he didn't pay us; so you must—"

He made a motion with his hand as if receiving the money, while drops of sweat rolled from Haydn's forehead.

"But—I have no money."

"Not even twenty kreuzers?"

"No."

A painful pause ensued. Haydn could have wept. The words, "not even twenty kreuzers!" sounded mockingly in his soul.

The bell rang. Mary opened the door, and Ditters entered Haydn's room. "Well, what is all this fuss about?" he asked the two porters, in a tone of authority. "What are you waiting here for?"

"Sir, we are waiting for our pay," answered one of the men.

"And you have no money?" cried Ditters, laughing, as he offered Haydn his hand. Then turning to the men he said, curtly: "There is your pay; now go."

"Well, friend," said Ditters, when they were alone, "why do you not speak? You look as if you were turned to stone."

"Ditters, did you order the spinet to be brought here?"

"Yes."

Haydn fell on his friend's neck. "You have brought me the beginning of my good luck! Now I will never despair."

Ditters laughed heartily. "I shall rejoice from my heart if you become an Orpheus on this poor instrument. But my purse could not command a better one; so make the best of this."

The two young men continued their friendly chat for a long time. When they were parting, each holding the other's hand in a warm grasp, Haydn said: "It will be a perpetual spring with me now. And when the tones and melodies pour forth from my soul in many-colored beauty, and when thereby the path to a more glorious future is thrown open to me, then, noble friend, the credit is due to you and to your golden heart."

"Dear idealist," replied Ditters, laying his hands on Haydn's shoulders; "you have not yet put forth the wings that will bear you to happiness. You will revel in melody, but you shall also be pinched by hunger. Woe to you because you are a genius! Your star will rise slowly, and when it shines brightest you will have long been mouldering in your grave."

Haydn stood alone in his attic. The parting words of his friend echoed mournfully in his soul. "Yes: perhaps he spoke the truth. Poverty and want may still be my portion; but the sun must shine at last."

For a whole week Haydn did not leave his room. From early dawn till late in the evening he sat at his spinet; he played and wrote alternately; then he would get vexed and tear up what he had written but an hour before. He forgot all his surroundings to such an extent that on the second day his landlady came into his room and scolded him.

"What kind of a life is this you are beginning to lead, Herr Haydn? Have you given up eating altogether? I know that you are poor, but we have always a spoonful of warm soup to spare for you. Let your music rest for once, and come and eat something, or else you will die upon our hands, or turn crazy, and I do not wish to see either of those things take place."

. . . . . .

It was a Saturday afternoon when Haydn, carrying a thick roll of papers, entered a music store. The clerk was in no hurry to wait upon the visitor, who looked more like a person that had come to beg than like a customer. At last, however, he condescended to notice him. Placing his hands on the counter, and throwing his head back, he asked, pertly: "What do you wish? We have only large works here, and they are dear." Whilst saying this he ran his eyes over Haydn's shabby dress.

"I wish to see the head of the house," said Haydn, modestly.

"What do you want with him?" was the insolent demand.

"Not to beg, at any rate!" replied Haydn, indignantly.

"Ah, charming! I am very much at your service," answered the clerk, jeeringly, and he started towards the counting-room.

After the lapse of at least a quarter of an hour a little, shrivelled old man appeared. His grey, piercing eyes were furnished with an immense pair of spectacles; over the arms of his greasy coat were drawn a pair of working-sleeves, which were actually saturated with ink; his lips were thin and closely compressed; his left hand was buried deep in the breast of his coat, and in his right he carried a gold snuff-box. Making a slight bow, he stood before Haydn. "You want to see the head of the firm? What can I do for you?"

Haydn mustered all his courage. "I have here," he said, opening the roll of papers, "six minuets of my own composition."

The old man looked at him as if he would read him through and through.

"I am a beginner, it is true," continued Haydn; "but yet I believe—"

"What do you want me to do with all that paper?" asked the man. "Buy it, perhaps?"

"Precisely," answered Haydn, breathing more freely.

"You are, then, a Bohemian musician in need of money?"

"My name is Joseph Haydn. I was a pupil under Reutter—"

The old man laughed, seized the roll of papers and tied it up again. "Please take the stuff away, and do not make me waste my precious time."

"But," pleaded Haydn, "at least read *one* of the scores."

"You are very bold, young man. But to show you that I am not cruel and unjust to you, I will look over your work. Perhaps I may be able to give you a good advice. Come again in a few days."

Haydn's eyes were filled with tears when he stood on the street. "Thou art only a poor wretch," he said to himself, "and must put up with everything. I may be thankful that the little man did not eat me up. But—all hope is not destroyed. Perhaps my compositions may please him; and surely, if he knows anything about music, my minuets cannot fail of it."

After eight days, which seemed an age to Haydn, he appeared once more at the publisher's. He made his humble bow, which was received by the other with cold haughtiness.

"Ah! it is you," said the old man, carelessly. "John, bring me the roll of music there by my writing-desk." Then turning to Haydn: "Here, young man, is your music, if it can be called music. I have looked at a few of the pieces, and do you know what I did then? I enjoyed a hearty laugh. How simple you are! You let your theme move along so simply and plainly, for all the world like a modest young girl going to early Mass. No adornment, no flourishes, no crashing effects,—only melody, just suited for a hurdy-gurdy. I cannot let the name of my firm be disgraced by such school-boy jingling. But you need not on that account throw the stuff into the fire: it would be a pity to destroy the paper. Do you know what you might do? Sell what you call your compositions to those bands that play in taverns about the suburbs; to such people, such music will be quite acceptable."

Haydn snatched the roll of music, and was for a moment inclined to toss it into the streets. He was angry and excited, for those were the children of his genius; and it is double bitterness to the hearts of parents to see their children despised. Burning, trembling, angry, he related the matter to his friend Ditters.

"Let the man enjoy his cheap joke," answered the latter, soothingly. "Mockery is a bad companion, and so is the mocker. Give me the stuff. You are angry enough to throw the whole package into the grate."

"And what will you do with it?" asked Haydn, despondingly.

"Perhaps I can place these firstlings of yours in good hands; at least I shall save them from a cruel death."

From that day Haydn was sadder and more quiet than before. Wherever he turned he saw shattered hopes, want, hunger, and misery. When he played the organ for the Servites on Sundays and holydays he was often frightened at himself. It seemed to him that not only had his hopes withered, but that even the genius of song was gradually dying within him. At this thought he was filled with bitterness. It was only after the High Mass, when he was seated at dinner, and the monks cordially praised him for his deeply pious and sweet performance on the organ, that he looked up, at first dejectedly, and then thankfully, and began again to believe in his talent.

. . . . . .

It was a bright summer afternoon. The streets of the city were very quiet, only a few individuals moving hastily over the hot pavements. The people, with glad hearts, had gone into the neighboring country, with its shady trees and its undulating meadows and fields. There was one person in his lofty attic who felt the longing to be out amongst the warbling birds and the babbling streams; but he was not happy, and therefore he remained sitting at his window, satisfied to let his longing soul fly away to its home and rest there, like a swallow wearied by its long flight. He was sunk in deep thought, seated in imagination beside his aged mother, and breathing his sorrows into her faithful ear, and then listening to her words of comfort, which were as balm to his wounded heart. The door was softly opened, and Mary appeared.

"Herr Haydn," said the girl, in an imploring tone, "do go out into God's beautiful world! It will make you again joyful and happy."

He turned his head, half in vexation, towards the girl. "Why have you not yourself gone, with your parents? It would have done you good also."

"Yes," she answered, "you are right; my suffering lungs would gladly inhale the breath of the forest; and yet I prefer to stay at home and work with my needle, in order thus to be of some help to a poor, deserving person."

Haydn sprang to his feet at once. A serious question arose to his lips, but he did not utter it. "You are a good child!" he exclaimed, warmly. "Poor yourself, you still try to help others."

"No one is so poor that he cannot in some way help those that are still poorer. But I have come," she went on, trying to be cheerful, "to ask you why you hardly play any

more on your spinet. In the beginning you were so zealous that my father sometimes rubbed his forehead in vexation and said: 'To-day Herr Haydn with his music has robbed me of my sleep.' Now it seems as if you had lost all love for music. What is the matter with you?"

Haydn had arisen and stood near the spinet. "The poor instrument is not to blame. Here, deep down in my heart, is the wound that no music can heal. Mary, God is my witness that I have done all that lies in my power to render fruitful the talent He has given me. Do you know what I have earned? Bitter mockery!—mockery such as the rich man often casts in the face of the beggar. Well, if all the world rejects me, and mocks my genius, then will I forget the passion of my soul, return home to my father, and be a cartwright's apprentice. As such I shall at least earn my daily bread, for which I now struggle in vain; and when on Sundays the schoolmaster plays the organ in church, I shall then call to mind that I also once sought to be happy by the light of music."

"And if all mankind were to doubt you, and but one single heart beat with yours, and cried out to you: 'Haydn, despair not; the spark within you is divine, and you have no right to quench it,' would you even then turn your back on your genius?"

"No: I would not."

"Then remain true to it. Haydn, I daily pray for my parents and then for you. I know I do not pray in vain. You will be happy yet, happy and great in the kingdom of music. Ask not what right I have—I, a poor, simple girl—to speak thus. When at night everything was buried in sleep, and you sat at that spinet, and your music sounded so joyful and pious, I raised my wearied head from my pillow and listened like a child; and when at last I fell asleep, your song still resounded in my soul. He that is thus able to speak to the human soul cannot fail."

Haydn stood with clasped hands before the maiden, whose cheeks were more deeply ruddy from excitement. For a long time he was silent: he wished to let her words sink deep into his soul. At last he raised his head and fixed his eyes on her. "I will venture it, in God's name. His angel has brought me courage and new hope. Mary, continue to pray: now I know that a human heart understands me; by this I feel that I shall conquer." He then seated himself at his spinet, and with its tones came back once more his cheerfulness. And when at last he sought his bed as the moon was waning, he breathed a short night-prayer, concluding with: "O good Lord, abandon not poor Joseph Haydn!"

Weeks passed, during which Haydn composed, studied, prayed, and starved with all his might. He went to early Mass every morning; for, he would say, musicians do not pray whilst helping others to pray at High Mass. Occasionally he was with Ditters; then all sorrows were forgotten, and Haydn was joyful; but if he spoke of the compositions entrusted to his friend, and inquired as to their fate, Ditters answered curtly, telling him he was one of the most impatient men that ever lived, and that he must wait. Then Haydn would reply that it was well for Ditters to talk and jest, but for his own part he had reason for his impatience.

One rainy afternoon Ditters invited his friend to take a walk. Haydn at first refused, on the plea that he was engaged at a composition; but when Ditters somewhat pointedly asked him what he would do with his composition when it was ready, he hung his head and consented to go. Arm in arm they lounged through the streets, chatting, joking, admiring the riches displayed in the show-windows, and thinking of their own poverty. After a while they stood in front of a music store. Ditters had led his friend there as if by chance, and now he stood watching him closely. Haydn examined the display of music with greedy eyes. Suddenly he turned pale, trembled in every limb, pressed his forehead against the glass, and then called to his friend: "Ditters, is that really Joseph Haydn printed on that sheet?"

"Well, and why not?" answered Ditters, laughing. "You actually see before you your own minuets."

Haydn drew back a step. Thoughtfully crossing his hands, he looked at the greyish white paper that bore his name, and then turned to his friend: "I understand nothing of all this."

"The matter is quite simple," returned Ditters. "I have run over Vienna from end to end until I found a man to venture on the issue of your first-born. The man in there had the courage; God grant that he may not have reason to repent!"

"Ditters, you are cruel!"

"Of course—I know it! Because people here in Vienna are so poor in ancient composers they must be glad to find young, unknown and inexperienced ones! Do you know what this publisher said? He could get such stuff by the hundredweight, but out of pity he would take your minuets and publish them."

"And what will he pay for them?" asked Haydn, timidly.

"Well, you are terrible! Is it not enough that this excellent man spent his money before he received a copper? does he not bring your name before the public? This is surely worth more to you than a few gulden!"

"Yes, you are right," Haydn warmly assented. "Ditters," he continued, "I have one gulden left; do you think it would be foolish for me to go into the store and buy my own work?"

"Do it. Every writer, whether in prose, verse, or music, in regard to his first printed production is like a child. Why should you have more sense than thousands of others? Go and buy it. But, friend, I warn you that for the future you must look upon yourself as a being of a superior nature, and must prize yourself accordingly. Now you are as great as I am—just nothing!"

Haydn entered the store. A thin, serious-looking gentleman came to meet him.

"You have minuets in your show-case by one Joseph Haydn. Are they worth purchasing?"

"Why not? They are simple, but very pretty, and show talent, though there is also a lack of schooling. Haydn—I do not know him—should study instead of composing. Then he might produce something really good."

Haydn's cheeks were all aglow.

"Then you wish to buy a copy?" the publisher asked.

"Yes, certainly. I am, perhaps, the first purchaser?"

"By no means: the pieces find a ready sale. I am myself surprised at it. Here, sir, are Haydn's minuets. I hope they will please you. They show considerable untrained talent which is well worth recognition."

Haydn placed his gulden on the counter. The music-dealer picked it up and said, bowing slightly: "The collection costs a gulden and twelve kreuzers."

Haydn drew his hand across his cold forehead. His face was the picture of woe, shame, and embarrassment.

"Ah! you do not happen to have the amount with you," said the merchant, politely. "Please give me your name, and bring me the balance whenever it is convenient for you."

"My name is Joseph Haydn."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" exclaimed the dealer, grasping his hand. "I bid you a hearty welcome amongst the disciples of song. But, if you wish to be really great, study Emanuel Bach, and then call on me again, say in a year."

The friendly publisher rolled up six copies and handed them to Haydn. "This is the custom between publisher and author," he said, obligingly. "And here is your money back again," he added, going to his desk and wrapping up a coin. "God bless you, young man! Be pious and good. Heaven-born talent perishes in the ways of vice, and your talent should live and bear fruit."

Haydn rushed out of the store and embraced his friend on the public street, giving vent to the full tide of his feelings.

At last Ditters said to him, dryly: "I am hungry, and want something to eat."

Haydn started back. "How prosaic you are! I do not care for food and drink now."

"What a sweet story-teller you are!" said Ditters, jokingly. "You are like all idealists. You live on sounds and ideas till your stomach rebels; then you fall from your heaven and remember that you are human."

"Why do you remind me of that?"

Ditters smiled, but made no answer. "Will you spend the evening with me, Joseph?" he asked, after a while.

"With all my heart!"

Since you are not hungry, and I am willing to deny myself for once, in order not to be less an idealist than you, let us walk towards the country."

"And speak only of music," added Haydn.

The evening twilight soon deepened into night. The air was damp and almost frosty. The two youths had walked and talked themselves tired. "Let us go home," suggested Ditters."

"Without supper?" asked Haydn. "I have money, and would like—"

"Very well; let us eat, then. It seems that there are moments when even a genius can stoop to think of roast veal."

They entered a suburban tavern. The low-ceiled room was filled with talking, drinking, smoking fellows—strong men, whose joints and muscles were hardened by labor, but who under their rough exterior preserved kind and gentle hearts. They all smoked, and in the blue wreaths that curled from their mouths they blew away into the air the anxieties of the day and of the morrow. Such were the Viennees of those days, and such they are at present.

On a low platform is seated a band of musicians—men gathered together by a secret fate: lean and fat; men bent with age, and beardless youths, pert in demeanor and poor in dress. They blow and fiddle, and they think of the pennies that are thrown on the collection-plate, and are already enjoying in anticipation to-morrow's breakfast which those pennies are to procure them. Their playing is not bad, and Haydn, who is contentedly eating his supper, listens to them with some pleasure.

"Ditters," he said, in a low tone, "those fellows yonder play some very stupid pieces, but also some that are not so bad, and it is quite a pleasure for me to listen to them."

"Drink and be silent! I have talked enough," answered Ditters, irritably.

"How surly you are this evening! what has come over you?"

The musicians began a new piece.

Haydn was startled. His countenance, his eyes, expressed surprise; they were playing one of his minuets. It came out smooth and round, as if a spirit sang the melody, and sang it with great tenderness and genuine feeling.

Exclamations of delight rang through the hall, and the minuet was encored. Haydn stationed himself near the first violinist and listened attentively to his own strains. He was happy as a child, but elated like a pert youth. When the piece was ended, he rudely slapped one of the musicians on the shoulder.

"By whom is that minuet?" he asked, contemptuously.

"By Joseph Haydn," was the answer, impatiently uttered.

"It is a sow-minuet!"* exclaimed Haydn.

The old man to whom those insolent words were addressed looked indignantly at Haydn for a moment, and raised his violin threateningly, as if he would shiver it on his head. "Comrades!" he called out to the others, "this young coxcomb has spoken disrespectfully of Haydn."

"Then let us beat the conceit out of him!" exclaimed several voices.

Haydn's position became serious. A powerful hand seized him by the collar and shook him angrily, when Ditters interposed, just in time. "Don't hurt the poor fellow," he begged. "He is crazy about music, and his brain is somewhat unsettled. Best put him out quietly; the night air may do him good."

This suggestion was immediately acted upon, and for the moment Hadyn seriously doubted his own sanity. Very soon Ditters joined him.

"Ditters," he exclaimed, angrily, "how could you make me out to be a lunatic?"

"Forgive me," he answered; "but it is true that you are a fool, and your head would have paid for it had I not come to the rescue. Did you see how the sad faces of the begging musicians lighted up when they played your melodies, and how at each bar the unknown Haydn was growing dearer to them? Did you not hear how their violins sang more sweetly and their bows moved more softly and cordially?—and you must interpose so rudely! Really they ought to have given you a sound drubbing: you deserved it richly. For shame! to hurt the feelings of the poor fellows! Haydn, that was not handsome."

Haydn stood still.

"Ditters," he begged, "give me your hand. When I uttered that coarse expression I wished to pain one person only, and that was myself. I felt that my genius sang well, but that was not enough. When I heard my minuet beginning so timidly, there rolled up in my soul new and more beautiful ideas around the simple tones. If at that moment the musicians could only play what was ringing in my soul, I should have been content; but as it was, I was not."

Silently, and allowing their fancies full scope, the friends walked side by side for a good while. Then their paths separated.

"For God's sake, Ditters, where is my roll of music?"

"No doubt you left it in the tavern," answered Ditters, rather carelessly.

"And I should have taken so much pleasure this evening in showing Mary my first suc-

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*Our readers will, we trust, pardon the expression. It is literally what Haydn uttered on the occasion; but we must remark that the expression, though very rude in German, does not sound as rude as it does in English.—T.

cess!" sighed Haydn. "How she would have rejoiced with me to see my minuets in print!"

"Go home to your bed and sleep," Ditters advised. "That the musicians were going to beat you for undervaluing Haydn is a much more glorious tribute than that a publisher had your music printed out of compassion. Now, my dear friend, I believe in you fully. As the tree begins to grow from the roots, so must your talent first take root in the hearts of the people, and then it will grow by degrees to bright eminence. Good night, Haydn! Don't forget this evening. It is the first round of the ladder on which you are to mount to future greatness."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sonnet.

BY E. R.

WHEN troubled thoughts crowd fast upon my brain,
There is a clear and pleasing drug I know,
Which banishes all sense of grief and pain,
And colors all my dreams with roseate glow.
Yet still within that wondrous drug their lies
An awful whirlpool of destructive power;
So I ne'er seek its aid to close my eyes
To scenes at hand for even one short hour.

Some times there are when it seems sweet to sin,
Yet, as we glide along the downward road,
We think not that we lose all chance to win
A home with God in His divine abode.
Dear Lord, keep us e'er steadfast to Thy cross,
And show us earthly gain works heavenly loss.

The Jewels of Mary's Crown; or, The Treasures of the Holy Rosary.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING.

VI.

With regard to the blessing of beads, it may be said, in general, that any person can bless any object; that is, he can make the sign of the cross over it and ask God to bless it, as all pious persons are accustomed to do, for example, with their food. But priests only have received power from the Church properly to bless objects, and hence they only can bless beads, crucifixes, etc. There is a simple blessing for beads by which it is not meant to attach indulgences to them, but of this it is not my purpose to speak; and, indeed, I see no reason why anyone should have beads blessed in this manner, for the blessing that would enrich them with indulgences can as readily be had, and in reciting the Rosary nothing additional is required for gaining the indulgences more than would be necessary to perform the devotion without gaining them. There are three forms of blessing by which indulgences are imparted to beads: the Dominican, the Bridgetine, and the Apostolic; upon each of which I shall briefly remark. And first of the Dominican.

The holy Rosary having been revealed to St. Dominic by the Mother of God, it is but natural that we should expect to find that Order enjoying special privileges in the matter of blessing rosaries. And so it is. The Sovereign Pontiffs who granted what are called the "Dominican Indulgences" were the following: Benedict XII, April 13, 1726; Pius VII, Feb. 16, 1808; and Pius IX, May 12, 1851. To impart these indulgences, a certain form of words and the use of holy water are necessary in blessing beads, as we learn from the decree of February 29, 1864.

It may not be out of place for me to pause and explain two points relating to partial indulgences that may not be clear to the minds of all my readers. One of these, the phrase, "with at least contrite heart and devotion," or words of similar import, so frequently met with, simply means that the person who desires to gain such indulgence must be in the state of grace; but these words do not impose any additional obligation or good work, such as the recitation of an Act of Contrition. (Decree of Dec. 17, 1870.) Again, the word *quarantine*, frequently found annexed to indulgences of a fixed number of years, means that in addition to the indulgence of that number of years, the person gaining the indulgence will also have the remission of as much temporal punishment as would be equal to the fast of such a number of Lents. Hence the expression is equivalent to saying, so many years and so many Lenten austerities. (Maurel, p. 52, note.)

The conditions required for gaining the Dominican indulgences are so briefly and clearly expressed in the subjoined extract that I shall give it as it stands, and the more readily as it is of the highest authority. "To gain these indulgences, it is requisite that the rosaries

should be blessed by the religious of the Order of Friar Preachers, and that, whilst the prayers are being said, meditation be made on the mysteries of the birth, passion, death, resurrection, etc., of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, Aug. 12, 1726, approved by Benedict XIII. This Pope declared, moreover, in his Constitutions, *Pretiosus*, May 26, 1727, § 4, that those who cannot meditate may gain the indulgence by merely saying the Rosary devoutly." (*Raccolta*, pp. 170, 171.) These indulgences, which will be found in full on the margin, are all applicable to the souls in purgatory.* (*Ibid.*, p. 16.)

The reader will further remember that in order to gain the Dominican indulgences it is sufficient, when it is said in common, that one person in the company have a string of beads that has been indulgenced and that he use it, in order that all the company of those who are reciting the beads may gain the indulgences attached to it; provided, as the decree expressly states, that all those who unite in the recitation withdraw their minds from all other affairs and apply them to the devotion in which they are engaged. (Decree of Jan. 22, 1858.)

Before speaking of the Bridgetine indulgences, I may premise by stating that the St. Bridget mentioned here is not St. Bridget of Ireland, but St. Brigit, or Bridget, of Sweden, who was born in the year 1304, and died in 1373. I cannot explain the Chaplet of our Saint, and the indulgences attached to it, better than by quoting *verbatim* the words of Father Maurel, who remarks as follows (pp. 273–275): "This Chaplet is so called because we are indebted for it to St. Bridget, who first conceived the notion of circulating its use. She intended by means of the devotion to honor the sixty-three years which, in the opinion of many, the Blessed Virgin spent upon earth. Consequently, it is composed of six decades, each containing one "Our Father," ten "Hail Marys," and a "Creed" instead of the "Glory be to the Father. To make up the number seven, an "Our Father" is added in honor of the Seven Dolors and Seven Joys of Mary, together with three "Hail Marys" to complete the sixty-three years.

"Nevertheless, the indulgences of this Chaplet can be applied as well to rosaries as to the ordinary beads of five decades. But for this application a special faculty is requisite, since, agreeably to a decree of Jan. 28, 1842, the ordinary power of indulgencing chaplets is not sufficient. At the same time the Briefs from Rome to bless and indulgence chaplets, medals, etc., generally contain that faculty. Bear in mind also that, in according the power to apply the Bridgetine indulgences to rosaries, the Briefs do not by that act give power to bless and indulgence the real chaplets of St. Bridget, constituted of six decades, as above. The faculty was reserved to the Superior of the Order of St. Saviour, or of St. Bridget, or to the priests of the same Order deputed for that object. Hence, as this Order does not exist at present, the Popes grant permission to annex to ordinary chaplets the indulgences of St. Bridget. Yet, as already stated, this delegation exclusively regards chaplets of five decades, without any reference to the chaplets of St. Bridget made up of six decades. This has been repeatedly declared by the Sacred Congregation, particularly in the Decrees of Jan. 15, 1839; Sept. 25, 1841, and Jan. 28, 1842.

"The indulgences of St. Bridget's Chaplet were granted by Leo X, July 10, 1515, and Clement XI; they were confirmed and augmented by a Brief of Benedict XIV, dated Jan. 15, 1743. To participate in the indulgences of the Chaplet of St. Bridget it is not

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* The following are the Dominican indulgences: 1. An indulgence of one hundred days for every "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." 2. A plenary indulgence, once a year, to those who, having said the fifteen decades, or at least five decades, every day for a year, on any day when, being truly penitent, after confession and Communion, they shall pray for peace and union among Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the triumph of Holy Mother Church. 3. The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VII, by a Brief, Feb. 16, 1808, granted to all the faithful who shall say the Rosary devoutly, at the time assigned them, a plenary indulgence once a year, on any day when, being truly penitent, after confession and Communion, they shall pray for the triumph of the Church, etc. 4. Pope Pius IX, May 12, 1851, confirmed these indulgences, and granted besides to all the faithful who, with at least contrite heart and devotion, shall say a third part of the Rosary in company with others, either at home or in the church, in public or in private oratories, an indulgence of ten years and ten *quarantines*, once a day; 5. A plenary indulgence on the last Sunday in every month to all who are in the habit of saying with others, at least three times a week, the third part of the Rosary, provided that, being truly penitent, after confession and Communion, they shall visit a church or public oratory, and pray there for some time for the intentions of His Holiness. (*Raccolta*, pp. 170, 171.)

necessary to meditate on the mysteries of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin."

No formula is required for blessing the beads; it is sufficient that the priest merely make the sign of the cross over them without saying a word, and without sprinkling them with holy water. (*Irish Eccl. Record,* 1882, p. 753.)

It may not be out of place for me to give here a remark of Father Maurel's on the matter of blessings. Says this learned author: "Whenever the faithful present objects to be blessed by priests, it would be well to act conformably to the recognized ceremonies of the Church; that is, to impart the blessing with a certain solemnity, in surplice and stole, with the sprinkling of holy water at the conclusion. Still the sign of the cross made by the hand, with the intention of blessing and indulgencing things capable of being thus enriched, is sufficient without any other formality. (Decree of April 11, 1840.) In truth, this is the way the Pope indulgences articles presented to him. Accordingly, persons should not be surprised if a priest, in a hurried moment, or when a surplice, stole, or holy water are not at hand, apply indulgences to medals, crosses, etc., by simply making the sign of the cross over them, and repeating by heart a short form of blessing. The Sacred Congregation of Rites (Decision Aug. 12, 1854,) even desires that, when the Ritual may have no special form for a given object, the priest merely make the sign of the cross over the thing to be blessed, saying: *In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.* He then sprinkles it with holy water, without a lighted candle, or may altogether dispense with the holy water" (p. 255). But chaplets of the Seven Dolors and the rosaries of St. Dominic cannot be blessed in this manner; they require, as I have shown, a special formula of blessing and the use of holy water. All the Bridgetine indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory.* (*Raccolta,* p. 169.)

(TO BE CONTINUED).

* The Bridgetine indulgences referred to in the text are these: Pope Leo X, by a Bull of July 15, 1515, granted, 1. An indulgence of seven years and seven *quarantines* to all who, either alone or in company with others, shall say this Chaplet with devotion. 2. An indulgence of one hundred days for every "Our Father," every "Hail Mary," and every "I believe in God." Clement XI (Sept. 22, 1714,) granted, 3. A plenary indulgence to those who shall say this Chaplet every day for at least an entire year, on any day when, being truly penitent, they shall go to confession and Holy Communion, and pray for the Holy Church. Benedict XIV confirmed these indulgences, and granted, moreover, 4. A plenary indulgence to those who, being accustomed to say the Chaplet of five decades, at least once a week, being truly penitent, after confession and Holy Communion, on the Feast of St. Bridget (Oct. 8), shall visit their parish church, or any other church, and there pray as directed above. . . . 5. A plenary indulgence at the hour of death to those who, having been accustomed to say this Chaplet at least once a week, shall recommend their own souls devoutly to God, after confession and Holy Communion, or at least shall invoke the names of Jesus and Mary with contrite heart, if unable to do so with their lips. 6. A plenary indulgence to those who having been accustomed to say this Chaplet once a day for a month when, after confession and Holy Communion, they shall visit a church and pray there as directed above. 7. An indulgence of forty days to all who carry this Chaplet about them, if at the tolling of the bell they shall kneel down and pray for the soul in its agony. 8. An indulgence of twenty days to those who carry this chaplet about them, and, being sorry for their sins, shall make the examination of their conscience, and say the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," each three times. (*Raccolta,* pp. 168, 169.)

Catholic Notes.

The following letter of Very Rev. Rinaldo Deggiovani, Miss. Ap., which has just been published in the Catholic papers of Italy, will be read with pious interest by our Lady's clients the world over:

". . . Centenaries are now in vogue. That of the Prince of the Apostles opened the way to many others of good or of bad omen. Besides that of Voltaire, the patriarch of modern infidelity, and of his companion in the ruthless war waged against the Faith, Jean Jacques Rousseau, we Catholics celebrated the centenaries of venerable men who had deserved well of society and religion,—Benedict, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, Francis of Assisi, Teresa of Jesus, etc.

"Impiety is preparing to celebrate this year the centenary of the apostate of Wittemberg, the heresiarch whose doctrines were most injurious to the Church and to society, the most openly declared enemy of the Mother of God. Now, therefore, why cannot there be opposed to such abominations another centenary that will breathe the odors of paradise, the centenary of that blessed one from whose virginal womb sprouted the germ of life? In this year, 1883, occurs the nineteenth centenary of her birth. 'It is the common opinion,' says the great Benedict XIV, 'that the Virgin of Nazareth was joined in matrimony to her most chaste spouse in the fourteenth year of her age.' Such is also the opinion of the learned theologian Raynaud, and of other great theologians. And il Sassi states that having consulted many authors, he finds them nearly all agreeing on this point: *Ex multis, quos legi scriptoribus, fere omnes in hac sententia sunt.*

"St Evodius, amongst others, affirms that about four months after her marriage the Annunciation and

the Incarnation of the Word took place; and this agrees with the almost unanimous opinion that in her fifteenth year Mary brought forth our Redeemer. Now, this latter event, according to the Hebrew computation, took place in the year 4000 of the creation. 'This is the commonly adopted opinion,' says Benedict XIV. The Vulgate, edited by St. Jerome and approved by the Council of Trent, accepts the Hebrew computation. Hence in the Septuagint, which makes the world older, there is an error of chronology, and it assigns the death of Mathusalem to the fourteenth year after the deluge. Natalis Alexander proves this in a splendid dissertation in his Ecclesiastical History, first century.

"Admitting the most reliable computation, it will be seen that the Blessed Virgin Mary was born in the year of the world 3985. What a blessed occasion wherein to draw down the mercy of Heaven on men! Who knows but on it may depend the triumph of the Church—that it may prove the olive-branch of peace to the human family! However, I intend no more than to make known my idea, and my fervent desire to see the Queen of Angels the more exalted, submitting myself unreservedly to him who holds the infallible direction of the Church."

"The Art of Sculpture," says the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, "has suffered a great loss by the death, April 22d, in the house of Cardinal Nina, of the Commendatore Ignazio Jacometti, Director of the Pontifical Museums and Galleries. He was one of the few artists who sought inspiration in Christian rather than in pagan ideas. It may be truly said of him that he was a Christian artist, as the greater number of his works, excellent in their conception and method, are inspired by the religious sentiment with which his mind and heart were filled. During his long career he never degraded his art by catering to the debased taste which has grown up in Italy within recent years, and which disfigures so much of the work seen in modern galleries and exhibitions. Amongst his works may be mentioned the monument at Albano to Cardinal Altieri, who, in 1867, gave up his life for his flock, by tending them during the cholera, and dying of this disease; the monument of Doctor Viale Prela, in the cemetery; and that to Piggiani in the Church of the Minerva. Perhaps, however, he will be most remembered by the group "The Kiss of Judas," in the vestibule of the Scala Santa, and by the "Moses," a noble seated figure on the base of the monument of the Immaculate Conception in the Piazza di Spagna. By those who knew him he was highly esteemed and loved for the excellent qualities of his mind and heart, and for his many virtues. Even in the Municipal Council his praises were proclaimed, although he belonged to the party of whom this Council rarely says anything good, namely, those who hold to the Sovereign Pontiff. At his funeral, which was held in the Church of San Nicola *in Carcere*, many artists and employes of the Vatican were present. It may be mentioned, finally, that to Signor Jacometti was confided the task of executing the colossal statue of the late Pontiff Pius IX, which is to be placed in the confession of St. Mary Major's, and which will correspond to Canova's statue of Pius VI in St. Peter's. Jacometti's statue is almost finished; only the last touches of the master's hand being wanting to its completion."

The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Catholicity in Chicago occurred on the 27th ult. The first church erected in that city—"St. Mary's"—was dedicated to the service of God on the 27th of May, 1833. Commemorative services, consisting of Solemn High Mass and jubilee sermon, were held on the occasion in new "St. Mary's."

Mr. Asger Hamerik, Director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, recently composed a piece of sacred music which he named "The Christian Trilogy." Through Archbishop Gibbons, the distinguished composer made application for permission to dedicate the composition to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. In reply, the Archbishop has received the following letter:

"Most Venerated and Reverend Sir:—His Holiness does me the honor to charge me to answer in his name the letter from your Grace with which you present a commendatory communication from Mr. Asger Hamerik. I am, therefore, happy to say that His Holiness deigns to receive with special and paternal good will the sentiments of particular devotion which have been offered to him by Mr. Hamerik; and in order to give him a proof of his satisfaction and consideration for the good he proposes to accomplish, in publishing 'The Christian Trilogy,' of which he speaks in his letter, His Holiness is pleased to permit that the work may appear printed with his august name. May the Most High deign to send from Heaven the light and power of His grace for the well-being and salvation of the composer, who has worked so long and with so much zeal for His divine glory! His Holiness charges me also to transmit to your Grace and to all your archdiocese the Apostolic Benediction. Allow me again, most reverend sir, to offer you my most respectful and devoted homage.

"L. Macchi, Chamberlain to the Pope."

It is said that a statue of Martin Luther is to be set up in Washington. By whom this is done we are not informed. There can be no doubt that it is the right of any private parties, or companies, to set up any statue they please, in places or on property over which they have control; but, as a public enterprise, there is not the least propriety in setting up a statue of the great schismatic in the capital of the nation. No act of his had the least favorable bearing on American destiny: he was never a republican or democrat in

politics. On the contrary, he was the favored instrument of absolute princes, and was their prime support and encourager in the rigorous suppression of every insurrection against their authority.

If it were proposed to erect at Washington a statue to Ignatius Loyola, it might be answered in justification that his disciples visited, discovered, and left their names, on almost every river, mountain, and plain from Maine to Oregon, and from Louisiana to California, before any other white foot had more than touched the western Atlantic strand. These men were they whose names and works deserve the perpetuity of monumental bronze, rather than Luther, whose followers have no early share in the history of the country other than being sold to the king of Great Britain, at a set price per head, to aid in the subjugation of the colonies. Men may push their favorites forward and intrude them into the domains of immortality, but history cannot be deceived, and sooner or later marks the intruder with the fatal, "weighed, and found wanting." The ancient sage was right who said, "I prefer that posterity should ask why my statue is *not* here, than why it *is*."—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

New Publications.

Mixed Marriage: The Forbidden Fruit for Catholics. Translated and Revised from the German of the Rev. Alban Stolz. By Monsignor H. Cluever, D. D. F. Pustet & Co.: New York and Cincinnati.

The name of Alban Stolz is known for his writings wherever there are German-speaking Catholics. The subject-matter of the pamphlet before us is one of the greatest moment for the Church, the family, and society. Twenty pages are devoted to those mixed marriages wherein the children are to be raised Protestants; five pages to those wherein they are to be raised in the Catholic faith; and five others to the instruction of Catholics already living in mixed marriages. The first part is perhaps the best. It places in a clear light the enormity of the sin committed by Catholics that make such an agreement, and the terrible consequences, both for themselves and their offspring, for time and for eternity. It is a document that we should like to see in the hands of Catholic parents who, whether by agreement previous to marriage, or through indifference, allow their children to be brought up outside the fold of Christ. The second part is too brief to do justice to the subject, and the same may perhaps be said of the third; but they are good as far as they go. We cordially recommend this pamphlet, and could wish to have it, with Father Lambing's well-known *brochure*, in the hands of all, not only of those who are in danger or exposed to the danger of contracting mixed marriages, but also of others, that they may receive warning of a great evil.

Examples of Holiness; or, Narratives of the Saints. By the Author of "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," etc. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 17, 19 and 21 Boylston Street. 1883.

A gracefully intended and gracefully executed attempt to render hagiology attractive to the young, this comes to us as a volume of the "Catholic Reward Library." It contains the lives of such saints in particular as excite the devotional affection in youth,—St. Frances of Rome, with her miraculous surroundings and visible heavenly guardian; St. Elizabeth of Hungary, tender and true, tried and found faithful; St. Rose of Lima, America's greatest splendor; St. Agnes, beloved since the dawn of Christianity; St. Cecilia, the "heavenly muse" of the true religion; the holy youths SS. Aloysius and Stanislaus Kostka; with others of a graver turn, such as St. Dominic, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Charles Borromeo, interesting to the student of history as well as to the Christian. The tasteful exterior of the book, creditable to the publishers, will also commend it to the readers for whom it is designed.

The Monk's Pardon. An Historical Romance of of the Time of Philip IV of Spain. From the French of Raoul de Navery. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. 1883.

This is a tale of highly-wrought feeling and tragic incident, illustrating fidelity under tortures and in view of death. It is founded upon fact, and seems to throw the same light upon authentic history as the celebrated works of Sir Walter Scott. The translator has done her part well, and the book reads as if originally composed in English. In richly gilded covers, it will form an ornament to any library.

——One of the most valuable and, we are glad to say, one of the most popular, books of spiritual reading that has appeared for years is "Golden Sands, a Collection of Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life." It was published originally in France, where it met with a wide sale; and there have been, if we do not mistake, as many as four different translations of it into English. The latest and most attractive edition, with illustrations, comes to us from the Messrs. Putnams, of New York. Miss Ella McMahon, the translator, has performed her task with her accustomed taste and skill. This edition of "Golden Sands" will be sure to be a favorite gift book. We may add that the paper, printing, etc., are in keeping with the illustrations and the handsome, ornamented cover.

Youth's Department.

Annals of Our Lady of the Angels.

Jean-Jeanne.

ONE day—the date is of no consequence—as I got out of one of the cars plying between the Gare de l'Est and Montrouge, at a point which I will not specify, as that would deprive you of the pleasure of discovering it, I was struck by the appearance of a house, standing detached from the rest, and built in a style which was both attractive and unusual. It was not one of your mediæval pretences, with battlements, turrets, arches, and so on, nor one of the modern Parisian monstrosities, more like barracks than homes. It has but two stories and an attic; its windows remind you of Holland, being twice as high and broad as those of our Paris houses, with great square panes shining like crystal. These windows have similar ones at the back, directly opposite, so that the passer-by can see clearly into the rooms, where all is so bright and well-ordered that you feel at once it has been planned and built *con amore,* and will pass in due time to the owner's heirs. And there are plenty of them: the little garden, bright with flowers and full of sunshine on the day I first saw it, was ringing with the voices and laughter of a merry troop of children. A flight of granite steps leads up to the door, in the middle of which is a large slab of grey marble with the inscription, "JEAN-JEANNE."

"A curious firm that!" I thought; for my inquiries had elicited the information that the house was one well known in the manufacturing world. The works were about a couple of hundred yards off, near enough for convenience, and far enough not to be a nuisance.

"This M. Jean-Jeanne is very rich, then?" I said to an old lady that crossed my path.

"Ah, Monsieur! they don't know what they have," was her answer, this being the most hyperbolical form of describing a millionaire. "And so good and charitable," she went on, "and as generous as if they were great folks—which they certainly are not."

I began to scent a story, which I soon drew from my acquaintance—a very simple, but a very instructive one, a practical illustration of a saying of the saintly Curé d'Ars: "God, who made all the days of the week, might have kept them all for Himself; but no: He gave us six, and kept one; how dare we meddle with what does not belong to us? Stolen goods bring a curse: so will the day you steal from God. There are two certain ways of becoming poor: to steal from others, and to work on Sunday." God attested the words of His saint by more than one miracle. My little story shows that the sanctification of the Sunday, instead of leading to poverty, sometimes brings with it the increase of the earth as well as the dews of Heaven.

One 27th of December, the curé of the little village of Saint-Andéol found a shapeless sort of bundle on the snow-covered steps of his church, as he was opening the door for his early Mass, and was not a little scared to find that it contained an infant a few months old. The poor little creature's life seemed to hang by a thread, for it was half perished with cold and hunger, and the good curé baptized it at once. "O glorious St. John," he said, "whose feast we keep to-day, you who loved little ones as your divine Master did, take this child under your protection in this world and the next!"

The curé's old housekeeper was not much pleased at the addition to the household; and when her master said he considered little Jean a gift from Heaven, she muttered: "If Heaven sends us gifts only of that sort, we shall not grow rich very fast." But the curé laughed, and bade her look out for a fine goat to act as nurse; and in time old Josseline, in spite of her antipathy for foundlings, began to spoil Jean so much by over-indulgence that the curé had to remonstrate.

At five years old Jean could read, at seven he could write, and began to show a decided taste for drawing. At ten the whole parish took pride in his singing in church, and at twelve his attainments in Greek and Latin were the joy of the good old curé's heart. And the best of it was that his learning never hindered his work. He was always the first up in the morning, always ready to help wherever he was wanted, and doing a better day's work with his sturdy little arms at harvest or vintage-time than many an older but less willing laborer. The little presbytery garden was his especial charge, and there had never before been such gay flowers on the altar.

But when Jean was nearly fifteen he suffered the first sorrow of his life—the death of his adopted father. The good curé left him all he had to leave—his humble furniture, a few books, and some linen. Money there was none: it had always been given to the poor of his flock as fast as he received it. The lad grieved deeply for his friend and benefactor, but he had to make his plans before many days were over. He sold the furniture to the old priest's successor, and gave what he got for it to Josseline. The only thing he kept was an old, much-worn copy of the "Following of Christ," and the rosary which had lain two days on the breast of the holy dead. And now he was ready for the trials, the dangers, the temptations of Paris, for to Paris he was resolved to go; and one fine morning he set off, his stick in his hand and his wallet on his back. It was no light weight, that wallet! not a neighbor but had put something into it—a bit of ham, some cold meat, a cheese, a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a few apples, and so on. "There's enough to last me my life," said the lad, trying bravely to smile, with his eyes full of tears. Poor fellow! he came to an end of his store, with his healthy young appetite, all too soon, and he was often hungry enough before he got to the great city.

I need not tell you the struggles and troubles of the lad's first months in Paris, nor how many doors he knocked at in the vain hope of finding employment. He was beginning to lose heart, and his face was often wet with tears when he woke from a dream of Saint-Andéol to find himself friendless and alone in Paris. But the hour before dawn is the darkest, you know; and just then he met with a young man, from the neighborhood of his old home, who had made his way and was doing well in Paris. He took Jean to the factory in which he was foreman, and the boy worked all the week so well and steadily that he was engaged as a regular hand. Then came Sunday, and Jean asked leave to go to Mass. The request was received with a laugh. Mass! with so many pressing orders to be executed. But Jean was firm as a rock, and went straight to the foreman, saying he must leave.

"Nonsense, my lad! you can't be serious; how do you expect to live? Hearing Mass won't find you in victuals."

"It will give me an easy conscience, though, and that will help me to bear hunger."

"I know—it's all very fine. I was just the same when I first came to Paris; but I soon got to do as the rest do."

"Well, I don't mean to do as the rest do, and that's why I am going to leave," answered Jean, sturdily.

Now the foreman had been loud in praise of his *protégé,* so he thought it well to let the master know his reason for leaving. It was a new experience, and the master's curiosity was excited. "Send the lad to me," he said; "he must be a character." So Jean was introduced, to be inspected as a freak of nature, and the master, thinking he would try what stuff he was made of, actually offered him five francs a day if he would give up the Sunday Mass. But it was no use. However, the man did not want sense, and it struck him that a lad of fifteen who was capable of sacrificing interest to duty was worth keeping. So he dismissed the foreman, and told Jean to stop a few minutes—he wanted a talk with him; and when he learned what his education had been, and how much he knew, he engaged him for the correspondence department.

The rest of my story is soon told. After many years of faithful and intelligent service, Jean was taken into partnership with a quarter of the profits, and the promise of the half at no distant period. Jean was like a son of the house by this time, and the senior partner was not displeased to see an attachment springing up between the young man and his only child, a good and charming girl. But Jean was far too loyal to think of winning her affections; and if the state of his own was guessed by her father, it was an involuntary revelation. What was his surprise when his partner proposed a marriage between him and Jeanne!

"You forget," he said, modestly and sadly, "that I have no name to offer her. I was a foundling, you know."

"You shall be my son, for all that. My child has a very great regard for you; and as I mean to retire and leave you two masters of the whole concern, she and I have settled that the firm is henceforth to be 'Jean-Jeanne.' Now, what do you say?"

Of course he could only say, "Yes," and never was the word more gladly spoken.

Was I not right in saying that the sanctification of Sunday brings a blessing even in this world?

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Saint.

BY MARION MUIR.

IN the old, pleasant days in Italy,
When baron cut the throat of baron, and
The highways streamed with roistering cavaliers,
A certain saint whose prayers and penances
Had wrought his body to pure spirit, sought
By cries tormenting the still ear of Heaven
To learn what point of holiness he held.
And in the night there came a dream to him,
Wherein his angel pointed, saying, "Go
Thou forth through wild Calabria, and he,
Thy peer, will meet thee at the third day's close,
Low in the entry of a rocky pass."

So he rose up, and fared along the way
With painful footsteps, till the sinking sun
Shone level in his eyes; and, at the door
Of a rude wine-shop, on a ruined bench,
With sidewise-tilted head, a ragged man
Sat humming an old song.
But for a voice
That warned his heart, the saint had passed in scorn.
"Friend," said he, doubtfully, "I was sent here
Hoping to learn what holy deeds of thine
Outweigh my penances." And the other
Laughing spake:
"Little have I done: my wife
And I, old people, earn our scanty bread
By selling food to passers; but my youth,
Old Father, held far more of war than toil.
Nay, I could show thee scars,—but once I drove
Some bandits from a shrinking girl, who cried
For fear of harm, and brought her to my wife,
Who sent her to her convent; more of good
I cannot reckon in this life of mine."

Then homeward to his cloister went the Saint,
And prayed: "Forgive me, Lord, that I dared set
My name among Thy servants! Let me be
Henceforth with sinners Thou didst come to save."

The Jewels of Mary's Crown; or, The Treasures of the Holy Rosary.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING.

VIII.

THE history of the origin of the Apostolic Indulgences is thus given in the *Raccolta* (p. 444), which I cannot do better than transcribe *verbatim:* "However ancient may have been the custom of the Sovereign Pontiffs to bless and distribute to the faithful sacred articles of gold, silver, or other metals (whence originated the pontifical blessing and distribution of crosses, crucifixes, rosaries, medals, etc.), yet it would seem that previous to the sixteenth century no indulgences were attached to such articles. Pope Sixtus V, on the rebuilding of the patriarchal Lateran arch-basilica (when, by the falling of the walls of the former building, in various places were found many medals of gold, on which were impressed the holy cross, and other figures bearing the cross), caused a distribution to be made of them, and granted many indulgences to those who had any of these medals in their possession, provided they fulfilled certain works enjoined them, as we learn from the constitution *Laudemus viros,* Dec. 1, 1587. From that time the Popes, his successors, annexed indulgences to other objects besides medals blessed by them,—such as chaplets, rosaries, crosses, crucifixes, etc.,—persuaded that the usage of these sacred objects excites in the minds of the faithful, faith and acts of adoration toward God, and reverence for the Blessed Virgin and the saints."

In order to gain these indulgences it is nec-

essary that the beads—for I am not treating of the indulgences attached to other objects—should be blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, or by a priest having the requisite faculties from him. The Bishops of this and certain other countries are empowered by the Pope to grant this faculty to their missionaries; and hence the priests of the United States are able to attach the Apostolic Indulgences to rosaries, and thus place these indulgences within the reach of all who may wish to gain them. No particular formula is prescribed for this blessing: it is sufficient merely to make the Sign of the Cross over the objects, without even sprinkling them with holy water, as we saw above.

We must remember, as Father Maurel remarks (p. 264, note), that these indulgences are not attached to the beads themselves, or to their recital, as those of St. Dominic and St. Bridget are; on the contrary, the beads in this case hold the place of some other blessed object—as a cross, a medal, etc. Hence, without reciting the beads, persons may partake of the Apostolic Indulgences, provided they fulfil the conditions prescribed. "To gain these indulgences it is necessary for one to carry about him the blessed object, or, at any event, to have it in his possession. Moreover, the pious considerations or prayers assigned as conditions for sharing in the indulgences must be made either while carrying the articles, or at least when kept in one's room, or other suitable place in the house, so that the prayers be recited before them." (Maurel, p. 259.) From this the reader will perceive that actual ownership and possession of the beads, or of any other object to which these indulgences have been attached, are necessary conditions for partaking in these spiritual favors; and that, consequently, it is not enough, as in the case of the Dominican Indulgences, that one person of the company, when a number recite the Rosary together, should have an indulgenced string of beads. All these Apostolic Indulgences, a list of which will be found on the margin, are applicable to the souls in purgatory. (*Raccolta*, p. 448.*)

The Bridgetine and the Apostolic, and it would appear also the Dominican, Indulgences may all be attached to the same string of beads, and may all be gained, provided the conditions prescribed for gaining each are complied with. (Decree of Feb. 29, 1820.)

IX.

From what has been said, it will appear that no devotion of the Church, with the exception of the Way of the Cross, is so enriched with indulgences as the Holy Rosary. So numerous are these, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for a person to remember them; hence the necessity of Christians accustoming themselves to form an intention in the morning of gaining all the indulgences that are attached to the prayers and pious exercises they may perform during the day. In this way a person who keeps himself in a state of grace will gain all such indulgences, although he may not at the time he performs the good work advert to the fact that an indulgence is attached to it; and he will partake in these spiritual favors, though he may be altogether ignorant of the fact that an indulgence is attached to such or such a work at all. His good intention will supply the place of that knowledge.

Need we wonder, then, that the spirit of evil should make the Holy Rosary the object of

* The Apostolic Indulgences referred to in the text are the following: 1. A plenary indulgence on any of the following days to all who shall say at least once a week the Rosary, or a third part of it, provided that, being truly penitent, and having confessed their sins, they shall go to Communion, viz., Christmas Day, Epiphany, Easter Sunday, Ascension Day, Pentecost, Holy Trinity, Corpus Christi; the Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the Nativity of St. John the Baptist; the Feasts of any of the Apostles; the Feast of St. Joseph, and All Saints. They must at the same time pray according to the intention of the Holy Father. 2. An indulgence of seven years and seven *quarantines* on each of the other Feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. 3. An indulgence of five years and five *quarantines* on any Sunday or Feast in the year. 4. An indulgence of one hundred days on any other day of the year. 5. An indulgence of one hundred days, every time, to those who are accustomed to say the Rosary at least once a week. 6. A plenary indulgence at the point of death to all who shall devoutly recommend their soul to God, who shall be ready to receive death with resignation from the hands of God; provided that, being truly penitent, after confession and Communion, or, if unable to comply with this duty, being at least heartily sorry for their sins, shall invoke the most holy Name of Jesus from their heart, if not able to do so with their lips. 7. An indulgence of fifty days every time to all those who shall use any kind of prayer as a preparation before saying Mass, or before Holy Communion, or before saying the Divine Office, or the Office of the Blessed Virgin. 8. An indulgence of two hundred

his most violent and insidious attacks, or that he should succeed in making it unpopular with many persons? The spirit, as he is, of pride, he well knows the hold which this debasing vice has on weak mortals; hence he persuades those who are vain of the little step they have made above profound ignorance, that this devotion is suited only for the poor and illiterate who are not able to read, but that persons who are capable of using a prayer-book should lay the beads aside. Indeed there are not wanting persons who imagine that the use of the beads is an acknowledgment of ignorance, and who feel themselves hurt when the Rosary is given them as a penance in confession. They frequently find it difficult to conceal their vanity even at that moment when they should have their little store of humility at command, as they promptly and, it may be, petulantly remark, "Father, I can read." Poor, ignorant, vain mortals! Let them learn from those who were real lights in the Church, real servants of the Mother of God. St. Dominic, to whom the Rosary was revealed, and whose Order is justly regarded as one of the most learned in the whole Church, was not ashamed to recite the beads, and with all his energy and zeal recommended the devotion to all who came within his reach. St. Alphonsus Liguori was most devoted to the Holy Rosary, and we even read in his life that it was revealed to him that his eternal salvation depended upon his daily recitation of this prayer. Of St. Francis de Sales it is related that he spent an hour a day in the recitation of the Holy Rosary. Yet these were Doctors, and distinguished Doctors, of the Universal Church. No: to underestimate the Holy Rosary is not an evidence of learning, but a sign of ignorance and pride, and of a very low standard of piety. I can have no patience with such people; let us have no more of them.

While the Rosary is indeed so simple that the most limited intelligence can find in it ample food for thought, it is fraught with mysteries so profound that an Augustine and an Aquinas sought in vain to fathom them. St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, who was wrapped up to the third heaven, and saw things which human language could not express, was yet satisfied to confine his knowledge to Jesus Christ, and Him crucified—the central mystery of the Holy Rosary. Even the eagle of the Apocalypse, the Apostle who reposed on the Bosom of his Divine Master, and from that Adorable Heart, as St. Jerome remarks, drank in the plenitude of divine love, could find nothing better suited to his incomparable intelligence than the great mystery of the Word made Flesh and dwelling among us—the very scope of the Rosary. To go still further—for only one more step is possible till we reach the Divinity,—what but the very mysteries that constitute the beautiful devotion of which we are now treating were the subjects of Mary's more than seraphic contemplations, when, as the Sacred Scriptures inform us, "Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart"? A devotion good enough for the poor! Heaven itself has furnished, and can furnish, nothing more profound than the mysteries that compose this popular devotion. So characteristic is it of a Catholic mind, and so perfectly expressive of the fundamental truths of our holy religion, that, as Father Faber aptly remarks, "A true Catholic mind can hardly be formed without it."

But I shall pause here for the present, although this is but a small part of what I purpose offering the reader—if the duties devolving upon me permit—on this queen of Catholic devotions.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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days every time to those who shall visit prisoners, or the sick in hospitals, assisting them by some pious action, or who shall teach catechism in church, or at home to their own children, relations, or servants. 9. An indulgence of one hundred days to all who at the sound of the bell of some church, in the morning, at midday, or in the evening, shall say the usual prayers, *Angelus Domini*, etc.; or, not knowing them, one "Our Father" and one "Hail Mary"; or who in like manner, when the bell for the dead is rung at one hour after nightfall, shall say, kneeling, the psalm *De profundis*, etc.; or, not knowing it, one "Our Father" and one "Hail Mary." 10. An indulgence of one hundred days to those who on Friday shall devoutly meditate on the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and say the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" each three times. 11. An indulgence of one hundred days to all those who, being truly sorry for their sins, shall, with a firm purpose of amendment, examine their conscience, and say with devotion the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" each three times, in honor of the most holy Trinity; or the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" each five times, in memory of the five Wounds of Jesus Christ. 12. An indulgence of fifty days to those who shall pray devoutly for all who are in their last agony, or at least shall say for them the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" once. (*Raccolta*, pp. 446–448.)

Joseph Haydn.—The Story of his Life.

BY FRANZ VON SEEBURG.

CHAPTER VII.

Next morning when Haydn awoke, after a restless night, he raised his hand to his damp forehead and looked out the window. His features expressed vexation; he was angry at himself and his exuberant spirits of the previous evening, at the moderate share of light wine that he had drunk, and even at his friend who had rendered him a valuable service. A man is never so unhappy as when he is dissatisfied with himself, and Haydn was most heartily so. Then a sunbeam fell upon his angry countenance and awoke his natural cheerfulness. He jumped out of bed, washed and splashed and sang and whistled, and rushed out of the house. He hastened to the suburbs, in search of the tavern from which his friend had turned him out the previous evening. It cost him some trouble to find the house; but when at last he succeeded, he rushed in and breathlessly demanded his roll of music.

"Pay first," said the tavern-keeper, "then you may have the paper. They are fine guests that forget to pay their score!"

Haydn's cheeks burned with shame. He unrolled the piece of paper in which the music-dealer had wrapped up his gulden, and to his astonishment a ducat glittered before his eyes. His heart gave a leap for joy; it was his first money for authorship, and he must hand it over to the fat landlord. How gladly would he have kept *that* ducat as a memento of his first success! But the inn-keeper reached out his hand, impatiently. Haydn received his change in small, and dirty coins, and also his roll of music, which he had so sadly missed; and, without stopping to exchange civilities with the host, he left the inn and directed his steps homeward; for he intended that his kind friends there, and especially the silent and pensive Mary, should be the first to share his happiness. His soul was full of gladness; his eagerness lent wings to his feet, and, as he turned the corner of a street, he rushed against a small, fat man with sharp-cut, vivacious, and now angry features.

"Clown!" he screamed, "can you not see?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! I see very well; but now—excuse me, sir! I was in a hurry home with my music, and in my haste I had the misfortune—"

"Almost to run over me!" added the fat man. "What are you doing with music? Are you a musician, or a strolling player? Do you know the difference? The former is a genius, the latter a more or less skilful ape."

Haydn paused for a moment before answering. Pride, or rather self-respect, prompted him. "I am a musician," he answered, with feeling.

The little man looked at him with blinking, half-closed eyes. "And therefore a genius?" he asked, scornfully.

"Here are my compositions," answered Haydn. He untied the roll and handed it to the stranger.

"H'm!" said the latter. "Joseph Haydn! You are Joseph Haydn, then? A remarkably unknown person!"

He turned over the leaves and scanned the music. Occasionally he raised his eye questioningly to Haydn's face. His features rapidly changed from flashes of pleasure to anger; sometimes he nodded his head till the little tassel on his silk coat danced on his shoulders; then he stamped his foot and uttered exclamations of displeasure between his teeth. "Fellow!" he said, handing back the music to Haydn, and fixing his piercing eye on the youth, "did you compose that stuff, or steal it somewhere—there are many fellows running about the world as authors who are only thieves? Are you one of such?"

Haydn's countenance burned. "I am no thief," he answered, proudly. "Either my genius tells me what to sing, or I do not sing."

The little man nodded his head. "You have talent," he said, resting the gold head of his cane on his chin; "but yet you are a clown, a great clown!"

"I was a pupil of Reutter's."

"H'm! his school is not bad. Do you know me?"

"No, sir."

"I am Porpora."

Haydn shrugged his shoulders.

"What! the *coglione,* the *birbante,* does not know me, the celebrated Porpora! Here is my address. Call on me this afternoon at three o'clock, and bring your compositions with you. And one thing more: in future,

go more slowly around street-corners, or you will run down half the world."

Haydn rushed home with a dizzy brain. With feverish hand and palpitating heart he pulled the door-bell violently, and Mary let him in. "Where are your father and mother?" he asked.

"They have both gone out," answered the girl: "father to the store, and mother to the market. But, Herr Haydn, you look so excited,—you are sick, may be!"

"No, Mary."

Haydn uttered these two words rather abruptly, and entered his room. He opened the roll of music and placed it on the stand of his spinet. "Mary!" he called out; "can you spare me a quarter of an hour?"

"Hardly," she answered, from the next room. "I must prepare the dinner. To-day father wants chopped *vermicelli*, and he thinks no one can prepare it as well as I."

Haydn sat down to his spinet, leaving the door open. The notes came like dropping pearls, like the dew in the morning dripping from the leaves of the forest; the melodies sounded full, sometimes laughing, sometimes sad, and again pious; it was as if a child in a blooming meadow poured forth his pure soul in music.

"Herr Haydn!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands, "what is the wonderfully beautiful melody that you have just played? You have set my cheeks aglow and brought the tears to my eyes! Do play it again, please!"

Haydn consented, with a smile.

"And now tell me," said Mary, smoothing down her apron, when Haydn had ended, "what have you been playing?"

"See for yourself."

Mary turned to the title-page. First her eyes opened to their widest extent in surprise, then they grew moist. She unconsciously folded her arms as if to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving. "This is a great and glorious grace of our Lord," she said. "Herr Haydn, you ought to love our good God in heaven very much for having given you such beautiful ideas. But," she continued, almost reverently, "now you are indeed a great and celebrated man. Your compositions are *printed!* Now you will grow proud, and will despise us poor stocking-weavers!"

"Mary! never in my life will I do that; that would be bad on my part, and I never want to be bad. There is not so much danger as you might think that I will grow proud because my melodies are printed: people have taken care to guard me against that. My compositions were printed out of compassion for me, and I am humbly grateful."

Mary's countenance was quite grave. "Herr Haydn, what you now say is even more beautiful than what you have played on the spinet. God will never abandon you, because you are humble when you might be proud; and the humble alone are truly good."

. . . . . .

Some minutes before three o'clock, Haydn stood at Porpora's door with his compositions in his left hand. The composer lived in the palace of Nicolo de Martinez, master of ceremonies to the Papal Nuncio in Vienna, by whom he was greatly beloved. Haydn timidly pulled the bell, and an aged servant opened the door for him.

"What do you want, sir?"

"To speak to Herr Porpora."

"He is sleeping at present."

"But he told me to call at three o'clock."

"Ah, that is another thing! What is your name?"

"Joseph Haydn."

The servant led him to a *salon* fitted up after the fashion of those days, which was far from being distinguished for good taste. Haydn's eye timidly glanced over the room. A spinet of unusual size and beauty caught his attention. It was open, and the white keys temptingly invited the youth. Repeatedly the temptation arose in his mind to call forth the paradise of delights locked up in the instrument, but he dared not yield to the temptation. He stood before the instrument plunged in such deep meditation that he did not notice Porpora as he entered by a side-door, playing with his gold snuff-box, and watching him closely. At last their eyes met. Haydn was embarrassed, and tried to stammer out some words of salutation and apology; but Porpora looked very solemn, and pointed with his finger to the spinet. Haydn at once seated himself and began to play. At first his genius halted, but soon it floated away in an ocean of melody.

Porpora, leaning back in his arm-chair, and holding his right hand before his face, listened attentively. "Give me the notes," he commanded, when Haydn paused.

"I have none."

"Whose composition?"

"My own."

"Is it long since you learned it?"

"No."

"Play it again."

"I cannot. The idea is like a bird that has flown; I cannot recall it; I have not thought it out, but only dreamed it."

Porpora sprang from his chair and stood close to Haydn. For a long time he spoke not, but kept his half-closed eyes fixed steadily on the youth. It seemed as if there were some idea in his mind that he wanted to study out before speaking. Then he drew a long breath, took a pinch of snuff, and put Haydn's minuets on the stand.

Haydn played, and played with feeling; but occasionally he shook his head dissatisfied: there were many passages that did not please him now; and when Porpora stamped his foot several times and exclaimed, "Clown!" his fingers slipped from the key-board.

"What is the matter?" asked Porpora.

"I cannot play any more," he said, timidly.

"Why?"

"My melodies do not please me."

Porpora remained motionless where he stood, but smiled with satisfaction. "Tear up the paper on which your minuets are printed."

For a moment Haydn hesitated; then he handed Porpora the fragments. Without a word, the latter threw them out of the open window, and shook hands with Haydn.

"I bow to talent," said the Kapellmeister, but your schooling is bad. God has furnished the former, and I will provide the latter. Haydn, you have a genius such as Heaven bestows on a human soul only once in a century; but as to schooling, you are a clown."

Haydn was more than happy to hear from the mouth of a Porpora, whose fame he afterwards, it is true, surpassed by an immense distance, this recognition of his high endowments in music. The word clown which the *maëstro* so often used did not disturb his happiness.

"How do you live?"

"More on hunger than on food," answered Haydn, laughing. With that cheerful frankness and disregard of the troubles of life with which youth so readily express themselves, he told of the hard school of his boyhood, of his hopes and struggles, his fits of discouragement and despair, his poverty and starvation. Meanwhile, Porpora stood at the window and looked down into the street, apparently indifferent; but a sharp eye could read in his countenance the impression made on him by Haydn's simple words. Finally he said, without turning around, "And what now?"

"I know of no escape but to trust entirely to you."

"Do you mean for money?"

"No."

"For what, then?"

"For instruction, schooling, that I may not remain a clown."

"And I am to give you this instruction?"

"Did you not say that God provided the talent and you would provide for the schooling?"

"Can you come to me at this hour every day? Yes? Very good! Sometimes you will not see me, for occasionally I take a *siesta* in the afternoon, but at such times you can study Sebastian Bach's School, here on the spinet. But I forewarn you that the first false note that you play will wake me out of the deepest sleep; and then I am like an angry lion, like a thunder-storm; then I am Porpora, out and out."

Haydn smiled. Bowing, he kissed the *maëstro's* hand, and said: "In your neighborhood, Haydn will play no false note. The spirit of the master will guard the happy pupil."

When he came out on the sunny street, Haydn felt like a man that, after a long and stormy voyage, leaves the unsteady ship and steps upon the land. To-day for the first time in his life he felt the solid ground under his feet. What mattered it to him that his wants were not provided for! Would not his genius, whose pinions were growing stronger and stronger in him, learn now to soar freely up to the heaven of melody?

Every afternoon he was punctual in calling on Porpora, who sometimes devoted a whole hour of the most thorough, but feverishly impatient, instructions to him; at other times he would say but a few words, or simply lean back, to doze in a lounging chair. Thus passed the summer, and already autumn had begun its work of destruction on the trees and flowers and forest. It was All Souls'. On this day Porpora bestowed special attention on Haydn's playing; he was unusually gentle, almost tender, and never once uttered an impatient word. No: he spoke in a friendly

and hearty manner, like a father to his son. Haydn had been playing for a whole hour from the "School," and he played with as much certainty and excellence as a finished master. But his countenance began to show signs of weariness and vexation. He drew a free breath, when Porpora closed the book, laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and said: "Joseph, now let your genius take its flight; I will only give you the theme. This is All Souls' Day. First sing me the supplicating pain, and then the triumph of a liberated soul."

Haydn collected his thoughts. In sad but passionless tones he began to play. Deep sorrow convulsed the melody. It sounded like a longing sigh, an humble and weeping plaint. The minor accords then came in. In the heavy tones of the choral, the soul chanted its prayer; it was filled with humble but assured hope, and grew with every accord: first in timid, then in fearless jubilation. Alleluia! The liberated soul takes its flight to heaven, and sings an angel's hymn before the throne of God. Haydn was motionless, his eyes filled with tears, his face as one inspired.

Porpora walked over to him. "Joseph," he said, earnestly, "what do you think I did whilst you were playing? I prayed, prayed as earnestly as I have seldom done. This is a proof of real genius, when it does not descend to man and his wretched poverty, but raises him from this earth up to heaven and to the eternal. It has been my custom every year on All Souls' to perform some act of charity: every one of us expects, sooner or later, to join those poor souls, and we can mount to heaven only by the ladder of mercy. You are a poor but deserving person. Bitter care is your companion and sleeps beside you in a bed for which you cannot pay. I have a large room free in the court. Bring whatever you have and come and live under my roof, and come to-morrow rather than next day. Six months ago I should not have recommended you as teacher to any one, but now I will do it with pleasure and pride. Haydn, in this I am not doing you a kindness; for he that must teach others eats the bread of bitterness. But you, so well schooled in adversity, and so humble, will also be able to carry this cross. I cannot make you rich, but I will remove the sharpest thorns of poverty."

Haydn, deeply touched, hastened back to his friends, the stocking-weavers. They were just sitting down to supper when he entered. His eye was flashing, but in its brilliancy there shone a tear. He threw his hat into a corner, drew a chair over to the table, and began to relate what had passed. At first they all listened eagerly to his words,—the good people felt so well pleased to hear that Haydn was recognized and praised by Porpora. But when he told them that he was to live with Porpora, and give up his little room, it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon them. The old man took his pipe out of his mouth and looked down angrily; his wife dropped her knitting, looked steadily for a while straight before her, and then poured out a torrent of complaints; and Mary turned pale, trembled, and hurried from the room to hide her tears. All were silent: none could utter a word, their hearts were so full. At length the old man laid aside his pipe in sadness, arose and said: "Let us retire." In silence they separated, and Haydn crept into bed without attempting to play an evening hymn. He was not in singing humor; he wept, and there was another pair of eyes that wept still more bitter tears.

Long before the doubtful light of the November morning appeared, Haydn sat upon the edge of his bed, his face covered with his hands. He reflected on the bright hopes that opened before him by living with Porpora, but the painful thought of parting with his kind friends sank deep into his tender heart. Nothing is better calculated to knit hearts closely together than friendship and poverty united. Here there is no self-seeking, and the roots of friendship sink the deepest and its flowers bloom the fairest.

In the adjoining room every one was astir. Haydn heard the old man grumbling, his wife scolding, and Mary talking softly to both. Suddenly a heavy knock at the door arouses him. "Herr Haydn, come to breakfast, if you please. It is for the last time!"

These words were uttered with a mixture of sorrow and bitterness. Haydn entered the large room, saluting each by a silent pressure of the hand. His features indicated sadness, and the countenances of his friends were anything but cheerful. At Haydn's place a clean napkin was laid, and around his plate sprigs of rosemary and a blooming rose were spread. A quarter of an hour previously the rose was

plucked from its bush at Mary's window. Haydn tried to be calm. They spoke of indifferent matters; every one seemed to avoid any reference to the parting. The hot coffee had a bitter taste, and, what was quite unusual, no one took a second cup. Haydn was the first to rise from the table. He attempted to appear cheerful. "Let me take my departure," he said, offering his hand to the old couple. "I am not leaving the world, but only moving to another street and under a different roof. I take my worldly goods with me. I can leave after me only my love, which is warm and sincere; my gratitude, which will never die; and my debts, which I will pay fourfold whenever God bestows on me a small share of earthly goods. I leave you, a very poor man; but, be assured, not an ungrateful one."

"We have no doubt of your love and gratitude," said the stocking-weaver, with trembling voice. "As for debts, Herr Haydn, you are leaving none. Everything has been already paid. It was on a Sunday morning, after Mass, that my Mary came to me and said: 'Father, do not say *no* to what I am going to ask you. Permit me to work a couple of hours more with my needle every day; with what I thus earn I will help the good and pious Haydn. I know for certain that one day he will be a great man, and all the world will do him honor and sing his praises. Then let him think of me kindly, when, perhaps, I shall have been long since dead.' At first I was reluctant to grant my child's request, but at last she conquered. It was much that she did, because it is poverty that offered the sacrifice; but since that time I also took a secret pleasure and honest pride in my Mary, and I know for certain that God's blessing rests upon her."

From Haydn's eyes great tears flowed. "Mary, you are an angel! Now I know what I must daily pray for: a blessing on you and me; on you, that God may strew your path with flowers and no thorns; on me, that I may have it in my power one day to repay your charity."

"Thanks, hearty thanks, for your prayer!" answered the maiden, quietly. "My flowers bud and thrive, and God has given me a quiet and contented life. My path leads me to the cloister, where my heart has gone before me from my childhood. Your path leads equally to God as does mine; may it be equally peaceful!"

Haydn took the rosebud that lay near his plate and gave it to her. "There are people," he said, "that are as beautiful and pure as the flowers. They are flowers, not for the earth, but for God's garden. And such a flower are you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Blessed Rita of Cascia.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

(CONCLUSION.)

There abode in Cascia, at this date, a community of Augustinian nuns who were famed for their sanctity of life. This was the ark into which our dove craved entrance. But, alas! even *there* she was to combat before she could win her crown. Making due application to be received to the veil, the Superioress refused her request because she had been a married woman.

Rita was grieved, but not discouraged. That very probation of married life, bitter and repulsive as it had been, had taught her how to wait, to hope, to pray. And wait, hope, and pray, she did, with all the energy of her patient, courageous heart. Three times she made application to the good prioress; three times she was refused. And then, having recourse with unusual fervor to her chosen patron, St. John the Baptist, and to St. Augustine and St. Nicholas of Tolentino, whom she had specially reverenced from infancy, her faith and constancy were rewarded by a miracle. She was lifted from the earth, by the agency of the powerful trio whose aid she had invoked; and, after being carried through the air in a supernatural manner, was safely deposited in the midst of the monastery.

To oppose longer the desires of one thus signally favored by Heaven would have been to fly in the face of God and obstinately resist His blessed will. The holy widow was, therefore, received by the Sisterhood with open arms; and the prioress at once bestowed upon her the veil of probation for one year.

Now began, at last, the Blessed Rita's true life. "Not only during this year," says one of her biographers—himself an Augustinian monk—"not only during this year, but during all the subsequent forty-four years she spent within the walls of the nunnery, her life was

redolent of all good works, of prayer, humility, suffering and penance. She fasted three Lents each year, during which she ate but bread and water, sparingly, once a day. The same rigid fasting was her wont on all vigils of precept; while on the Feasts of our Lady, of the saints of the Order, and of her patrons, she partook of little else than her fast-day fare, frequently mixing with it wormwood and ashes. Added to this, she wore the *cilice,* or hair-shirt, and never tasted wine."

Can it be wondered at that, as the result and reward of this austere self-denial, the holy Sister Rita came to be gifted with infused knowledge, and was frequently resorted to by others for information which could be known only through her? "The gift of miracles," says Father Faber, "follows hard upon austerity. When we complain that we have no power with God, that our prayers remain unanswered, that our efforts to root out some besetting sin are unavailing, and that we give way to temptations, and to surprises of temper or loquacity, it is, for the most part, because we are not leading mortified lives. . . . If then," he adds again, "for the sake of our spiritual growth and the interest we feel in the glory of God, the triumph of the faith, and the salvation of souls near and dear to us, we desire to obtain power with God, we must habitually and consistently practise mortification."

And to mortification, it is needless to say, we must join, as the Blessed Rita did, the practice of humble and persevering prayer. All her leisure hours, all the time she could spare from her precious convent duties, were passed, ordinarily, in an old oratory of her monastery, where she loved to linger, prostrate, in rapturous devotion, at the foot of an ancient crucifix.

Here, one day, while engaged in her devotions, she meditated with more than usual fervor upon the Passion, perchance (as the sequel would seem to suggest) upon the mystery of our Saviour's crowning with thorns; for, as she prayed, a thorn, one of those which studded His carven crown upon the ancient image, detached itself from its fellows, and, darting through the air, imbedded itself in Sister Rita's forehead, just below her veil. This was about fourteen years before her death. The thorn remained. To quote again from her Augustinian biographer: "It never left her, but eating its way into her flesh till it found a sure hold, it thence protruded visibly to all her Sisters, a constant source of penance to her, and, to them, of loathing at the unceasing discharge of ulcerous, fetid matter which constantly accompanied it. Singular as it may seem, this was a delight to Rita, who was wont, too, to cherish and hail the worms that infested the wound, as her 'little angels' —*angioletti miei!* This terrible scourge—to most men, but to her a veritable blessing—healed only once (in 1450) when she wished to join her Sisters in their pilgrimage to Rome to gain the Jubilee (the fifth ever proclaimed in the Church) granted by Pope Nicholas V. On her return to Cascia, the wound reopened."

And there, at her beloved monastery, in the year of grace 1453, a still more grievous malady befell our blessed one, which lasted until her death, in 1457. While she lay on her sick-bed, sweet and patient as ever, in spite of her protracted sufferings, a relative came to visit her. It was January, and very cold, and the ground outside was covered with snow. But the holy Rita, turning to her visitor, bade her go into the convent garden and bring her back—*a rose!* Incredulous, doubtless, and pitying what she must have deemed the delirious fancies of an invalid, the woman obeyed. But there, amid the snows, blossomed a miraculous flower, which she gathered with sentiments of awe, and conveyed to the smiling Rita. Another day she bade her attendant bring her two figs, which, she said, were hanging on a tree in the garden. And lo! on a dry and lifeless-looking tree the astonished attendant beheld two lovely, luscious figs, which she plucked and carried to the favorite of Heaven, who received them and partook of them as tender mementos of her Saviour's love.

And thus, in mingled suffering and miraculous manifestations, this wonderful career drew to a close. In the last week of her life, in the meridian glory of the beautiful month of May, our Lord and His Blessed Mother appeared to the aged Rita, and, after praising her fidelity, and promising to support her to the end, they announced to her that her death would take place at the expiration of three days. Fortified by this august visitation, Sister Rita received with tenderest devotion the holy Viaticum and the last anointing, and on the day predicted, Saturday, May 22, 1457, her pure spirit passed forever from the earth to the embraces of that God she had so long served and so faithfully glorified.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints"! And not only precious in *His* sight, but in the sight of men was the death of the sainted Rita of Cascia. For, at the moment of her passage into eternity—towards sunset, on that delicious day in May—angels were seen bearing her soul heavenward in their shining arms; the bells of the monastery, rung by invisible hands, pealed forth their jubilant chimes; and the fetid odor from her wounded forehead was changed at once into the most entrancing fragrance!

Nor did the proofs of Rita's holiness cease with her death. Miracles began immediately to be wrought at her tomb. The oil from the lamps, nay, even the dust from her cell, was accounted to possess a miraculous virtue. "But marvellous beyond all others," says her biographer, "are the daily miracles which attest the sanctity of Rita. These are notably four, viz.: (1) the beauty of her body; (2) its fragrance; (3) its moving; and (4) the warnings which her tomb gives to those of her Sisterhood who are about to die."

Her body is, to-day, and always has been, incorrupt, without the aid of embalming or any other human bar to dissolution. The beauty of the features is enhanced by their lifelike color and the half-closed set of the eyes. Once, in 1628 (one hundred and seventy-one years after her death), on the day when her beatification was celebrated in her own church, her eyes opened full and wide, as if she were conscious of the proceedings in her honor. The fragrance of her body, unlike any natural odor, diffuses itself around the monastery-chapel in a varying degree. Sometimes it is very acute; sometimes faint; by which the nuns are able to surmise at times the result of their prayers. If a grace is to be conferred, the fragrance fills the chapel; if not, it is barely perceptible. Again, at the visits of the Bishops of Spoleto, or of the Augustinian Provincial, their coming is hailed, as it were, by a greater diffusion of sweet odors.

Time and again, in past centuries, and even within the last one hundred years, Blessed Rita has raised her body—her head and shoulders—on any remarkable occasion; or at the approach of a superior,—the General of the Order, the Bishop, or the Abbess. Up to the year of grace 1628, she always rose up to a sitting-posture on every recurrence of her feast-day. Moreover, when any of the Sisterhood is about to die in her monastery at Cascia, the nuns persistently aver that the Blessed Rita gives a warning; to wit, three knocks at her tomb, or on the door of the sick-chamber, if it be a choir-Sister; and a noise, as of the rattling of a rosary, if it be a lay or serving Sister."

Another singular and almost incredible fact in relation to her who is called by the Spaniards *La Santa de los impossibiles*,—"The Saint of the Impossible,"—is vouched for by Very Rev. Father Lawrence Tardy, Superior-General of the Augustinian Order, who published the Life of the Blessed Rita, at Foligno, Italy, in the year 1805. We have spoken in the beginning of our sketch of the swarm of mysterious bees which fed the infant Rita in her cradle with miraculous honey; and we have remarked that those insects were white in color (like child-novices), pretty symbols, it is said, of Rita's innocence and purity. But as that blessed one seems to have been chosen by Heaven as the special patroness of the bees, we have now to speak of another mysterious swarm which bore her company from Rocca Porena to the place of her death, and which, fixing their abode there, *have remained unchanged in number and peculiarities for nearly five hundred years!* The works of Buffon and Valmont de Bomare fail to give any species of bees like these mystical and miraculous dwellers in the monastery-wall at Cascia. They are unknown to science. In color only they resemble the common bee; but their penitential garb is brightened by a velvety spot of red upon the back: symbolizing the Blessed Rita's love of the Sacred Passion of Christ in the midst of her life of penance and seclusion.

"The bees of the Blessed Rita, yet living at Cascia," to quote from the manuscript notes of the Very Rev. Dr. Middleton, O. S. A., "followed her from her home to the monastery. They took up their abode close to her cell, over the door in the wall opposite to it—midway, now, between her old cell and her tomb. They number twelve or fifteen, as at first; live a solitary life; do not mate with any of their species; and only appear in Holy Week of each year, when they issue from their cavities, and remain visible until the feast of their queen, May 22d. They then retire again to their hermitages in the wall. Each bee has its own little retreat. These are not like ordinary bee-combs, but are long, narrow holes,

like those made by the thrust of a nail (or thorn?) On retiring, each bee closes the entrance of its cell with a delicate white gossamer-like web or membrane; and there stays in solitude, as if in contemplation, for the rest of the year. They do not die, or increase in number, and are not known to eat. They have no sting and no mandibles, and do not break the cloister silence with their hum. They are veritable anchorites. One of them was sent by special request, enclosed in a crystal vase, to Pope Urban VIII, by whom Rita of Cascia was beatified, July 16, 1627; and who marvelled," says our author, with quaint and pleasant humor, "at the significant character of this new Order of *Augustinians.* The bee remained with the Pontiff one day, and the next morning disappeared. On inquiring, it was found snug at home, with its fellows, at Cascia, where they have continued undisturbed ever since."

The Augustinian friar, John Baptist Cotta,* an Italian poet of note, has caught and imprisoned these miraculous bees in the hive of his own graceful imagination; and refused to release the little captives until they had produced, for the delectation of himself and his readers, the honey of the following exquisite lines:

"Nacque Costei fra sassi alpestri, e ripidi
Posti ad un lato del fertil Umbria;
E dall' alba di Lei tosto conobbessi,
Qual di sua vita ed il meriggio, e l'espero
Esser dovea: poichè bell' api, e candide
Non mai vedute a stuol a stuol volarono,
E come á Divi Ambrogj ed ai Grisostomi,
Dentro la cuna le crearon nettare;
E dolce bombil ando le parlaronô.
Di quella Dia soavità di spirito
Che dielle il Sire onde agni mele origina,
Nè certamente vano fu il presagio:
Ch' Ella poi trasse con accenti mellei
L'anime craje ed anche in oggi tirale
Non men col prisco di pietade esempio,
Che col perenne alato vaticinio
Di quelle pecchie, ch' ivi appunto annidano,
Dove erge tomba, e dalle Suore stringonsi
Impunemente qual farfalla, o lucciola,
Che imprigionata non s'adira, o vendica,
E non conosce, oppur non ave il pungolo."

Which, being rendered crudely, but as faithfully as possible, in English verse, may read as follows:

'Mid Alpine rocks and rugged steeps,
On fruitful Umbria's frontier fair,
The child was born; her life's bright day,
In its first dawn, a presage rare
Of what the ripened sanctity
Of its pure noon and night might be.

For snow-white bees, a swarm unknown,
Thronged in and out her cradle-bed;
And in the sleeping baby's mouth,
Their nectar sweet deposited.
(As chanced to Ambrose, once of old,
And to Chrysostom, mouth of gold.)

Behold! with dulcet murmurs there,
The bees to Rita whispered low
Of that pure Queen, that Lady fair,
Whose sweetness ev'ry soul doth know;
Who gave to her the King of kings,
From whom all heavenly sweetness springs!

Nor was it vain, that prophecy;—
In days to come, with honeyed tones,
Young Rita's gracious piety,
To heaven drew unwilling ones:
And rough and stubborn souls entic'd
To meekly yield themselves to Christ.

And still she draws them by her bees,
(O strange, enduring miracle!)
Those tiny, wingéd votaries
Beside her tomb, forever, dwell;
Enshrined in Cascia's convent-wall!
A prodigy perennial!

If e'er ensnared by chance surprise,
They ne'er a vengeful rage assert;
But by the nuns, like harmless flies,
Are harbored without fear or hurt.
Meek creatures! there they fold the wing,
And know no rancor, bear no sting.

With tenderest devotion, on the shrine of the Blessed Rita we venture, in conclusion, to lay this little offering of love. Beautiful blossom of Rocca Porena! exquisite flower of ancient Cascia! around whom the celestial bees, attracted by the honey of thy sweetness, hovered from life's dawn until its close,—plead for us now before the throne of God! Plead for us, ever, with the Heart of Jesus, that, hovering, like the bees, around the petals of thy flowering virtues; and diving, like the bees, into the mysteries of thy fragrant life, we may draw thence the sweetness of a gracious influence, and master, with thee, the mystical meaning of those mellifluous words: "My spirit is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb!"

BEATA RITA, ORA PRO NOBIS!

* Father Cotta (1668–1737) wrote the life of Blessed Rita in *verse*, besides many other works praised by Italian *literati*. He was a preacher of renown. He was born and died at Tenda, near Nice, in Upper Savoy.

Notre Dame de Paris.

Maurice de Sully, seventy-second Bishop of Paris, was the founder of the Church of Notre Dame. He was born of poor parents in the village of Sully, on the banks of the Loire. In the days of his childhood he was often obliged to beg for his bread; but it is said he had always a presentiment of future greatness, and once even refused an alms which was offered him on condition that he would renounce all idea of becoming a Bishop.

He finally went to Paris to study, and succeeded so well that in due time he was raised to the priesthood and soon promoted to the dignity of canon; later he became an archdeacon. On the death or abdication of Peter Lombard, the celebrated theologian, the See of Paris being vacant, and the clergy not being able to decide on his successor, the matter was finally left in the hands of three commissioners, of whom Maurice de Sully was one. The three commissioners, not agreeing in their choice, concentrated their powers on one of their number; Maurice de Sully was chosen sole elector, and he immediately nominated himself for the vacant See. "I cannot," he said to his colleagues, "answer for anyone but myself; and as I am sure that, with God's help, I intend to govern the diocese in an irreproachable manner, it is, then, Maurice de Sully whom I appoint as Bishop."

The great work of his episcopate, which lasted thirty-three years, was the construction of the Cathedral of Paris. It was universally believed in the year 1000 that the world was coming to an end, that the trumpet of the last judgment was about to sound; consequently no attention was paid to earthly affairs. But when that period of superstitious terror had passed, "the Christian peoples," says the chronicle, "seemed to vie with one another in zeal to raise magnificent churches to the honor of God. One would have said that the entire human race had with one common accord arisen from the lethargy of old age to further the interests of religion."

Maurice de Sully took advantage of this general outburst to endow his diocese with one of those vast monuments which eclipse even the greatest marvels of antiquity. The reigning Pope, Alexander III, having come to seek refuge and protection in France from the persecutions of Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, Maurice de Sully requested him to lay the first stone, and honor with his blessing the church which was about to be built. It was the most favorable period of the year for the ceremony. The Pope had come to Paris at the beginning of Lent. King Louis VII, accompanied by his barons, went forward two leagues out of Paris to meet him, and entered the city with him, preceded by an immense procession which was led by the clergy. The people went wild with joy; and when, on the day after Easter, the Sovereign Pontiff consecrated with his own hands the work which the Bishop had begun with so much ardor, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Money poured in for the completion of the edifice. It was in 1163 that Alexander III placed the first stone of the new Cathedral, and in 1182, the Wednesday after Pentecost, the choir was finished, and the high altar consecrated by Cardinal Hurri, legate of the Holy See. The nave was constructed by the successors of Maurice de Sully; the principal façade appears to have been finished before the end of the reign of Philip Augustus, in 1233. Later, the south and west lateral portals were constructed, and the interior gradually adorned by numerous chapels and monuments.

The incredible height of the church is expressive of the fervor which the Christian who would compass heaven must have. The portal, with its innumerable statues, offers at a glance a complete illustration of the lives of the principal personages of Holy Scripture. The tall spire rises like an arrow, and, pointing heavenward, carries the mind with it—even to the stars. The bells in the tower, strong and powerful, are like the voice of God, yet gentle and sweet and reassuring, like the hopes which come to us from faith. The naves, large and small, high and low, lead to the sanctuary, the dwelling-place of the Most High, and represent the different paths which men of unequal condition here below follow to arrive at the same Judge, who will pronounce upon their works with strictest equity. The saints, with their chapels, their pictures, their statues, represent the throng of the elect in the heights of heaven. The windows show forth the life and deeds of Christ and His Holy Mother, the struggles and triumphs of the martyrs, and the virtues of illustrious confessors of the Faith.

If the Cathedral of Paris still possessed the

innumerable ornaments of its palmy days, nothing would be more curious than those vast naves, now so bare and solitary. But, like all Gothic monuments, time has dealt it many a blow, and from the hands of men also have come great injuries. Each succeeding century has raised the level of the ground on which it was built, and the eleven steps which ascended to the portal and which gave grace and beauty to the façade have disappeared.

From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, during the period of the *Renaissance*, when Gothic art was not appreciated, the great works of the Middle Ages were mutilated under pretext of restoration. Thus Notre Dame de Paris lost her ancient stalls of fourteenth century design, the open-work cloister, the antique high altar with its copper columns and shrines, all the tombs in the choir, the glass windows of the nave, the choir, and the chapels. The spire, so frail and yet so bold (which M. Viollet-le-Duc has so successfully restored), was also removed. The axe of the Revolution completed the desecration by either cutting down or mutilating the statues of the portals, and in obliterating the greater part of the monuments which lined the immense naves, now so bare.

After Paris had become the capital of France, the principal political acts of the country received religious consecration at Notre Dame. It was there that each king, under the ancient monarchy, bound himself by oath to do all he could for the good of his subjects. The first reunion of the States-General was held there, on the tenth of April, 1302; and it was from that time that the *Tiers Etat* began to take part in public affairs. Philippe-le-Bel, who had convoked it, entered Notre Dame, after his victory at Mons-en-Puelle, on the very horse he had ridden during battle, in order to render thanks to God for the victory he had won. Henri IV abjured Protestantism at St. Denis, but when he made his entrance into Paris he went to prostrate himself before the altar of Notre Dame previous to entering the Louvre, which was then the dwelling of the kings. It was from the ceiling of this noble edifice that the flags which French valor had torn from the enemy were suspended,—a custom which gave rise to the saying that the brave Marèchal of Luxembourg was the "upholsterer" of Notre Dame. There Bossuet's voice was heard in the funeral oration of the Prince de Condé; and as his famed eloquence called on princes, prelates, warriors, and people to gather about the catafalque of that hero, he seems to preach at the same time the funeral of the great century so soon to sink into the eternity of the past. It was at Notre Dame that the First Consul caused on the great day of Easter, 1802, to be solemnly celebrated the liberty he had given the Catholic Faith in all France; and it was in this same church that, two years later, he was consecrated Emperor by Pius VII. From that day to this, whenever political or military affairs have received the sanction of religion, it has always been given in the great Cathedral, so venerable and so beautiful even in its disfigurement.

Settlement of the Northwest.

There are some striking paradoxes connected with the settlement of the Northwest. For instance, fifty years ago this whole region was comparatively a wilderness, and it contained only a few scattering towns and isolated settlements. The Indians were numerous and powerful, and their tribal relations were maintained. There were no railroads. It required several weeks to make a trip from New York to the Mississippi River. The country showed hardly any signs of progressive development. It seemed so primitive and comparatively undisturbed by the labor or advent of man, that the pioneer of the period might well doubt that two hundred years before his time it had been visited, explored and described by white men—men of education and refinement. That fact was a paradox to him. It was as difficult for him to believe it as it is now difficult for us to realize that nearly all the improvements we see around us have been made within the space of half a century. The Northwest exhibits more signs of wealth and development to-day than are presented by many other parts of the world that have been settled for centuries. And yet it is only half a century since the early pioneers began to build towns and cities, construct bridges, make roads, dig canals, navigate the lakes and rivers, clear away the forests, drain the marshes, and convert the Indian hunting grounds into cultivated fields. To us the changes between that time and this appear remarkable, if not paradoxical.

It was, naturally, difficult for the pioneers of fifty years ago to realize that two hundred years before their time numerous courageous, persevering and learned men—devoted missionaries of the Catholic Church—explored all this region, travelling through trackless forests, marshes and prairies, or sailing in rude canoes on the lakes and rivers. It is easier for us than for the early settlers to realize that they did so, because we see around us evidences of wealth, progress and development reconcilable with that fact.

The first travellers and explorers in the Northwest were almost exclusively priests, and they founded missions, and labored zealously to convert the Indians. The names of Marquette, Mesnard, Roymbault, Jogues, Allouez, Galinée, Hennepin, Zénobe Membre, Dollier de Casson, Gabriel de la Ribourde, etc., are indissolubly connected with the early history and first settlement of the Northwest. They were assisted or followed in their perilous explorations by La Salle, Joliet, La Hontan, Charlevoix, De St. Lusson, Du Luth, etc. But they stand first of all in the practical services rendered in opening up the great Northwest and making it known to the world.*

To a certain extent, we can trace and follow their travels by the names they bestowed upon particular places, such as Sault de Ste. Marie, Lake St. Clair, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Paul, St. Croix, St. Cloud, etc. Whenever they named a place their pious zeal was generally exhibited in the bestowal upon it of the name of some saint.

The services of these courageous and devoted missionaries are not duly appreciated. Such services deserve to be better known and more generously acknowledged. It gives pleasure to read impartial accounts of their discoveries and achievements, even though such accounts be very brief. In this connection it is but proper to bear witness to the accuracy and impartiality of Appleton's American Cyclopædia. The fairness which distinguishes all references of that great work to the early missionaries of the Northwest, as well as to Catholic subjects generally, merits grateful acknowledgment. It is candid in all particulars. Besides, it is not surpassed in accuracy by any encyclopædia published. Each subject is treated by some learned and impartial person peculiarly qualified to deal with it. Articles pertaining to Catholic subjects were written by Catholics; legal subjects, by lawyers; medical subjects, by doctors; scientific subjects, by scientists; and so on. We are pleased that a cyclopædia so fair, useful, impartial and reliable has attained such great popularity.

* Says the learned Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court of Michigan: "They [the Jesuit missionaries] were second to none in their contributions to geographical knowledge in both hemispheres, and as remarkable for courage and perseverance as for scientific research." —*Outlines of the Political History of Michigan.*

Notes from Rome.

It seems very strange that Italy, with its laws against religious orders, its godless schools, and kindred indications of advanced social "progress," should live on to the present year of grace without a divorce law. Such, however, is the case. But the fault of its being behindhand in adopting the prevailing fashion of its extremely civilized sister-nations is not to be laid to the charge of those who have long held the leading-strings of this youthful and capricious nation. So far back as 1852, efforts were ineffectually made by the Piedmontese ministers to pass a divorce bill. Victor Emanuel, who was then a faithful son of the Church, acting upon the fatherly counsels of Pius IX, opposed the dangerous innovation, which accordingly failed of introduction. Renewed attempts against the sanctity of the marriage bond were also made at subsequent periods, last of all by Minister Crispi, who had already put away his first wife and taken to himself another. He possibly anticipated an easy triumph for his pet project, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. Even "honorable" deputies were still somewhat benighted, and clung too fondly to the antiquated ideas on the indissolubility of the marriage tie. A few years have since passed away, and in the mean time their minds may be better disposed to see the inestimable advantages of a divorce law. So at least thinks Sig. Zanardelli, Keeper of the Seals, who is about to present a new divorce bill to the Chambers, with sanguine (and perhaps not unfounded) hopes of its coming comparatively unscathed out of the stormy discussions to which it will inevitably give rise. An old proverb says that marriages are made in heaven, but what with the civil marriage law passed long since, and the divorce measure that is impending, every supernatural influence is rigidly excluded from the matrimonial contract which, "according to law," may in future be made and severed at the will or caprice of the interested parties.

"Women's Rights" (another sign of "progress") are looking up in Italy. As the fair sex in this

country has never formed committees or made speeches for the furtherance of their political interests, their cause has been generously and gratuitously taken up by Depretis, the President of the Chamber, who, by the way, has frequently distinguished himself by his unchivalric robbery, and expulsion of defenceless nuns. Within a short time he will present to the Chambers a bill to extend the franchise to the women of Italy. A clause in the new bill is to enable them to use their new privilege, if they please, by voting-papers,—an idea thrown out some years ago, I believe, by Mr. Gladstone. Depretis may possibly intend this measure as a supplement to the recent Electoral Reform Law, which, though an excellent enactment in itself, is barren of the great results which its framers had a right to expect from it. The vast majority of the voters, holding fast to the Italian Catholic principle of *nè eletti nè elettori*, abstain from the use of their privilege, and refuse to take any part in sending representatives to a parliament that holds usurped sway in the Papal city. On the occasion of the last parliamentary elections, only 3,000 out of the 26,000 electors of this city went to the poll; and in the provinces the defection was scarcely less remarkable. In view of this uncompromising attitude of the male voters, Depretis has decided to call in the weaker sex to aid him in the difficult task of governing the country. But to save the new measure from being illogical and contradictory, he must either establish new married-life relations in Italy, or deny the well-known principle that the right of voting should be conferred only on independent persons. Article 131 of the Statute makes wives subject to husbands: so either this must be abolished or the recognized principle of conferring the franchise be abandoned. As it is, Depretis's bill will meet with a storm of opposition in the Chambers, and, if it be not wholly thrust aside, will come out of the fight in a sadly mutilated state. As for the Italian women, for whose especial behoof the bill was framed, unless I mistake very much in my estimate of them, they will "decline with thanks" the proffered boon of Minister Depretis, and show themselves not less inflexible than their fathers and brothers in upholding the principles that guide the true Catholics of this country.

A propos of the so-called moral "progress" made by Italy within the past few years, a lively little incident occurred the other day at Milan. Mgr. Massaia, who has just temporarily returned from his missionary labors among the Gallas (an Abyssinian tribe), was during his stay at Milan interviewed by two writers connected with the *Pungolo*, an advanced liberal paper of that city. The two journalists inquired about the morality of the Gallas.

"My good sirs," replied the old missionary, "your civilization is mere barbarism in comparison with that of the Gallas. There you never hear of bombshells, political assassinations, church robbery, or divorce laws."

"If that be so," said one of the interviewers, "instead of Italy sending missionaries to civilize the Abyssinians, the latter should send missionaries to—"

"To civilize the *civilized* Italians. Decidedly so. And now to business: allow me to commence with *you*."

The "interview" abruptly terminates, and *exeunt* the "interviewers."

I cannot refrain from telling you of a very extraordinary occurrence which, if properly authenticated, is destined to shed a new lustre on the sainted memory of Pius IX. I relate it on the faith of Mgr. Verga, Secretary to the Congregation of the Council in this city. This esteemed prelate has a niece in Tunis, whose daughter some time ago was struck down by a mortal illness. The malady made rapid progress, and at length one evening the attendant physicians announced to the family that before the following morning the sick girl would have passed into eternity. The disconsolate mother in the midst of her tears and prayers bethought of a relic of Pius IX—a piece of linen—which she had long treasured up. She took it, and after having moistened it applied it hopefully to the breast of the dying girl. The sufferer seemed to be immediately relieved from the pains that racked her, and lapsed into a sound and tranquil sleep. Early the next morning on awaking she declared herself perfectly recovered, rose from her bed, and since that memorable night her health has been all that her overjoyed and grateful family could desire. H.

Letter from Paris.

Dear "Ave Maria":—Paris is certainly the city of surprises, where extremes are always meeting. The latest novelty here is Dom Bosco, and it is, if not a surprise in one sense, a striking contrast to see the reception that the saintly old priest has met with from the Christian population, whilst the anti-Christians are working at the demolition of all that he represents. The name of Dom Bosco is familiar to the readers of The "Ave Maria," so I need not say that his fame had preceded him to Paris. The eager impatience for his arrival was so great that for a week before he actually appeared every second person accosted one with the inquiry, "Do you know when Dom Bosco is coming?" When he did come his door was besieged all day long by crowds coming for cures, or graces of some sort. I had the good fortune to meet him accidentally one afternoon.

When I reached the house where he went every day to receive people, I found that all the rooms were crowded to overflowing, the staircase ditto, and that even in the court-yard groups of people were waiting in the rain who could not get inside. And the *concierge* said to me: "These people have been waiting since one o'clock, and now it is four, and Dom Bosco has not yet arrived!" I was turning away in despair when I saw a *coupé* drive up; a young priest jumped out and then turned to help a tottering old man to alight. "It is Dom Bosco!" I said, instinctively; and back I flew, and waited under the gateway till, after a long delay, the two made their appearance. I went forward and knelt for his blessing, and asked prayers for several intentions. He blessed me, and let me lay his hand upon my head, looking at me with a strange, childlike expression, amused and surprised. While I knelt, a crowd gathered round him in an instant, and I was witness of a striking scene: people of all ages and classes clamoring to be blessed and healed; some afflicted with terrible diseases, others bringing their sick children; one poor woman had her face devoured by a cancer. All these people crushed upon Dom Bosco, taking his hands and kissing them, and laying them on their suffering bodies, whispering close to his ear confessions and petitions, pulling his cassock, etc. The simple old priest, with his sweet, childlike glance, looked from one to the other, smiling and blessing, and yet so strangely unconscious, it seemed to me, of all this homage! It reminded one of a scene in the ages of faith, and Dom Bosco recalled the image of St. Philip Neri. It was very striking to see him pray. One poor little sufferer was taken to him in a long invalid chair, where she lay flat on her back, in an advanced stage of spine disease. He questioned her very minutely and gently about her illness, and asked her if she wished our Lady to heal her, and then said: "Let us pray to her together." He took off his beretta, and prayed over the child, his hands outspread, his face uplifted, his voice full of the most intense fervor, and such an expression of humility and supplication on his countenance! A dead hush fell on all while the prayer lasted. The eager look of the poor mother watching him was very touching. Then he said to the child: "My little one, you will say every night to our Lady, 'O Mother of God! cure me if thou willest!' and your mother and I will say the *Salve Regina* for you every day."

The young priest who accompanied him was obliged gently to constrain him to go on to the crowd waiting indoors; he seemed loath to leave those who were about him. He gave us all medals, and blessed us very fervently before he went in.

The next day I assisted at his Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires. The fervor of the crowd was very edifying. He has been begging for his orphanages and seminaries, and has received large sums of money for them. This *œuvre* to which he devotes his life is in itself the grandest of his miracles. He has in Europe 160,000 boys whom he is preparing for the priesthood and other less exalted careers; and I hear he has half as many more elsewhere, but this I only state on hearsay. It is a pity that some injudicious persons have published a sort of panegyric of the humble servant of God, relating his miracles, and exalting his sanctity. They say Dom Bosco is greatly distressed at it. He always speaks of himself in the third person, as, for instance, "Dom Bosco is going to say Mass at such a place," or "Dom Bosco was asked to do so and so." In speaking of the book to which I refer, he said: "All that it says about God's power and goodness and our Lady's is true; but what is said of Dom Bosco is not true: it is all nonsense!"

The English pilgrimage to Lourdes is already getting under way, and leading Catholics there seem determined to make it a grand manifestation of faith. The Duke of Norfolk of course heads the band with the Catholic noblemen and gentlemen whose lives are the faithful embodiment of their religion and a grand example in these days of worldliness and laxity. The Irish contingent is under the leadership of the Rev. Father King, a noble type of a priest and an Irishman, a picturesque, striking figure, with his benign countenance and silver coronet of hair.

All this is good; but there is a deal going on alongside of Dom Bosco that is anything but good. There is the expulsion of the chaplains from the hospitals, which practically means the death of hundreds of sinners every year without a chance of salvation at the last. The Sisters of Charity tell one all the year round of the most edifying death-beds,—of sinners full of repentance and faith, who make most beautiful ends; souls who almost to the very last fought against the priest, often refusing to see him, with blasphemy and violence. But the Republic has come in to shut out these blessed forces from the poor sinners dying in the hospitals. Cardinal Guibert has made a strong and pathetic appeal to Monsieur Grévy, but the President has turned a deaf ear to the prelate's cry.

Meantime, Paris, which combines piety and fashion, is working meritoriously at this somewhat difficult combination. Balls and concerts and all sorts of amusements are being got up by the rich and idle, to help the sick and the poor. The last novelty is a Japanese *fête*, to be given on the 30th, by the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, and at which all the lady patronesses are going to give an example of heroic charity to the public by making frights of themselves, dragging their hair off their faces, and prodding their heads with long

pins till they will look like a new variety of porcupine, attiring themselves in Japanese costumes, acting in a Japanese play (translated into French), and altogether turning themselves and the beautiful mansion of the Lady President into a specimen of Japanese art and manners.

For the first time in the annals of Parisian ruffianism, a Sister of Charity was brutally attacked in the street some days ago by a scoundrel who struck her such a blow on the face that she reeled and must have fallen but for the lamp-post at which she clutched. Some people happily saw the barbarous outrage, and fell on the brute and took him off to the police station. The incident is characteristic of the times.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

In Answer to a Fanatic.

A fanatic, "Rev." Dunlop Moore, seems to have been excited by a report that a cure had been effected through the Water of Lourdes, in the town of New Brighton, Pa. With an absurd pretence to culture and gentlemanliness which sits very badly upon him, he wrote a letter to the New Brighton *Daily News*, sneering at the belief of Catholics in the miraculous Water of Lourdes. This letter, a compound of bad taste, cheap Latin quotations, and old circus jokes, must have disgusted the people whom he intended to astonish Mr. John McSorley, having seen the New Brighton paper, answered the "Rev." Dunlop Moore's letter very clearly and trenchantly. We give the portions of Mr. McSorley's letter that are of general interest:

DEAR SIR:—Happening to see a copy of your paper of March 6, 1883, I was surprised to find an article on the above subject signed by an individual named Dunlop Moore. I therefore ask you to publish in reply to it the following, as I am the authorized agent in the United States for the Water of Lourdes, and I can enlighten him as to the information he so eagerly seeks by answering his questions, etc., etc.

1st. I import it direct from Lourdes.

2d. As regards my "true inwardness," I am true to myself, and to all others with whom I have dealings. I am a very plain, matter-of-fact individual.

3d. My integrity has never yet been called in question during my thirty-four years of business transactions at the New York Custom House, which, if necessary, President Arthur can certify.

4th. He is very anxious to know if a partner would be admitted; well, if I thought seriously of doing so, I would require no MOORE than one, and then he would be "Moore" intelligent on revenue matters than your correspondent.

5th. I make no gain by it. I do not advertise it, as it is too well known throughout the world, by *intelligent persons*, to do so; neither do I send circulars or solicit custom for it; it is supplied gratuitously.

6th. The genuine article is always furnished.

7th. It is shipped from Lourdes in cases, so many bottles in each case, and each bottle has the official seal of Lourdes stamped upon it.

8th. In regard to the perpetration of frauds in connection with the importation of wines and brandies from France, that is a commercial matter; the *Lourdes Water* is *not*. And as nothing is made on the genuine article, it would be useless to send any bogus mixture.

9th. It looks like any other spring water, and I do not know whether it is analyzed or not. I presume it is not necessary. The real *stuff*, as your correspondent naively calls it, can easily be distinguished from any other water, or any imitation thereof; as I have stated previously, it must have the official seal of Lourdes stamped on each bottle, otherwise it would not be accepted.

10th. In reference to its *thaumaturgic* virtue, it could stand *any amount* of adulteration without losing one particle of it.

11th. Croton water from New York, "if applied in good faith," *would not* prove effectual; and no matter how ignorant the Catholic might be on worldly affairs, he could not (neither would he) be duped so easily on this.

12th. There is no difficulty in getting it through the New York Custom House. It is entered in the same manner as any other article of merchandise, and the revenue officers know and do their duty in regard to it.

13th. It is *free of duty*. Duty is paid on the bottles only, as our venerable Uncle Sam must have a little *douceur* for his trouble; also ocean freight, and the cases and bottles and transportation charges have to be paid. It couldn't be expected that ocean steamers and railroad companies carry freight free.

14th. In reference to whether all the priests in the United States believe in it or not, Dunlop had better spare some of his leisure time and write to them for their opinions, and they can inform him better than I could; but I can inform him that hundreds of priests, ay, and laymen, too (even non-Catholics), have published wonderful accounts of miraculous cures effected by it, which have been verified time after time.

To this, the "Rev." Dunlop Moore responded by writing another letter, full of the same cheap wit and vulgar nonsense. Mr. McSorley having, in the opinion of all impartial persons, ably answered the "Rev." Dunlop Moore, and left nothing more to be said, the "Rev." Dunlop Moore will not, if he is wise, draw out such another antagonist.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

AFTER her Popes, it is difficult to say what Rome does not owe to her princes, in whose beautiful gardens the humblest may wander, and in whose noble galleries of art the poorest student can study without price. It will be the privilege of these men to preserve to us all that can be preserved from the present reign of misrule, which is making such barbarous havoc of the Rome that saint and scholar, antiquarian and poet have known and loved for ages.—*Christian Reid.*

New Publications.

A Will and a Way. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 17, 19 and 21 Boylston Street. 1883.

Like all of Lady Fullerton's works, characterized by delicacy of taste and touch, combined with truthful womanly affection and a cultivated style, this story of the trials and triumphs of a young French heroine will instruct while it enchains the fancy. The epoch is that of the first French Revolution, the "Reign of Terror," whose incidents seem to furnish an inexhaustible fund to the romancists, so much so that we sometimes can scarcely regret its occurrence; and we are certain that modern literature at least owes a debt to Robespierre and Marat which it will find it difficult to repay. We will not detract from the interest of the tale before us by giving a sketch of its incidents, but will leave to the reader the pleasing task of following the sinuosities of the golden vein. Issued in Messrs. Noonan's elegant and well-known style. We heartily recommend the book to all.

The Festival of the Rosary, and other Stories on the Commandments. By Agnes M. Stewart. Revised and Enlarged. Same Publishers.

This is published as a volume of the "Catholic Boys' and Girls' Library," and the name of the authoress is a sufficient guarantee to the merits of the work. The stories resemble those entertaining anecdotes with which popular preachers are wont to enrich their sermons to the young, except that there is more space afforded for elaboration. The little tale entitled "White Lies" is especially worthy of commendation, as enforcing the danger of those departures from truth which are too often laughed at and encouraged by those who should admonish. Beautifully bound, and very suitable as a present to a young friend.

The Pastor. A Monthly Journal for Priests. Vol. 1. No. 7. May, 1883. Edited by the Rev. W. J. Wiseman, S. T. L. *Permissu Ordinarii.* New York: Frederick Pustet & Co., Publishers, 52 Barclay Street. Price, $1.50 per annum.

The Pastor continues to sustain the standard of excellence with which it started out. The questions, theological and liturgical, treated in the present number are all practically useful for priests; and in the decisions given, the authority of the various Congregations of Rome is carefully reproduced, and the documents of the Holy See are also quoted; so that the answers of *The Pastor* can unhesitatingly be relied upon. We cordially recommend the journal to our brethren of the clergy.

Youth's Department.

A Martyr of the French Revolution.

MARY L'HUILLIER was born at Arquenay, France, on the 18th of November, 1744, of poor, but truly Christian parents, who left nothing undone to bring up their children in the practice of religion.

Mary had the misfortune to lose her parents when still young; but their excellent lessons and their good example remained ever deeply engraven in her heart, and produced, in due time, fruits of holiness. Moved with pity for the young orphan, and, no doubt, fascinated by the air of piety which shone on her countenance, one of her relatives opened her humble house to her, and entrusted her with the care of a flock of sheep. Like St. Genevieve, Mary raised her mind to God, and found delight in prayer when alone in the fields. She grew in piety as she advanced in years. The extraordinary virtue of this privileged child could not fail to draw the attention of the ministers of God. They venerated her as a saint, and proposed her as a model to the young. Indeed, her modesty, her wisdom, and her devotion were beyond her age.

When she had grown older, the pious shepherdess entered the family of a worthy lady, whom she served with truly Christian devotedness. Here her manner of life became very austere. At night, after the hard labors of the day, she would only allow herself a few hours of rest on a hard couch, with a stone for her pillow. Sometimes she was found on her knees in the middle of the night, praying fervently, as one lost in the contemplation of God.

No wonder, then, that her mistress regarded her rather as a friend than a servant. Full of confidence in the worthy lady, Mary disclosed to her after some time the designs of God on her future, saying she felt herself called to live in a cloister for the rest of her life. At first, this resolution deeply afflicted her pious mistress, but, admiring the counsels of God, she adored His holy will, and came herself to the Chateau Gontier to solicit from the Re-

ligious Hospitallers of the Mercy of Jesus the admission of Mary into this monastery. The young girl was received at first as a servant, but after great trials, which were as the prelude of her final sacrifice, she took the veil, and made her vows under the name of Sister Monica. She became at once the admiration of the whole community.* The servants of the convent felt such great pleasure in speaking to her that they envied one another this privilege. Little children, too, had a singular esteem for her; and when they could get a chance to see her they would say to one another: "I have seen Sister Monica!" A beautiful tribute indeed to simplicity and innocence. In fact, Sister Monica was the saint of the community. Rev. Father Thomas, the chaplain of the nuns, said one day, "Behold a saint! If there is to be a martyr among you, she is the one God will choose." This prediction was remarkable, as the priest who made it had himself the honor of shedding his blood for the Faith. He was one of the fourteen martyrs beheaded at Laval, January 21, 1794.

At the time of the Revolution, one of the religious, wondering that Sister Monica was always singing when every one else was in desolation, said to her, rather reproachfully: "I think you will sing when marching to the scaffold!"

"No," was the reply: "I will go with my eyes cast down and my hands joined."

And it was precisely in this way that she went to meet death. Her greatest desire was to die for Christ. One day, in a spiritual conference, hearing of the glory and happiness of martyrdom, she exclaimed, in a holy transport, "O God, to die for Thee! what a happiness!" From the day that the chaplain of the hospital had so generously suffered death, she loved to think that soon she would follow him. The smallest circumstances of his death were of the greatest interest to her. She constantly recalled to her mind his last words.

On the 19th of February, 1794, just as they had served the supper to the poor, forty-six nuns of the Mercy of Jesus were ordered by the soldiery to abandon their dear sick; and, on their unanimous and generous refusal to take the schismatical oath before the municipality present, they were all shut up in a convent of the Ursulines. After fifty days spent in the midst of her generous companions, Sister Monica was cruelly torn from them, leaving them half dead of grief. Every one thought she was to be sacrificed on the spot; but her hour had not yet come. After her appearance before the Commune, she was sent back to her prison. On the very day of Easter she was again summoned to the tribunal of the Commune, where she was loaded with reproaches and injuries. She received them all as so many blessings, without uttering a word of excuse. It was finally decided that she should be brought before a superior tribunal at Laval. Meantime, a priest, full of zeal and courage, succeeded, at the peril of his life, in entering the prison of the nuns. He asked Sister Monica if she was willing to die rather than betray her God. "Oh, yes!" she immediately replied; "rather would I die every day!" On this occasion she received the Sacraments for the last time, and for this inestimable favor she felt a lively gratitude to the faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

At length, on the 9th of June, 1794, she left her prison of Chateau Gontier for Laval. Her guards were extremely edified by her piety, and treated her with great respect. A citizen of Laval who had been solicited to undertake her defence, wished to confer with her first. He promised to save her if she would take the oath of adhesion to the schismatical statute of the civil constitution of the clergy. "I cannot," was the reply of the humble virgin.

"But you shall suffer," said the man.

"It does not matter," answered Sister Monica. "My lot is in the hands of my judges; but they have no power over me except what God will give them."

On the 25th of June she was brought before the judges. A soldier who was present at her trial relates the following details, which have been confirmed by other witnesses. The Sister's noble answers compare well with those of the early martyrs of Christianity.

"It is thou,* then, that hast suffered thyself to be duped by priests! It will be to thy loss and to that of thy whole house. Thou must, indeed, be a miserable creature, since nobody

---

* How often in my youth I heard my mother speak of Sister Monica as a living saint! She might have known her; she was living in the same village, and had an aunt in the same convent.—T.

* Implying contempt.

is found willing to undertake thy defence—a thing never refused!"

The faithful virgin answered: "I must hope that if I have no defender on earth I have One in heaven."

This noble answer only provoked loud laughter. The judge added: "That is pitiful! It is easy to see she is deluded; but so much the worse for her. We must do our duty. Thou hast yet a means to save thyself; wilt thou make use of it? Take the oath of fidelity to the laws of the Republic."

"I know no other law but that of God. Fidelity to Him is the only oath I will take."

"Have you, then, all sworn to be rebellious to the Republic?"

"Every one must know her duty, and follow her conscience."

"Well, we will begin by beheading thee, and after thee all those foolish enough to follow thy example."

"So much the better for them and for me. If we have the happiness to die confessing our faith, we shall see God the sooner."

After some sarcastic expressions on fanaticism, the interrogator continued: "Now, thou must come to the resolution of taking the oath, if thou wilt save thy life."

"I will not save it on these conditions: I will never take the oath."

"We will give thee one hour more. Consider well: once the sentence is pronounced, it is irrevocable."

"Any time it pleases you. My considerations are all made. I should rather die a thousand times than take this accursed oath, which causes the ruin of so many souls."

"You see," said the judge, turning to the assembly, "that far from profiting by our indulgence she becomes even bolder. It would not be a good act, but a real evil, to let her live longer. She is a dangerous person; she would pervert a great number by her bad example. We will condemn her to be beheaded."

At these words Sister Monica could not contain her joy. She fell on her knees, her hands joined, and her eyes lifted up to heaven. "O my God!" she exclaimed, "what a favor to place me among Thy martyrs—I, so great a sinner!"

Arrived at the scaffold, Sister Monica prostrated herself three times before the scaffold as before the True Cross. At the foot of the ladder she was asked once more if she was willing to take the oath. "No, no!" she replied; "I will take no such oath." A soldier offered his arm to help her in ascending the scaffold. "I can well ascend alone," she said, in a firm voice. The executioner then approached to cut off her hair. "I have already spared you this trouble, as you may see," she said. On the scaffold, the oath was proposed again, but the answer was the same.

When stretched on the fatal plank, with her hands bound behind her back, Sister Monica heard these words: "Wretch! what madness has brought thee under this deadly knife? Thou art still living; say one word, and thou art saved."

With a deep sigh, she exclaimed: "O God! how could I ever prefer a life perishable and transitory to one glorious and immortal!"

The cruel knife falls, and the heroine of Christ has won the immortal crown, after fifty years of virtue and sacrifice.

The Hospitaller Nuns of Chateau Gontier have done all in their power to discover the remains of the holy martyr, but thus far no trace of her tomb has been found, and very likely never will be, unless it pleases God to do for this holy virgin what He has done in regard to the relics of SS. Gervase and Protase.

The Cross.

It almost seems as if God had marked the cross on the things that we see around us, on purpose that we should never be able to forget it. You cannot see a bird fly in the air but with his wings he makes the sign of the cross, teaching us thereby that if we also seek to rise above this world it can only be by means of the same holy sign. You cannot see a tree but its side-branches and trunk present the same figure, reminding us of that tree to which our dear Lord was nailed, and the glorious fruit which it has brought forth throughout the earth. You cannot see a ship but the cross is set forth by its mast and yards, showing us by what means we may hope to pass the waves of this troublesome world. Flowers have the cross painted on their leaves; sunset skies, in their clouds; and in the Southern hemisphere there is a beautiful constellation which bears its name. —*Christian Heroism.*

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OF

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Don Luis.

BY MARION MUIR.

ONE morning good Don Luis and his wife,
His dark-haired Lola, watched the rising grain,
And joyous creatures of the Spring make glad
Their *hacienda* by the Rio Grande.
"But oh," she sighed, "these longing arms of mine!
For now, when even the complaining dove
Broods over nestlings, I alone am left
The barren mother of a vain desire
For childish voices, and the little feet
At romping play among the silent flowers.
Life of my heart, are we not called to part,
Fix all our hopes upon a holier world,
And through the cloister climb the steps of heaven
With works of mercy?"

But he turned and smiled
Into her serious eyes. "Nay then, my soul,
If thou must have thy heaven, bring it here,
And set the sweetness of thy woman's hand
Upon the wild hearts of our lawless girls.
Last night Rovira's little ones were left
Without a mother, and the poor man owes
More than the labor of his hands can pay.
Gold I can give and shelter, but the man
Was never made with power to lead aright
The soft and tender souls of womankind.
Have all thy will: but we have grown so far
Into each other's lives, that we must walk
Our upward way together, or I fail."

And she, who told me of their dwelling, said
That it was peopled with the starry eyes
Of children whom they gathered, and became
The crown of a divine maternity.

NOTHING is more serviceable for us than to perceive occasionally how those acts appear to others which we have glossed over to ourselves.

George Washington's Devotion to Mary Immaculate.

"I CANNOT LOVE THE SON WITHOUT HONORING THE MOTHER."

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING.

IF there be one name on the pages of history of which the human race may justly feel proud, it is that of George Washington. The purity of his character as a man, no less than the splendor of his achievements as a soldier and statesman, has won for him not only the esteem but also the admiration of mankind. However, like all men of unsullied integrity, his life is rather a subject of admiration than of imitation. As the days of chivalry are past, so too are the days of true patriotism past.

To the descendants of the Catholics who presented a congratulatory address to Washington upon the event of his election to the presidency, and who remember him with feelings of deeper admiration than any other body of our citizens, it must have been a source of no little surprise and satisfaction to see, a few months ago, an item in a Catholic paper to the effect that he had a special devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God. For myself, it aroused my attention more than any other newspaper item I had ever seen; and while, like most readers, I looked upon it as doubtful, I yet determined to investigate the matter and, if possible, arrive at the truth. Having failed to learn the origin of the item, I wrote to a number of persons familiar with our history to see what light they might be able to

throw upon the statement. But of those who favored me with a reply, no one seemed capable of supplying any reliable evidence. When all hope appeared lost, I was agreeably surprised to see the following extract from the "Woodstock Letters," in the spirited controversy between the Rev. W. F. Clarke, S. J., and Mr. M. I. J. Griffin, editor of the *I. C. B. U. Journal,* regarding Washington's alleged visit to St. Joseph's Church, in 1781. In those Letters (Vol. II, No. 2, page 86,) we read these words: "Within a quarter of a mile of St. Joseph's, was the first President's house; and he who considered it no idolatry to have a full-length painting of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of his bed, saying to a future Archbishop of Baltimore (Most Rev. Ambrose Mareçhal, D. D.), 'I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother,' no doubt often directed his steps to the little chapel down the alley. My venerable friend Mrs. Baker had spoken to me of this picture. . . . She also told how she had received many a courtly bow from the Father of his Country as he came from the chapel or the priest's house."

Here was something definite to build upon, and it appeared possible to arrive at the facts of the case. The "Woodstock Letters," I may remark, are historical sketches of churches in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, printed at the College of that name for circulation among the members of the Society rather than for the public in general. Those referring to St. Joseph's Church were written by the Rev. P. A. J——, S. J., a native of Philadelphia, and for many years attached to St. Joseph's Church, about the year 1873. To him I accordingly applied for such further information as he might be able to furnish; and the result was several letters containing the evidence here given.

"My authority," writes Father J——, "for the statement that the first President had a full-length picture of the Immaculate Mother hanging at the head of his bed, and made the remark I have frequently asserted that he made, rests on tradition. . . . First, my earliest years were passed among many who had known Washington personally and socially, and many times I have heard mention of this picture."

As the second source of evidence, Father J—— refers to a visit he had made when a lad of eleven or twelve years of age—which he says was "about forty-two years ago"—to the family of a Mr. L——. He had a conversation with Miss L——, "then over fifty years of age." The Mr. L—— and family then belonged to the Episcopal Church; and the lady spoke to him against our religion, at which he remarks: "Although I was but a puny lad . . . I have a distinct recollection of asserting that I preferred to belong to a 'generation,' a Church, that called the Mother of God 'blessed.'

"'Oh, we honor Mary,' responded Miss L——.

"I expressed my doubts.

"'Do you not admire Washington?' asked Miss Sarah.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, he belonged to our church, and he honored the Virgin.'

"I remained incredulous.

"'I tell you, boy,' said she, 'my mother often visited Mrs. Washington; and I myself saw the picture of the Virgin hanging in the President's bedroom!'

"Thirdly, I had the pleasure of dwelling for years with Rev. Francis Vespré, S. J. Like most of the Fathers of the Maryland Province, he was full of anecdotes; and fully a dozen times have I heard him tell that when Rev. Ambrose Mareçhal arrived in Philadelphia on his way to Baltimore," [where he arrived June 24, 1792,] "to be Professor in St. Mary's Seminary, being a man of letters, with letters of introduction from leading men in France, he was invited to breakfast with the President; that after breakfast, going to the library—which was the second-story front room—to consult a book, it was necessary to pass through the President's bedroom, and Abbé Mareçhal, noticing a full-length picture of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of the bed, expressed his surprise; when Washington answered: 'I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother.' I know not if Father Vespré had this incident from the Archbishop himself, or if it was a tradition among the Sulpicians at St. Mary's. I know I often heard him tell the story, and, I think, once in the presence of an aged Sulpician who was present at the breakfast, and, on account of his better knowledge of the English language, acted as a kind of interpreter. I have read of this picture both before and since I

wrote hastily the articles in the 'Woodstock Letters.'"

In another letter he says: "I have a growing impression that I myself have seen the picture." Another gentleman, well acquainted with the history of Philadelphia, writes: "The story of the picture has long been current here."

To these arguments should be added the fact that the statement was never called in question even in the riotous days of 1844, or the Know-Nothing excesses of a few years later—a circumstance that is not without weight.

Whatever importance the reader may feel disposed to attach to this matter, it is not without interest. Whether Washington was merely following the custom of some of the more ritualistic members of the Episcopal Church, or whether it was that his noble mind was naturally drawn to honor

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast,"

may be a matter of speculation. However, the more firmly we believe him attached to the Establishment, the less likely must it seem that he would do what is forbidden by the twenty-second of the Thirty-Nine Articles. But should not we who recognize an over-ruling Providence in all things see in this something more than a mere accidental occurrence? Why did he select the Immaculate Conception in preference to some other prerogative of the Mother of God as the object of his veneration? Do not others stand out more prominently than this, which is by its nature abstruse, and which was not then so prominently before the public mind as it has been since its definition as an article of Catholic faith? The Catholic student of American history is well aware of the providential manner in which devotion to the Immaculate Conception began to take root in our soil from the days of Columbus; how islands, bays, rivers, and other natural features of the country, no less than decrees of synods and councils, bear testimony to this, and, to the eye of faith, place it far above the range of mere fortuitous events. This circumstance sheds a new light upon what might otherwise be looked upon as accidental. That Mary, who under that title has claimed and received the homage of her own children, should also claim the homage and become the tutelar angel of him who in the designs of God was to be the founder of American liberty, and the father of a country specially consecrated to her Immaculate Conception, is a reflection that should fill the Catholic heart with feelings of joy and gratitude.

I have thus given what little I have been able to collect on this question; and while I admit that it does not amount to an absolute demonstration, yet I think that it is more than sufficient to carry conviction to a candid mind, and may at the same time be the means of stimulating to further inquiry and eliciting further information. And though others may not attach the importance to it which I freely confess I do, the narrative will not, I trust, be uninteresting to the general reader.

Joseph Haydn.—The Story of his Life.

BY FRANZ VON SEEBURG.

CHAPTER XII.

In silence the two friends walked side by side through the crowded streets,—Haydn serious and thoughtful, Ditters merry and laughing. They entered a palace which had evidently seen better days: everywhere faded splendor, crumbling grandeur. A servant led them into an obscure ante-chamber, and told them to wait there.

"Man," whispered Ditters, "I warn you not to be guilty of any folly. The Count will ask you if you are married; what will you answer?"

"Not yet; but soon—"

The folding-doors opened. Ditters had barely time to give his friend a warning sign, and both he and Haydn, with profound bows, entered the reception-room.

The figure of the Count was distinguished, and he received his visitors with that barely perceptible nod of the head with which the great are accustomed to show their condescension to men of an inferior rank. Holding a gold snuff-box between his long, aristocratic fingers, he fixed his penetrating look on the two, inhaled some nerve-strengthening perfume from his cambric handkerchief, walked to a large arm-chair, into which he dropped negligently; played for a while with an ugly poodle-dog that waddled over to him with difficulty, and at last, as if suddenly remem-

bering that there were some persons waiting on him, he raised his half-closed eyes to the young men. "Ah! Monsieur Haydn? *N'est-ce pas?*"

Haydn bowed.

"*Bien! Au fait!* You have been recommended to me as a skilful musician. I love music, *je l'adore*, I—*enfin*, I want a *maëstro* for my orchestra. Do you think yourself qualified for this important post?"

Ditters hardly noticed the anxious countenance of his friend as he answered in his stead: "Joseph Haydn can direct any orchestra, even the grand opera. I recommend only talent of the first rank."

"Ah! *c'est ça!* Let us settle the matter: you will receive a yearly salary of two hundred gulden [a little over $83]; will take your meals with my servants, pass the winter with me in Vienna, and the summer at my country-seat in Bohemia; make my orchestra acquainted with your own compositions and the best productions of the present day, and at all times, by day or by night, be at my command. *M'avez-vous compris?*"

"I will try to fulfil my duty at all times."

"*Bien, fort bien!* You begin to please me, *parbleu!* Your toilet is somewhat neglected, *mesquine, pauvre;* but that is to be improved, *bien entendu?* I am accustomed to have the *crême de la noblesse* at my house. *A propos!* You are not married, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Haydn blushed deeply. "I am not yet married."

"*A la bonne heure!* Otherwise I should not take you into my service."

He rang a little silver bell. A servant appeared. "Jean, my new Kapellmeister," said Morzin, pointing to Haydn. "From to-morrow you will set a place for him at the servants' table. The orchestra is to meet this evening, and I expect something splendid."

He arose, bowed his head to Ditters alone—Haydn was now his servant,—and went into a neighboring room.

On the steps outside Haydn halted with a puzzled look.

"What is the matter?" asked Ditters.

"How can you ask? The Count expects something splendid this evening, and I am not even acquainted with the orchestra."

"That is so, Joseph." Ditters caught the servant by the shoulder as he was passing. "Look here," he said, roughly, "the Count orders a concert for this evening. You must at once give the musicians notice to meet for a rehearsal."

The servant angrily jerked himself away. "I will do nothing of the kind! I have no orders to receive from you."

"Good! Then, Mr. Coxcomb, inform the Count that there will be no concert to-day."

Ditters's rudeness overawed the servant. "Monsieur Haydn will find the orchestra assembled in the music hall in two hours," he answered, sulkily, and hurried away.

At his return home, Haydn had barely time to tell his bride that he was now actually the Kapellmeister of Count Morzin, with two hundred gulden a year, and his meals with the servants, and how his poor heart sank when he told the Count that he was not yet married. He knew well that he had not uttered a falsehood, but his heart beat louder and faster.

Lina heard him to the end, and then laughed heartily. "Joseph, I congratulate you. You *are* Kapellmeister, and you *will be* my husband. Go, and let your music for the Count be such that he shall say he never heard better. In the morning you will tell me of your *début.* Adieu, my dear Kapellmeister—and bridegroom!"

She reached him her hand, and the light of her eyes was like sunshine to his soul.

Half an hour later Haydn was in the music hall. A few members of the orchestra sat gloomily in a corner; the others dropped in by degrees. They were all of a ripe age, if not actually old, and they looked upon their young director with anything but friendly eyes. The murmurs and the angry looks of the musicians did not escape Haydn; but he tried not to heed them, though he could not help being filled with anxiety. He had brought one of his own compositions with him, and distributed the parts on the several stands. The men turned up their noses and smiled scornfully.

Haydn was cut to the heart. He saw they did not want him as Kapellmeister, that they despised—nay, even hated him.

"Gentlemen, please get your instruments ready."

They obeyed very slowly. At last Haydn could give the signal to begin. At the start the parts went very well together, but soon

the first violins were out of time, and presently there was sad confusion.

"Again!" cried Haydn, making a great effort to keep cool.

The result was even worse than before.

"Once more!" repeated Haydn, snatching a violin and playing loudly; but the result was no better.

Haydn wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Gentlemen," he said, "either you do not wish to play or you do not know how. In either case, your position is at stake."

The musicians were startled. Haydn's decided stand impressed them.

"Now, let us try the thing again!" grumbled an old fellow with a copper-colored face and moist eyes. "If the thing *must* go, it *will* go."

And it did go splendidly.

"Bravo, gentlemen!" said Haydn. "You can play very well."

"When we choose," sneered one of the men, in a low voice.

Haydn selected a few more pieces from the old collection of the orchestra, and the rehearsal ended.

The musicians scattered themselves in the neighboring taverns to refresh themselves and wait for the hour of the concert. Haydn remained alone in the hall, looked over the pieces at hand, tried the instruments, then seated himself in a somewhat gloomy corner to let his mortification pass away; for the evident dislike of the men grieved him. However, he did not dwell long upon his gloomy thoughts, for hope was stronger in him than vexation. He took up a violin and played a soft and simple melody, such as might soothe a child to sleep. With his music grew his courage, and with his courage his inspiration. Grand, full and majestic came the double and triple notes from the strings; and when he ceased he kissed the violin like a dear friend and pressed it to his bosom.

"Bravo, *magnifique,* superb!" was called out from a dark corner.

Haydn turned in alarm. The one solitary wax candle could not light up half the hall. Count Morzin walked forward into the light

"*Mon cher* Haydn," he said, in a gentle voice, "you have played wonderfully, *parole d'honneur!* What piece was that? It was a masterpiece, *en effet.*"

Haydn smiled. "I felt sad and embittered," he answered, "and in such cases one must sing away the storm in his soul or pray it away. And as I could not pray here, I sang my song on the violin, just as I felt at the moment, and now I am again calm and cheerful."

"Your friend Ditters did not say too much. The man provoked me when he told me that he recommended only talent of the first rank. I considered that a piece of impudence; *mais je me suis trompé:* he was right. Thank him for me, Monsieur Haydn."

The hour for the concert arrived. A servant lighted the candles on the music stands, whilst the rest of the hall remained in darkness. Haydn could not understand what this meant. He heard some of the musicians whisper: "Let us play properly for the Count this once; it may bring down a storm on our heads if a false note escapes us."

After a little while the servant came to Haydn. "The Count desires that the concert begin."

Haydn tried to catch a glimpse of Morzin through the darkness, but in vain. He gave the signal, and the symphony began. The young Kapellmeister was more than happy. The melodies were played with faultless accuracy, and he—he was their ruler! He felt like a magician, from whose wand the enchanting harmonies flowed. Haydn kissed his hand to the musicians, and they looked up to him smiling. The succeeding pieces were played with the same care and, *con amore.* And now Haydn's own composition was to wind up the concert. His heart throbbed, and he turned his thoughts upward in prayer, that God would give a blessing. Clear like a spring in the forest, rippling, purling, laughing amongst flowers; then serious and solemn, like soft and mysterious whispers in a grove at night, like an angel's song, or like a hymn by God-fearing men—thus undulated the melody in a full and united stream through the gloomy hall.

Haydn sat down his rod and closed the partition.

"I thank you, gentlemen," he said, in a half whisper, extending both hands to the musicians. He felt a gentle touch on his shoulder, and turned at once.

"*A merveille,* Monsieur Haydn, *je suis ravi, enchanté!* That is real music! You are like the general of an army, who by a sign com-

mands thousands. The last piece is new to me."

"An attempt of mine."

The Count bowed his head. "That is not an attempt, but a perfect composition, *parole d'honneur!* Monsieur Haydn, you deserve better than to be my Kapellmeister."

"I am thankful *for that.*"

The Count, with a slight salutation, walked away. The musicians had meanwhile departed, except one old man, who waited for Haydn to retire, and as he was doing so, the old man joined himself to him with an air that was at once confident and respectful.

"Herr Kapellmeister, may I accompany you?"

Haydn grasped the old man's hand cordially.

"When you appeared before us for the first time to-day, we hated you; we thought that a worthless favorite, a mercenary upstart, was placed over us who have grown old in the business; that hurt us at the time, and you can understand it. But when we saw that you were a master in the kingdom of music, then you won our hearts. We should have continued to despise a pretender, but we honor you. Pardon us, therefore, the little revolution that we set up against you; you will find us true to you henceforth."

"I thank you and all the men with my whole heart. Permit me to ask you a question. I do not understand the Count."

"Ah! I can readily believe that. We play most of our concerts for him alone. He is no modern enthusiast, but a thorough judge of art, and when he enjoys something, he wishes to enjoy it alone and undisturbed. A hidden door in the tapestry leads from his apartments into the music hall. Entering by it, and hiding himself in the darkest corner, he listens to our playing, and is happy; and this is his only pleasure. I would not change with him."

Haydn did not answer. He thought only of his own happiness in being Kapellmeister.

"We should all be well satisfied with the Count," the old musician went on, "were it not that he is so cruel as to forbid his musicians to marry. That makes but little difference to old fellows like us, but a hearty young man like you, Herr Kapellmeister, must find such a prohibition terrible."

Haydn was glad that the darkness of the night hid his tell-tale blushes. "With good will and prudent care all things come right," he replied, ambiguously; and, having reached home, he took leave of the talkative old man. On his table he found a flower. He understood its greeting, and smiled. With grateful heart he offered up his night-prayers, and crept under the bed-clothes. For a long time he could not sleep, and when he did, in his dream he stood at the director's stand, and thousands sat at his feet who listened to his melodies in raptures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Painting on Glass.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I LAY on my couch in a sombre room,
Weary and ill, when this offering came: —
A shadowy glass—it seemed in the gloom,—
Set in an ebon frame.

But lo! as I raised it,—some one near,
The garden-doors to the light flung wide;
And the glow of the sunshine, bright and clear,
The chamber glorified!

The golden splendor my hands illum'd,
And lighted the crystal's dusky square;
Till, out of the ebon frame, there bloomed
The Virgin Mother fair!

Her crimson robe and her azure cloak,
The glint of her hair and the gleam of her eyes
(With the timid blush on her cheek), awoke,
Like a strange and sweet surprise.

The fresh young lips, so pure and true,—
Where a smile of tend'rest beauty shone—
Seem'd rosebuds bathed in the light and dew
Of a sunny summer dawn.

And methought, as she held the Babe in her arms,
His fair Head crown'd with its aureole,—
How oft, alas! are these lustrous charms
Obscured by the shades of the soul!

How oft, alas! in a life of gloom,
We see but darkly, as thro' a glass,—
Till the brilliant rays of our Faith illume
The woes thro' which they pass!

For all is dim, till the dusky gates
To the glorious sunlight are flung wide;
But if Jesus, *there*, with His Mother, waits,
Our sorrows are glorified!

An Episode of the Franco-Prussian War.

For the last time Juliette Dubray and Victor Voisin had knelt together in the little parish church of Montreuil. They had both received Holy Communion, and for the young man it was like a Viaticum. In two hours he was to join his regiment, and before the sun had risen and set again he would, according to all appearances, be engaged on the battle-field. The war between France and Prussia was at its fiercest.

To-day was to have been their wedding-day. Six months ago they had plighted their troth to each other; but the declaration of war had come, and soldiers were forbidden to marry till the return of peace.

On leaving the church, Juliette offered her companion the holy water. She was pale as death, but firm as a rock. Victor also was deeply moved, but he showed it in a different way. Before him was a life of excitement and of danger. His face was ruddy; he held his head erect, and in his firm step there was no indication of a lack of courage.

"Victor," said Juliette, in her gentle voice, when they came out of the church, "let us part here: it will be easier for both of us."

"No, no, my dear: I will see you home; thus we shall defer the parting for a little while."

But Juliette insisted. "No: let us part here. We are both strong now, for God is with us; He will support us, and to His protection I commend you. If we shall never meet again on earth—"

"Speak not thus, Juliette!" he exclaimed. "Remember how often I have been in danger before; and I shall undoubtedly return safe and sound once more. The Blessed Virgin will protect me."

This confidence of Victor in the Holy Mother of God was a sweet consolation to Juliette. She smiled, though the tears glittered on her long eyelashes.

"You are right, my dear Victor, to remind me of that; but still let me say to you: if we never meet again on earth, let us both live so that we shall one day kneel side by side at the throne of the Holy Virgin in heaven."

Then she reached the young man both her hands. Tenderly they parted, perhaps forever on this earth. She hastened away, whilst he followed her retreating figure with his eyes, until she reached a turn in the street which would hide her from his sight. Here she turned, wafted him a last farewell, and disappeared. Victor then went slowly towards his barracks, as if every step cost him an effort.

Juliette had proceeded half way home, when she was addressed by a familiar voice. A young man, whose otherwise handsome face was disfigured by a sinister look, lifted his hat in salutation. He was a distant relative of Juliette's. "Good morning, fair cousin!" he said. "But how pale you are! and why so sad on this glorious summer day? What ails you?"

"Why should I not be sad?" she answered, with a sigh. "Do you not know that Victor and his regiment are leaving us to-day? We have just seen each other, perhaps for the last time."

Had she not been so deeply engaged by her sorrowful thoughts she could not have failed to notice the flash of pleasure that sparkled in her companion's eye at this news. There was an expression in his countenance that was far from indicating sympathy for her in her grief.

Instinctively, the young girl hastened her steps since Gustave Morel had joined her, and thus they soon reached the telegraph office. Juliette Dubray had charge of this office, where she lived with her widowed mother.

For two or three years Gustave Morel had cherished the silent hope that he might one day become Juliette Dubray's husband. He had spoken on the subject to her mother, but the lady had remarked that, on account of their relationship, it was not likely her daughter would ever consent to marry him; so the matter ended for the time. Meanwhile Victor Voisin and Juliette learned to know and love each other. both were pious and good, and, with the approbation of their parents, they became engaged. Juliette had made it a point to avoid her cousin, and it was only when Victor was absent for a time with his regiment that Gustave endeavored by all sorts of pretexts to approach her. He could always find reasons enough to spend an occasional hour at the office; and after his interview he would feast his imagination on the memory of Juliette's smile, though it only lighted up her countenance when his hated rival was mentioned.

At Victor's departure, Gustave began to hope again. He would mutter to himself: *Tout arrive à celui qui sait attendre*,—"He succeeds in his aims that knows how to wait."

II.

Towards the end of November, 1870, the general staff of the Prussian army took up its quarters at Orléans. Prince Friedrich Karl was then in Pithiviers. The first precaution taken by the Prussians on their entrance into a city was to secure all the telegraph stations. Thus they had done in Orléans and Pithiviers.

Juliette had heard nothing from Victor, and she imagined that he must be dead; for she thought that otherwise he would have contrived some means to send her news. Her only hope now was that he might be in some besieged town—in Belfort, perhaps. She spent most of her free time in the church, for at the altar of the Blessed Virgin she was sure to find consolation. In those times the churches were well filled; every day the crowd of women that flocked thither increased, and most of them were in mourning; for there was hardly a single family that had not lost at least one member by the war.

The news suddenly spread throughout the town one day that the Prussians would enter before sunset; nor was it an idle rumor. All the large buildings were put into requisition, and even the churches were, in many cases, turned into hospitals. The first thing the enemy did was, as usual, to seize upon the telegraph offices. Juliette Dubray and her mother were informed that they would be deprived of the liberty of going about as they pleased, and would be confined to a room of the building. The commanding officer told the young girl politely and in good French: "Miss, the room on the first floor, looking out on the Rue de Boston, is at the service of yourself and your mother. You may take with you whatever you wish."

"I thank you, sir," was all that Juliette could say. A peculiar expression crossed her countenance when the officer assigned her that particular room. She was a person of more than ordinary intelligence, and her judgment was clear. No sooner had the officer left than she secured a little instrument and packed it carefully in a trunk, with some articles of clothing. Then, with her mother's help, she carried the trunk and various other necessary articles to the room assigned them, where they soon installed themselves comfortably. The officer had not examined the room carefully, otherwise he would not have chosen it for the temporary prison of the two women.

About a week previous to this, a letter of Victor's had come to the post-office, addressed to "Miss Juliette Dubray, Telegraph Office." Her cousin, who had grown reckless and desperate through passion, had made up his mind to intercept the letters of his rival. He held a situation in the post-office, and was particularly careful that no letter with an army post-mark should escape him. It was not hard for him to recognize Victor's hand-writing; but he did not venture to open the missive: he burned it at once, for fear of detection. The letter was dated from a town not far distant; amongst other things, Victor mentioned in it that his regiment was about to march, and they expected a battle soon.

As already stated, the Prussians in Orléans were in communication with Prince Friedrich Karl, in Pithiviers. He consulted the general staff on a strategic movement, by means of which a certain French regiment, which was proceeding to Gien, might be destroyed. The details of the plan could easily be learned through the telegraph in Montreuil. The intention was to surround the French army and drive it back on Orléans. Had Gustave read his rival's letter, what a satisfaction it would have been to him to have learned afterwards that Victor was in the very regiment thus destined to destruction or captivity! But, fortunately, he had no suspicion of the plan, or of where Victor's regiment was stationed.

III.

On a gloomy November evening, on which the wind and the rain seemed to be contending for the mastery, Gustave Morel was walking up and down the Rue de Boston, under his cousin's window, as he was accustomed to do when he left the post-office.

Juliette felt that her cousin was the only link between herself and the outer world, in which her lover might still be living; therefore she occasionally opened the window to exchange a few words with him.

On this particular evening he kept restlessly going up and down, never letting the window out of his sight, and hoping that a lucky

chance might reveal to him even her shadow on the heavy curtains. Passion was blinding him more and more. Presently he saw a hand drawing the curtains aside, and immediately afterwards the window was softly opened, and he heard his name called in a whisper. It was Juliette, who had recognized her cousin by the light of the street lamp. She gave him a friendly smile, placed her finger on her lips in token of silence, and dropped an envelope at his feet.

A wild hope instantly filled Gustave's heart.

"At last," he whispered to himself, "I shall be rewarded! Victor's long silence has been the death of her love." He hastened to his dwelling and opened the envelope. There was a letter directed to him, with another inclosed. "You say that you love me," he read; "I now ask of you a proof of your devotion. Deliver the inclosed despatch to the sub-prefect; give it into his own hands, and you will earn the everlasting friendship of your cousin, Juliette."

Gustave at once determined to comply with the request of his beautiful cousin, and started immediately to find the sub-prefect.

We must now retrace our steps a few days. When the officer assigned the two women their temporary prison, Juliette remembered that the telegraph wire passed through this room, and she could therefore make use of her instrument. Hardly did she find herself alone with her mother than she set to work and made the connections by means of a wire with the instrument that she had brought with her. Thus she was enabled at any time to learn what was going on amongst the Prussians.

The despatch just sent to the sub-prefect was one intended for the commanders of the army, and had been sent from Orléans; it contained the orders relative to the contemplated destruction of a French regiment on its way towards Gien. Juliette understood the danger in which the regiment in question was placed, and at her own peril determined to forward the despatch to the sub-prefect, who could certainly find means to transmit it to the French General. All the consequences of her act were clear to her mind. If Victor were still in the land of the living, there was the prospect of a happy life for herself and her mother. A discovery would surely cost her her life. And yet!—could she hesitate for a moment, even at the risk of her own life and of the happiness of the two beings that were so near and dear to her, to save a whole regiment of brave countrymen?

Her mother approved of her determination, and as soon as the girl saw clearly what was to be done, she thought of her cousin. He would pass her window as usual in the evening. She quickly wrote a few lines, inclosed the despatch, and threw the envelope to her cousin, as already related. She then passed most of the night in prayer with her mother.

As soon as the sub-prefect had received the despatch, he at once sent a messenger to the French General. There were very little hopes that the messenger could do his errand, for Montreuil was almost entirely surrounded by the Prussian posts. The first messenger and the second were shot, but a third made his way through, and fortunately reached the French General.

Soon afterwards Gustave learned that Victor was still living, and that he belonged to the regiment for whose safety he had helped Juliette. This was gall and wormwood to the unhappy man; for since the beginning of the war, his one hope was for the death of his rival, and now he had himself, unknowingly, been the instrument of saving that rival's life.

Gustave Morel begged leave to visit his cousin; his request had been refused several times, but now he succeeded. He told her that Victor was no longer alive; he knew it from trustworthy sources, and there could be no doubt as to the sad truth. This was too much for the courageous maiden; a long fainting spell ensued.

Having done his black deed, her cousin left her; but he determined to visit her again, and to persist in the false news of the death of his rival. He would then assume the office of consoler, and would thus find an opportunity of urging his suit for her hand. The war was not yet at an end; he still hoped for Victor's death, and his favorite motto kept running through his head, *Tout arrive à celui qui sait attendre.*

IV.

When Gustave visited his cousin again, he found her tranquil and resigned. He once more entreated her to give him at least some hope that he might one day win her, even though he should have to wait for years. Juliette told him that he need entertain no such

hopes, for, if she survived her mother, she intended to retire from the world.

When Gustave saw all his hopes thus shattered, the devil whispered into his ear, "Be revenged. After the war he will return; they will get married, and you will have to look on at their happiness. Juliette is in your power. Betray her to the Prussians; and when Victor returns, his bride will be the bride of death."

This fearful thought took full possession of him; he threatened the girl that if she would not accept him, he would betray her to the Prussians; and as Juliette remained firm, he at last left the room with the words, "Your blood be upon your own head." He then went to the commanding officer and carried out his threat.

As to what would be the result of his treachery there could be no doubt. The officer listened with great attention to the details given him by Gustave. When the account had been ended, he turned quietly to his adjutant. The latter was sitting by a window busily writing when Gustave entered, but when the interesting communication was opened, he laid down his pen.

"Did you hear, Kronberg?" said the officer. "The room of the two women must be at once examined, and a court-martial summoned as soon as the instrument is found. We are exceedingly obliged to this gentleman," he added, as his adjutant arose and adjusted his helmet. He then pointed his thumb over his shoulder, without even looking around to Gustave, who blushed up to his forehead at this indication of supreme contempt. "I only regret that in time of war one has to deal with all manner of people. What do you think, Kronberg?"

"Yes, Commander," answered the latter. "I have never known of a more contemptible piece of meanness."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Gustave, with trembling lip.

"You here still?" asked the officer. "Has the gentleman any other communication to make? No? Then you may go."

The adjutant meanwhile selected one or two men from amongst the guards stationed in the house, and proceeded to the room occupied by Juliette and her mother.

"You have a telegraphic instrument here," said the adjutant. "Where is it?"

"There," answered the girl, quietly.

"You have had correspondence with the enemy? Unhappy girl! Are you not aware that the laws of war have but one penalty for such an offence, and can admit of no palliation."

"I am a French girl," answered Juliette; "and if I must suffer death, it is less bitter to me than the thought that a Frenchman has betrayed me and his country."

"You are right, Mademoiselle. I admire your courage, and I most deeply regret what duty requires of me. You and your mother will please follow me."

The formalities required by a court-martial are of a very simple nature. Before twenty-four hours had passed the court had assembled, had tried the accused parties, and, as there was no attempt to deny the facts, sentence of death was pronounced. The judges themselves were moved to pity, but the requirements of war are terrible.

Juliette and her mother were led out of the little town to a meadow, where they were to be shot. It had been determined at least to spare them the shameful death by hanging. An ordinary rode up to the commander of the platoon on a foam-covered horse. From mouth to mouth through the assembled crowd the word *Pardon* was whispered. The driver who conducted the car on which the condemned women were borne to the place of execution was requested to drive slowly. Thus the entire procession moved slowly forward. Hardly had it reached the place of execution than the sub-prefect, breathless from haste, appeared with a paper in his hand.

"Halt!" he had shouted from a distance; "halt! The truce is concluded. Hostility is at an end."

The joy and exultation of the people were indescribable. The officer was puzzled; he knew not what to do.

In this terrible moment of anxiety, the adjutant also made his appearance to order a halt. It was not possible that the safety of the army should require that, during the truce, which to all appearances would lead to peace, two poor women should be shot; and the commander eagerly seized the opportunity thus afforded him to defer the execution.

The historical facts are well known, and need not here be dwelt upon. Peace did, in reality, follow the truce, and the doors of their

prison were thrown open to our heroine and her mother.

A few days after the conclusion of peace, Victor Voisin obtained a furlough. He came home to his native town, and found that his bride was confined to her sick-bed. Nobly though she had kept up under her trials, supported as she was by her faith and piety, the excitement of the previous weeks had its effect upon her health, and it was only with the utmost caution that the joyful news of the return of her lover could be communicated to her; some weeks passed before she was allowed to see him.

Gustave Morel had disappeared altogether from Montreuil; and some months afterwards people heard that he was in Paris, and was one of the fiercest of the Communists. In the hurricane that soon burst over the French capital he again disappeared, and has never been heard of since.

It is hardly necessary to add that, as soon as things had become somewhat settled in France, Victor led Juliette to the altar. Thus was faith rewarded and malice defeated. The story of Victor and Juliette is a familiar one both in Prussia and France.

The Third Order of St. Francis.

WHAT THE HOLY FATHER DESIRES WE SHOULD KNOW CONCERNING IT.

Dublin Review.

There are four things which the Holy Father wishes the people to know about the Third Order —viz.: What it is; how easily it can be joined; how valuable are the privileges its members enjoy; and how great are the benefits it confers on individuals and on society. We shall endeavor to give some information on each of these points.

1. It is an Order instituted by St. Francis to aid persons living in the world to serve God more perfectly, by the observance of certain rules of conduct and exercises of piety, devotion and penance, compatible with their secular state. Some members of the Order, desirous of higher perfection, live in community, and bind themselves by vows: these form the Third Order regular. By far the greater number, however, live in the world; and of these, some are attached to particular congregations of the Order, established in some church or chapel, under the direction of any duly authorized priest, and holding regularly the monthly meetings prescribed by the Rule; whilst others are mere *isolated* members of the Order, belonging to no properly organized congregation, but striving by themselves, according to their respective states in life, to keep and follow the Rule as best they can. But all Tertiaries, whether regular or secular, are members of the one Third Order of St. Francis,—the third branch of the great Franciscan family. And this Third Order, even in so far as it comprises seculars only, is not a simple confraternity or congregation, such as that, for instance, of the Rosary, or of the Scapular, or of the Cord, or any other of those numerous associations of pious Christians which adorn the Church; it is something more; it is a real Order: not a religious Order, in the strict sense of the word, since it has not the three vows essential to the religious state—but still an Order. This has been frequently declared by the Sovereign Pontiffs, but by none so clearly and distinctly as by Benedict XIII in his Bull *Paterna Sedis:*

"We decree and declare that the Third Order has always been, and still remains, holy, meritorious, and conformable to Christian perfection; and, moreover, that it is a true and proper Order, uniting in one seculars scattered all over the world and regulars living in community and enclosure; and that it is entirely distinct from every other confraternity, inasmuch as it has its own special Rule, approved by the Holy See, its novitiate, its profession, and a habit of determinate form and material."

The Third Order, then, is an institution far superior in the eyes of the Church to any other religious association of seculars; and is a true Order—an Order animating all its members, of every class and condition, with true Catholic sentiments; binding and holding them together by a uniform and pious rule of life, and making of them a chosen band of Christians, zealously devoted to God's service, in the midst of a world "seated in wickedness."

2. The Order is open to all who are sincerely desirous of leading a good life. It is for rich and poor, high and low. No state, no calling, no line of profession, need prove a hindrance to any one's joining it. None, however, should rush into the Third Order blindly and recklessly, without knowing what they are doing. This would be neither wise nor profitable. When any one thinks himself called to it, he should seek to become acquainted with its spirit and rules. He should ask the advice of his confessor, or some other priest qualified, by his knowledge of the Order, to enlighten and assist him. If he be encouraged to enter, then he should apply to some Franciscan Father, or to any other priest duly delegated, and humbly ask for admission. If he cannot find any one having faculties to receive him, then he has only to write to the Father Provincial or other head Superior of any branch of the First Order,

naming a priest of his choice, and asking for him the necessary powers. These are never refused. The postulant at his reception into the Third Order is invested with a scapular and cord. The scapular is in lieu of the habit originally worn, even in public. It reminds the Tertiary that he must clothe himself with the virtues of the great Saint whose livery he wears. The knotted cord warns him that henceforth he must overcome himself, and lead a mortified and penitent life. The scapular and cord are to be worn day and night, and should not be laid aside without some serious reason. When they are no longer serviceable, they are to be replaced by others; and these do not require a fresh blessing.

After receiving the cord and scapular, there is put into the postulant's hands a copy of the Rule of Life which, as a child of St. Francis, he is to follow. It wears a certain aspect of severity which deters many from embracing it: but its severity is more apparent than real; for, in the first place, there is no point of it which does not admit of dispensation for a just and reasonable cause, such as ill health, weakness of constitution, hard work, pressure of domestic occupations. St. Francis did not intend that those who could not keep every prescription of the Rule should on that account refrain from professing it. He wished that all should take it for their guide, but observe as much of it only as their condition in life would permit. "He desired," says an expositor of the Rule, "to leave the door of his Order open to all Christians —to the sick as to the healthy, to the weak and the strong, the old and the young,—and that no one should be obliged to do more than he reasonably could."* None, therefore, should remain outside the Third Order because they cannot comply with all its austerities; but they should enter it with a good will to do what they can, and then apply for dispensation from those parts of it which they find it very difficult or impossible to observe. This dispensation should be asked from the Director of the Congregation, where a Congregation of Tertiaries exists; otherwise, from each one's ordinary confessor. Directors and confessors readily grant the dispensation asked for; but they are careful, when they deem it expedient, to commute the obligation from which they have released the Tertiary into some other good work easy of performance. By this commutation the spirit of the Rule remains intact, and the Tertiary suffers no spiritual loss. We give a few examples of commutation. A Tertiary who cannot abstain from flesh meat on Wednesday or Saturday might be told to abstain from intoxicating drinks, or make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or say the Psalm *Miserere*, or some other prayer. Another, who is unable to fast, might instead hear Mass, or say one or two decades of the Rosary, or give an alms to the poor. A third, who finds it impossible to say the "Office of the Beads," might be enjoined the recitation, morning and evening, of the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, or of Our Lady, etc. Besides being easily dispensed when necessity requires, the Rule of the Third Order does not bind in any way under pain of sin; so that those who violate any part of it do not thereby offend God, unless they act out of contempt, or unless the particular obligation which they transgress be binding upon them in virtue of some other law, either of God or of the Church.

3. We are safe in saying that no Order in the Church has been enriched with more spiritual favors and privileges than the Third Order of St. Francis. The Supreme Pontiffs seem to have taken a special delight in pouring out upon it all the treasures of grace entrusted to their keeping. The limits of this paper will allow us to mention a few only of the most singular distinctions conferred upon it.

The members of the Third Order may, if in the state of grace, gain all the indulgences of the sanctuaries of the Holy Land, of all the basilicas, churches and sanctuaries of Rome, of Portiuncula, and of St. James of Compostella, by simply reciting, anywhere and at any time, six *Paters*, *Aves*, and *Glorias*, for the welfare of the Church and the intentions of the Pope. Tertiaries may also gain the celebrated indulgence of Portiuncula on the 2d of August, in any church, chapel or oratory in which they have a congregation canonically established, provided it be not near a church or chapel of the Friars Minor.

They have, moreover, the great privilege of receiving on the principal festivals throughout the year the priceless blessing of the *general absolution*, to which is annexed a plenary indulgence. And, further still, they may receive the Papal blessing four times in the year.*

These extraordinary spiritual advantages, besides numerous others to be found mentioned in every manual of the Third Order, should be sufficient to draw the hearts of many to an association so highly favored, so richly endowed with all the choicest blessings the Vicars of Christ have in their power to bestow.

4. A body of men and women, like the Tertiaries, united together in the bond of religion,

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* "Elzear," No. 2, c. 18, p. 135.

* The reduction recently made by Leo XIII in the number of times that the Papal blessing may be given within the year, does not apply to that which is usually given to Tertiaries, but only to the solemn Papal blessing which some religious Orders had the faculty of imparting to all the faithful visiting their churches on certain fixed days.—*Revue Théologique*, Tom. xiv, No. 7, Sept. 7, 1882.

animated with a true Christian spirit, frequently meeting to receive good advice and instruction, and to join together in prayer, cannot but edify, assist, and strengthen and encourage one another. It is clear, also, that their holy lives and exemplary conduct must exert a great influence for good over those with whom they mix in daily intercourse, especially in the family circle. Tertiaries, living up to the spirit of their Rule, cannot fail to raise the moral tone of their homes, to sanctify them, to make them homes of peace, charity, and religion. Society naturally gains by this improvement and amelioration of families; and the more Tertiary families there are showing forth the beauty of Christian holiness, and shedding abroad the influence of their practical Catholicity, the more surely also and the more rapidly will society be renewed and regenerated, touched to its very heart, and brought to the knowledge and worship of that God whom at present it forgets and even ignores. We do not expect a universal transformation of society by the spread of the Third Order, but we confidently look forward to a gradual and striking change. We believe that the spirit of St. Francis will, through the means of his Tertiary children, destroy in many the spirit of the world, raise their minds to higher things, purify their thoughts and affections, and remove some of the most malignant plague-spots of the modern world. There is one evil in particular which the Third Order will probably do much to destroy—and that is, secret societies. The Tertiaries of St. Francis necessarily form an organization which will wither the organizations of evil. They will not only diminish the power of the societies to obtain recruits, and dry up all sources of sympathy with them, but they will be a most formidable band of themselves, fitted to take an active part in the Church questions, the school questions, the society questions, and the labor questions, which are troubling the world at this moment.

Probably, also, the spread of the "Tertiary" movement will have a considerable influence on the luxury and the ostentation of modern life. One difference between our days and the century of St. Francis is that in his time fine clothes and splendid appointments were displayed in the streets and in public, whilst in ours there is comparative sobriety outside, but a perfect worship of comfort and luxury within doors. The dress of women, which is so costly, and in which that foolish competition called "fashion" carries Christian ladies to extremes they often regret, will perhaps be regulated and kept within the bounds of moderation and decorum. The luxury of well-to-do men, which it has become a first principle in society to cultivate and arrange for, and which, even when it is despised or disregarded (as it often is, for a time or a purpose), is despised on pagan principles, will be tempered by the application of the great "Franciscan" rule, that inconvenience and suffering are the best choice we can make, because they draw our hearts nearer to Christ. With gentlemen and with ladies, if we may venture to say so, it ought to be a valid explanation on occasions when "custom" seems to require luxurious display, to say, "I am a Tertiary of St. Francis."

It is a great mistake to suppose that "Franciscan institutions" are intended only for the poor, for servants, or for the "lower middle class." Their spirit is the spirit of poverty and of self-denial, and it is precisely for those whose means and position give them wealth and the opportunities of luxury that this spirit is useful and even necessary. For the poor and for the hard-working classes of every grade they are useful, too. Progress and prosperity are not forbidden by the spirit of the Third Order. There is, no doubt, some difficulty in these days in applying that principle which Pope Leo XIII states afresh in the recent Encyclical, that all should be content with their state. In days when the grades of society were sharply defined, this rule meant a very definite matter. In these days, when "one man is as good as another," its application must be somewhat more vague. But it evidently means that such a spirit of "content" is to be cultivated as may exclude from the struggle for wealth all dishonesty, malice, envy, and mere pride,—such as may take away the impulse to Communism, crime, and revolution; and such as may prepare even those who are striving to lessen their poverty to see that poverty is a good and desirable state. It is not too much to say that few social problems would remain if the rich did not love but only used their riches, if the money-making classes did not covet wealth, but only opportunities for doing good, and if the poor, whilst striving for their wives and their little ones, were convinced that the mere fact of their being worse off than their neighbors was a matter of very little consequence. This would be the beginning of an era of Socialism and Communism, not of the type of Proudhon and S. Simon, but of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Catholic Church is the only dogmatic religion that knows what dogmatism really implies, and what will in the long run be demanded of it; and she contains in herself all appliances for meeting these demands. She alone has seen that if there is to be an infallible voice in the world this voice must be a living one, as capable of speaking now as it ever was in the past; and that as the world's capacities for knowledge grow the teacher must be always able to unfold to it a fuller teaching.—*Mallock.*

Catholic Notes.

The Holy Father has reconstituted the Third Order of St. Francis, and granted it a new Rule, making it more applicable to the needs and circumstances of the present day. A Papal Letter has just been published upon this interesting and practical matter.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher as Bishop of Nashville took place in the Cathedral of that city on the 24th ult. Seven Bishops and upward of sixty priests (among whom was the venerable Father Durbin, of Bardstown, Ky.,) attended the ceremony, which was witnessed by a large congregation. Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, was the consecrator. The usual sermon was preached by Bishop Gross, of Savannah, who spoke eloquently on the "Unity of the Church." The newly-consecrated Bishop officiated at Vespers.

The long-widowed diocese of Nashville has obtained a most desirable Bishop in Mgr. Rademacher, as the diocese of Fort Wayne loses in him one of its worthiest and most efficient priests.

The late General Charles Ewing, whose death occurred in Washington, D. C., on the morning of the 20th ult., was a Catholic gentleman whose memory will long be cherished by all that knew him. A man of strong character, genial disposition and exemplary life, he had hosts of friends and admirers all over the country, even among those who were vigorously opposed to the faith which he always professed with so much soldierly enthusiasm. In these days of half-hearted Catholics the example of such a life should not be lost; we hope some one of his more intimate friends will furnish Catholic readers with a complete sketch of a career so distinguished and so honorable.

General Ewing was born at Lancaster, Ohio, March 6, 1835. He was the fourth son of Mr. Thomas Ewing, who was Senator of the United States from Ohio for six years, also Secretary of the Treasury, and Secretary of the Interior. Young Ewing graduated at the University of Virginia in 1858, and at the Cincinnati Law School in 1860. He began the practice of the law in St. Louis in the fall of the latter year. As the war drew near he studied military service, and received instruction from General W. T. Sherman. When hostilities began he was appointed a Captain in the Thirteenth United States Regulars, General Sherman at the same time being appointed Colonel of the regiment. Captain Ewing's battalion of regulars led the first assault on Vicksburg. For his distinguished gallantry at that assault he was breveted, and made Inspector-General of Sherman's staff, on which he served with honor and distinction, receiving successive promotions for gallant conduct in the many hard-fought battles of Sherman's campaigns, until he was given command of a brigade at Goldsboro, N. C., with rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

At the close of the war, General Ewing resigned, and resumed the practice of his profession at Washington, D. C., in which he was successfully engaged for the remainder of his life.

A Catholic missionary lately settled in the vicinity of Lake Tanganika, in Central Africa, relates the following: "A savage girl that came sometimes to our school was one day repeating to herself the names of the several *Mzimou* (spirits), and at the name *Kabeza* she added, 'It is he who made all things.' These words attracted my attention, and I resolved to find out the meaning of them. A few days afterwards, one of the chiefs of the tribe came to see me, and I asked him, 'Do you know *Kabeza?*'

"He smiled at first, then looked embarrassed and answered, 'Oh! *Kabeza!* 't is he who made all things. Does not the Lake Tanganika belong to him?'

"'Who, then, made man?' said I.

"'It was *Kabeza.*'

"'And the sun, the moon, the stars?'

"'No one else but *Kabeza.*'

"'And when men die, whither do they go?'

"'To the abode of *Kabeza.*'

"'Even the wicked?'

"'Yes: they go, but *Kabeza* throws them back away from him down below; he keeps only the good ones near himself.'

"'And the little children?'

"'They go along with their parents; but if the parents have been wicked, they go below, and the children remain with *Kabeza.*'"

The simple narrative sets at nought the statements hastily ventured by some travellers that the people of Central Africa had no knowledge of God and of a future life. On their ill-ascertained information, those travellers had taken exception to the proof sometimes given of the existence of God as drawn from the *consensus communis* of mankind. Their exception thus becomes a fact that turns against them.—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

It is well for Catholics to remember that what is going on in the world to-day is an old story—oft repeated. "The servant is not greater than his master," and the Pope is proved the Vicar of Christ by the persecutions to which in all ages he has been subjected. As divine lips have assured us, the world will love its own; what is not of the world it will revile and persecute.

The Rev. John Vaughan writes to *The Weekly Register, à propos* of the article which we copied

from its columns not long since about the life of Archbishop Vaughan, of Sydney:—

"There are one or two mistakes made, that call for correction. It is stated that 'of the late Colonel Vaughan's seven sons *five* have devoted their lives to the service of the Catholic Church.' Allow me, as one of the number, to remark that my father had *eight* sons by his first wife, all of whom are living, and that not five but *six* have dedicated themselves to the service of the altar. It is further stated that 'Reginald Vaughan is married to an Australian heiress and lives in Sydney.' He neither married an heiress, nor does he live in Sydney, but in Monmouthshire, not forty miles from his ancestral home."

A welcome visitor to Notre Dame last week, and one we should regret to have missed seeing, was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, Canada. A more amiable prelate, one better qualified in every way for the honorable and important position which he holds, it would be hard to find. We are not surprised to hear that his Lordship is highly respected wherever he is known, and greatly beloved by his clergy and people. Under his gentle but firm rule religion has made great progress in the diocese of Ottawa.

Bishop Duhamel was accompanied by the Rev. Father Michel, of Buckingham, P. Q., a genial and exemplary priest, whom we hope to have the pleasure of seeing again.

A very remarkable statement was recently made by Mr. Merrylees, the manager of the North of Scotland Steamship Company, on the occasion of the launch of the steamer *St. Rognvald* at Aberdeen. Responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Merrylees incidentally alluded to the fact that since the company had adopted saints' names for their vessels, "they had, strange to say, suffered no loss; while previous to that, when they christened their vessels with the names of royal personages and of the aristocracy, they were not so fortunate.—*Catholic Times (Liverpool).*

It is stated that Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, who has been visiting Palestine, has shipped to this country a corner-stone for the new Cathedral that is to be built in Richmond. The stone is twenty by fifteen inches in size, and was cut from the rock of the Garden of Gethsemane, on the Mount of Olives.

The death was announced last week of the Rev. Father Sullivan, for the past sixteen years rector of St. Thomas's Church, Beloit, Wis. He was fifty-four years old, and a native of Kilkenny, Ireland. His funeral was attended by many people of Beloit, and numerous priests. Father Sullivan was highly esteemed by all classes of society, and his death is deeply regretted.

May he rest in peace!

New Publications.

GERTRUDE MANNERING. A Tale of Sacrifice. By Frances Noble. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1883. Price, $1.

This volume presents an attractive appearance, being neatly bound and excellently printed. But, more than that, it has the merit of being interesting in subject-matter, as well as pure and wholesome in tone. It is a narrative that deals with some of the tenderest emotions of the heart and purest affections of the soul. Gertrude Mannering was the only daughter of an English gentleman, who found a source of honest pride in the fact that his family had never wavered in fidelity to the Mother Church,—had never compromised the faith, despite persecution, injustice and forfeiture of property. The daughter shared in this family pride, and was in every way worthy of the name she bore. In her eighteenth year she accepted an invitation to visit her cousin, Lady Hunter, who lived in the great city of London. At one of the numerous entertainments in which it became necessary for her to participate, Lady Hunter introduced to her a gentleman named Stanley Graham, who was handsome in face and figure, and gifted in mind. Naturally, he and Gertrude became greatly attached to each other, and in course of time she permitted him to place an engagement ring upon her finger. She had informed him, long before, that she was a steadfast Catholic, and he had sought afterward to avoid all reference to the subject of religion. But after they had become engaged, she took occasion as soon as practicable to reach a definite understanding with respect to the rights she would claim as a wife in the matter of complying with the rules and regulations prescribed for observance by the Church of her fathers. And then, for the first time, Stanley Graham expressed himself as having no special interest in any particular form of religious belief; but, with regard to her religion, he was constrained to avow that he positively disliked it, and could not permit it to be the religion of his family. After returning his ring, and saying "Farewell," Gertrude quietly went back to her father's home. A pain, for which in all the resources of the physician's art there was no remedy, became established in her heart, and the remorseless hand of death began slowly to descend upon the head of another victim. An early frost had blighted a rare and beautiful flower. Graham meanwhile wandered away to the Continent, where he travelled for some months. Everywhere he was followed by the prayers of the dying girl, whose heart he had won. Learning these things in Paris, when preparing to return to his native country, he found it impossible to resist any longer the promptings of his heart. On the even-

ing prior to his return to England he entered the Church of Notre-Dame des Victoires, and for the first time in his life knelt in the confessional and told the story of his life to a priest. He then wrote to Lady Hunter, enclosing a letter for Gertrude, in which he stated that he had become a Catholic, and begged her to place again upon her finger the accompanying ring—the one she had returned to him a year before. Poor Gertrude was on her death-bed when the letter and ring were placed in her hands; but the joy coming to her from the knowledge that her prayers had been answered filled her with a sense of tranquillity verging upon the supernatural; and it left an expression of angelic loveliness upon her face when the light of life went out, as it did soon afterward. When Stanley Graham arrived, she was dead; but her prayers were still with him. He was a few years afterward ordained priest, and he became a devoted member of the Society of Jesus.

The only fault we have to find with the story is that the understanding concerning religion had not preceded the engagement; however, the heroine's attachment to her faith is made to appear all the stronger on account of the misunderstanding, and her example in this particular is most commendable.

LORETTO; OR, THE CHOICE. By George H. Miles. A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition. Same Publishers.

This well-written story, the composition of a distinguished Emmittsburg professor, author of "Christine," and other poems, has been popular for at least a quarter of a century. The play of a lively fancy, a skilful construction of incident, rare descriptive talent, with a leaven of deep religious feeling, conspire to earn for this work the esteem it deserves and obtains. It is now published as a volume of the "Catholic Reward Library," in the elegant form which distinguishes that series.

THE IRISH MELODIES, NATIONAL AIRS, SACRED SONGS, ETC., OF THOMAS MOORE. With a Memoir and Notes by John Savage. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street. 1883. Price, 40 cts.

This is a neat little volume—a pocket edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies." The type is large, the paper good, and the printing shows first-class workmanship. It is so convenient for reference that it is sure to become popular. It contains but very few notes, and hence the book is devoted to Moore and his poems, rather than to the remarks of editors and commentators. Its appearance and contents suggest the old Latin quotation, *Multum in parvo.*

Notices of several other new publications, including Vol. IV, of Brownson's Works, are crowded out this week.

Youth's Department.

St. Phocas.

BY ELIZABETH KING.

THERE'S a dim old story of a Saint,
The owner of some land,
Who not for gold, or son and heir,
Worked with untiring hand.

His gains he lent unto the Lord
In alms to Christ's dear poor,
For none were ever turned away
From his hospitable door.

His house a narrow hermit's cell;
In patient toil and prayer
He spent his time, and many came
To seek his counsel there.

Evil the times, and pagan kings
Sought Christian blood to shed,
And St. Phocas's very sanctity
Set a price upon his head.

One night two lictors sought his gate,
And asked his help to find
One Phocas—who, they said, lived near—
If he were so inclined.

"The day is spent," the Saint replied,
"And you have need of rest:
At morn I'll guide you to the man,
But be to-night my guest."

And while the lictors slept, he dug,
With his own hands, his grave,
Then spent the night in prayer and praise,—
To God his soul he gave.

Then when the lictors woke at morn,
The Saint before them stood.
"*I* am the man you seek," he said:
"You came to shed *my* blood."

With horror struck, those hardened men
The Saint's life fain would spare;
But disobey their king's command,
His hirelings did not dare.

One raised his sword, the Saint knelt down—
Of death he had no dread,—
And from his body, at one stroke,
Severed his blessèd head.*

They little dreamed their deed of blood,
On that bright summer morn,

* The head of St. Phocas was preserved in Rome.

Had given their host a rich reward—
A martyr's glorious crown.

The mariners where roll the waves
Of Egypt's dark blue sea,
St. Phocas claimed for patron saint;
And in his memory

They had a pious custom, when
At meal-time they would join,
To set aside a portion, and
To count the price in coin.

The harbor reached, the alms thus saved
Were to Christ's poor then given,
While prayers for the good mariners
Were wafted up to Heaven.

Little Illonscha.

A SKETCH OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

Adapted for The "Ave Maria," by H. B. Churchill.

(CONCLUSION.)

THREE days later the soldier's wife was buried. The owner of the house paid himself for his trouble and for the expense of the funeral, by appropriating the only things of value that the deceased had possessed,—the picture of the Blessed Virgin in a gilded copper frame, a woollen shawl, the mattress and pillows. The other things were carried off by the tenants, who chose what they liked. The broken-nosed teapot and the two cups went to the old fellow in a dressing-gown who passed his life on the stairs. A great skein of red wool, wrapped up in a piece of linen, found its way to the clerk's wife on the ground-floor, who preserved it as a remembrance of the dead. Illonscha's overcoat fell to the share of the shoemaker's son opposite, and a servant of the house took possession of the tin lantern, and hid it under her stove, saying, it was still good enough for use in going into the cellar at night.

The soldier's child had disappeared and left no trace. On the third day, however, just after the funeral, he had been observed in the yard near the hedge, drenched through and through by the rain, and chattering with cold. "What do you want?" asked the landlord's wife, harshly, for she feared he had come to claim his heritage.

"I don't want anything," he said, timidly.

"What do you mean by that? Since you have come back at all, you must have come for something. Why didn't you come sooner? You might have taken a last look at your mother. Now she is buried, and I have rented your room. The new tenant is there already."

The child began to cry at the thought of not being able to go into his room.

"I would like to get my coat."

"What coat?"

"Mine. It was there in the chamber. It was mine."

The landlady thought a moment. "Axima!" she cried to the servant, who crossed the yard at that moment, "do you know who took his coat?"

"Who took it?" she said, huskily. "Of course I do. The shoemaker has it," she muttered, and continued on her way.

"What! the shoemaker!" cried the woman, in a fury. "How did he dare! what right had he to pillage in a strange house? What impudence!" Then, with a manner and in a tone that suffered no reply, she said to the child, "Come, boy, with me. I won't allow it; no: I won't have it! They may rob as they choose where they live, but not in my house; the amount of it is, every one rushed in at once, and took whatever he could lay hands on."

The news spread among the lodgers, and soon a numerous deputation went across the street to order the shoemaker to give the orphan his coat. Meanwhile the child had remained in the landlady's room, clinging to the door, holding his wet cap in his hand—the cap had been presented to him by a kind-hearted peddler, who had also given him something to eat the day before. His shirt and trousers were soaked; water dripped from his hair on to his shoulders, and his feet left wet marks on the floor. He stood there trembling. The landlady's daughters were drinking tea. There was a tea-urn on the table, and beside it a jar of preserves and two pans of cracknels. One of the young ladies gave him two cracknels, and he took them mechanically, and forgot to thank her. The splendor of the room had dazzled him. On the table he saw crocheted mats; a mirror in a black walnut frame, and portraits of famous generals adorned the walls. Then there were chairs covered with green leather, and geranium and rosemary

plants in the windows. In a tall case beside him, he saw a great many fine dishes and ornaments in rows. There was a basket made of cloves, a chocolate dog, a porcelain egg with painted pictures on it, and many more objects not less interesting. Forgetting his sad condition, the poor child was absorbed in admiration of that marvellous cupboard. He had never even dreamed of such splendor. It seemed fabulous; "and yet," he said to himself, "there are people who possess all this!"

When at last his overcoat was brought, he was loath to leave the sight of such wonders, for, he said to himself, he would never have a chance of seeing them again. One of the landlady's daughters rose and took something out of the cupboard, and, following the child into the hall, gave it to him secretly. The little fellow was dumb with surprise, and did not so much as dare to look at what she had given him. He held it tight, and went out.

When Illonscha thought himself far enough from the house, he made haste to look at the gift of the landlady's daughter. It was a pretty red egg of wood, filled with sugar-plums. He could not make up his mind to eat them; they were too pretty. When he shook the egg, he could hear them rattle, and the noise so pleased him that he forgot his troubles for the moment. He went along, shaking his egg, until he met a passer-by who seemed irritated at the noise and looked at him severely. Then the little fellow, frightened and confused, hid his treasure in the depths of his pocket. To be sure he could hear the rattle of the candy no longer; but then he knew it was there. He had formed a plan: he would go and find his father. He knew that he had gone to the war, and it did not seem impossible to Illonscha to find the way to him. His grandmother had once said that "one could open the way to Kieff with one's tongue"; and he acted upon that.

It seemed impossible to him to exist without his father, for he was shelterless and homeless, and to beg seemed yet more impossible. He said to himself that his father would find him very useful; that he would bring water, and chop kindlings, as he had done for his mother; and then for amusement his father would tell him riddles, and he himself would relate all about his mother's death.

When night began to fall, when it grew dusk, and his face could not be distinctly seen, he made a great effort to conquer his timidity, and going up to a woman who was selling kvas made of birch, at the corner of the street, he said, softly: "Will you please tell me the way to the barrier?"

"What barrier do you mean?—there are so many about Moscow."

The child was disconcerted. "The Dorogoimlovka barrier," he said, hastily, knowing only that name.

"Oh, it's a great way off! You won't get there to-day."

The child went away sadly. He had hoped to pass the night in some field far out of Moscow. He was afraid to stay all night in the streets, for the police might see him and take him away. Sad experience had taught him many things of which, happily, most children remain ignorant. For two days he wandered through the immense city, finding no path out of it, going always in the same circle, and coming back again and again almost to the spot from which he started. Generally at twilight he found courage to inquire the way of a foot-passenger, but the questions were so vague that no one knew what he wanted. However, all these failures did not discourage him; he firmly hoped that once at the barrier, a straight road would lead him to his destination, and that then all his sorrows and difficulties would be at an end. He had reached the banks of the Jaousa—there where the soap, cloth, and candle factories are. Those immense red brick buildings, that everlasting smoke from the chimneys, the dirty river water, and the heavy atmosphere of that part of the town, made him begin to doubt the existence of that field which he sought—of that straight road he had dreamed of. However, he was so weary that he was delighted to find a little solitary pathway by the river where he could rest. He sat down beneath a dusty old willow. The river, tinged with the dyes of the factory opposite, flowed on before him. The child looked now at the miry water, now at his bleeding, swollen feet. His whole body ached with fatigue and exhaustion. For two days he had eaten nothing, but not yet had he made up his mind to beg. He saw now that he would soon be reduced to that last resource; strength was fast leaving the little worn frame, and with it the courage which had nerved him at the start. He realized that his father was as far away as ever,—

as far as though he had not just travelled three days in search of him. "Surely I must find the barrier, and then I shall be half way there. But where is the barrier, and how can I find it?" He began to believe that there was no end to Moscow, that the streets ran in a circle, and that there was no way out; he remembered that his father had gone away by the railroad, but he knew that he could not go that way, because he had no money. His thoughts grew sadder and sadder. Neither the blue sky nor the sunshine cheered him. He was all alone in that great city—abandoned by everybody; no one asked him if he wanted anything to eat, or if his feet hurt him. He sighed, and drew out his wooden egg. But, alas! even that last consolation of his saddest moments was no longer what it had been, for the egg was empty, and the rattle of the candy was no longer to be heard. He had been forced to eat it; but he had cried bitterly in doing so, for his fine dream of making it a present to his father had vanished. He had treasured it as his one delight, and now it was no more. Of course he could give his father the empty egg, but half the pleasure was gone, and at the very thought the tears came into his eyes; nevertheless, it was still precious to him, that red egg; and he felt his pocket from time to time to make sure it was there.

A lady, in a gray silk dress, whose face was covered by a veil, and a young man fashionably attired, crossed the road, deeply engrossed in conversation. At the corner, they passed the little boy with the swollen feet, wearing the ragged, wadded overcoat. The poor child looked up at them strangely, sadly, but said nothing. A few moments afterward they heard him running behind them. "For bread!" he said, simply touching the lady's dress.

The latter was about to take out her purse, when, remembering that she had nothing less than twenty copeck pieces, she hesitated; however, she might have given him something had not the young man turned just then and exclaimed: "Get away, and let us alone, wretched boy! Why aren't you at work? You begin early!"

These words decided all; the lady continued the conversation, and passed on. The child followed a little way, then stopped and looked after them. He had hesitated so long before saying those two simple little words, "For bread." What pain had they not cost him! He had waited a whole hour on the corner, making up his mind to speak, and had applied to the best looking of all the passers, the best dressed, and those who, as he thought, could well spare him the few copecks he needed to satisfy his hunger, and who would never feel their loss. But he had made a mistake, evidently; yes: he had made a mistake; moreover, he was sure if they were not willing to give him something, nobody would be; and he renounced once more the thought of begging. He drooped his head, and went slowly along the sidewalk. Passing by the wheat stores, he saw the pigeons in flocks pecking up the scattered grains from the floor. The child pondered deeply. It was true, then: he was a beggar. His mother's prediction was verified. At the head of the street he stopped before a woman who was seated on the doorstep of her house. She had a child in her arms, and her face seemed to offer more encouragement than those he had seen hitherto. Nevertheless he hesitated. However, he resolved to ask for something to eat. Alas! what difference did it make? he had begged once, he might as well beg again; and he was so hungry! He went up to the woman, and, politely taking off his cap, asked timidly for a bit of bread.

"Doesn't your mother give you anything to eat?" she asked.

"I have no mother," he said.

The woman seemed to doubt his word.

"Where is your father?"

"In the war."

She continued watching him, as though seeking to understand the matter. The child stood by in respectful silence, holding his cap in his hand, and looking at her pleadingly.

"Well, listen, boy," said she, at length; "if you are telling the truth, go and bring me some chips. Do you see that red brick house yonder that is building? They will let you take odds and ends of wood. Go there, and if you bring me what I say, I will give you some nice cabbage soup."

"Shall I bring them now?"

"Of course! when would you bring them? Bring a lot: I will give you a good dinner; do you hear? There are some little round sticks: bring me some of those," she called after the child, who was already on his way.

At first he walked; then he began to run. He was so pleased, so happy! The houses

passed quickly by him, and they seemed so bright and smiling,—white curtains and flowers in the windows everywhere; the whole world had grown suddenly bright to poor little Illonscha. Far above his head he heard the masons singing at their work, and the sound cheered him. He climbed up on the heap of earth and planks, tripping at each step, but pushing his way until he reached the scaffolding of the first story. The monotonous song of the workmen still resounded in the air. On the story above they were cleaning, and bearing away the rubbish; he heard noisy voices in among the walls of the house; inside there were planks without hand-rails laid from one story to another, over which workmen were trundling carts filled with rubbish, and bricks in barrows. One of the workmen noticed the little boy. "What are you here for, midget?" said he. "I suppose your mother sent you for some kindlings"; and so saying he passed on.

The child was puzzled at first as to how he should carry the wood. In a moment he took off his coat, and spreading it out on the ground began putting the chips and shavings into it. The little heap swelled gradually; the round pieces, which had been especially asked for, were laid in regular rows. His heart beat with joy: he was proud of his work, and he wanted to earn his soup, and to surprise the woman with the quantity of wood he had brought, and to make her compliment him for his diligence,—it was so long since the child had heard a word of praise.

The heap grew bigger and bigger, but the boy was not yet quite satisfied, and he continued a while longer hunting on his knees in the rubbish.

"Haven't you enough yet, greedy youngster?" cried out a man in a blouse—an overseer, probably. "Those people never have enough; let them come into the yard and they will take away the whole house; give them an inch and they want an ell. See here, boy, it is time to—"

He did not finish his sentence, for there happened at that moment something frightful. A red object cast off from above passed whizzing before his eyes, and struck the boy on the head. The overseer turned white. "May Almighty God protect us!" he murmured, struck with terror, and making the Sign of the Cross.

The child remained on his knees, his head down, as though he were praying; in one hand he clasped convulsively the last little stick that he had picked up. Beside him lay a large red brick broken in halves, which had fallen and struck him. The cause of his death was there in plain sight; no need to seek it further.

The workmen gathered at the call of the overseer. The child breathed once or twice, and gave them one last sad, submissive look; two moments later he expired. They laid him down on his coat, the same ragged coat that a few moments before had covered his emaciated little body. In the pocket was still to be found the red wooden egg.

"What child is this? whose is he?" the workmen asked, in consternation.

No one knew. He lay there before them on his old threadbare coat, still holding in his little stiffened hand the stick which no one had thought to remove. His swollen and blistered feet rested at last; never more would they know fatigue: little Illonscha was in heaven.

Then and Now.

AN artist painted a picture of Innocence—a gentle boy it was, sitting with a hold of his mother's hand. Many years after, he wished to paint, as a companion-piece, a representation of Guilt; and for this purpose he sought and obtained admission to a condemned criminal in his cell. He made this poor wretch his model, and produced a picture of remorse and anguish truly affecting. He then brought in the former picture, that, by placing the two side by side, he might be better able to judge of the effect. The moment the eyes of the prisoner fell upon this one, he was greatly excited, and burst into tears. He recalled an episode of his boyhood. The truth was, he had been the model for *both*.

The story has been often told, but the truth which it embodies cannot be too often uttered or too deeply pondered. No one day leaves any man as it found him; for just as certainly as we grow older with time, so certainly do we grow either better or worse—more strengthened for good, or more inclined to evil.

THE

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48

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By the Sea.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

STAR OF THE SEA, if smoothly calm,
Or fiercely wild the ocean be,
Its waves forever have a charm
To waken memories of thee:
So rightly, among other names,
Star of the Sea, we call thee thus,
Whose presence, like a beacon, flames
Across the waters unto us.

When, like a mirror, underneath
The silver moon the waters lie,
Unruffled by the slightest breath
Of summer zephyrs floating by;
The placid waves a type appear
Of that serenity they win
Who learn from love of thee to fear
No perturbation except sin.

And limitless as their expanse,
Sweet Mother, is thy tender love,
Which never ebbs from its advance,
However moons may wane or move;
But its immensity below
Hides our deficiencies of worth,
Just as the sea's engulfing flow
Conceals the slimy spots of earth.

When the wild tempest rides the wave,
And desolation tracks its path,—
When mariners pray thee to save
Their vessels from impending wrath;
The shipwrecks which their prayer prevents,
The wonders that thy grace performs,
Attest how vast an influence
Thou hast with Him who rules the storms.

And the sweet peace which softly falls
Upon the erst tempestuous sea,
Encourages the soul that calls
From sin and darkness unto thee;
For in the calmness which succeeds
The angry turmoil and unrest,
It witnesses the boon it needs
To make its hapless portion blest.

And therefore, Mother, whether calm
Or wild the waves of ocean be,
They seem to always have a charm
To make thy children think of thee;
And so, among thy other names,
Star of the Sea, we call thee thus,
Whose presence, like a beacon, flames
Across the waters unto us.

Dom Bosco.

"No one can see Dom Bosco without feeling attracted to him, without loving him at once; for his heart is all love, and the divine light of a tender love beams in his countenance."

THIS is the description given by a cotemporary of the holy founder of the Association of St. Francis de Sales, one of the celebrated *Œuvres Salésiennes* devoted to the care of homeless, abandoned children.

Dom Bosco received Holy Orders in 1841, at the age of twenty-six. Instead of accepting a curacy, he wisely determined to continue for a time under the direction of his friend and spiritual guide, the Abbé Cafasso, President of the Ecclesiastical Institute of St. Francis of Assisi. The object of this Institute is to perfect young priests in ecclesiastical knowledge, and to exercise them in the office of preaching. Much time is given to study, much particularly to prayer, and a certain portion is reserved for active works of charity,—visiting the poor, the sick, and the hospitals.

Dom Bosco frequently accompanied the Abbé Cafasso in his visits to the prisons of Turin, and the heart of the young apostle was

pained to see such a number of youths and children among the prisoners. Their precociousness in vice appalled him, and he was filled with compassion for the hopelessness of their condition. He saw the deplorable abandonment in which they were left from their birth, and the terrible example which was constantly before their young minds.

It was about this time that he encountered his first neophyte, Barthélemy Garelli d'Asti, a little street Arab, who wandered into the sacristy one morning as Dom Bosco was vesting for the Holy Sacrifice. The sacristan at the moment was looking for some one to serve the Mass, and eagerly seized upon Barthélemy. The poor child, who would have been at a loss how to render such a service, stoutly resisted the invitation, which the sacristan repeated in no gentle terms, at the same time administering to the young rebel a sounding box on the ear. The noise of the dispute attracted the attention of Dom Bosco, who took the little fellow by the arm, and, after comforting and reassuring him, gently pressed him to remain for his Mass. The child was easily persuaded to return in the evening, when Dom Bosco began his education by teaching him the Sign of the Cross. Barthélemy's companions soon began to accompany him in these evening visits, and were so heartily welcomed by the zealous priest that before the end of the year he found himself in charge of one hundred children and youths, whom he instructed in the principles of their faith.

Young hearts were always drawn to him; at one time he could not pass through the streets of Turin without attracting a following of children. A wonderful story of his influence over them is told in one of the prisons where he exercised his ministry. He had preached a retreat there, which the youths had followed in an exemplary manner, and which terminated with an almost general Communion. Dom Bosco was so touched by their good dispositions that he resolved to procure them some gratification, and the surprise of the warden may be imagined when he requested to be allowed to take the children on an excursion to a neighboring wood.

"Do you think, Father," the warden answered, "that the king's soldiers have nothing better to do than to take those rascals picnicing? You must know that I am responsible for every escape."

"I have not said anything about soldiers," replied Dom Bosco; "I will take charge of them myself; and I assure you not one will be missing when we return in the evening."

The extraordinary proposition was referred to the municipal authorities. Somehow, obstacles seemed to vanish before the gentle perseverance of the holy priest, for, to the astonishment of the prison officers, the privilege was granted. Accordingly, on the day fixed, three hundred and fifty children and young people, after assisting at Mass, left the prison in orderly ranks, headed by Dom Bosco, calm and smiling.

The Castle of Stupingi, about five miles distant, was the place chosen for the excursion. It would be impossible to describe the delight of the poor little waifs, to whom a whole holiday of legitimate pleasure was a novel experience. They showed their appreciation by remarkable self-control, refraining from all depredations, so that not a fruit-tree, plant, or shrub on the grounds was injured. Their consideration and thoughtful care of their beloved Father during the excursion was most touching. When he appeared tired, the donkey provided by him to carry the refreshments was unloaded in the twinkling of an eye, his burdens transferred to the shoulders of the stoutest among the excursionists, and Dom Bosco was made to mount him, two of their number carefully leading the animal by the bridle. The party returned in the same good order to the prison in the evening; and when the roll was called, not a child was missing.

Upon completing his studies at the Institute, in 1844, Dom Bosco was appointed director of the Hospital of St. Philomena, and assisted in the spiritual administration of a refuge for young girls, founded by the Marchioness de Barola. He continued to receive the children at the refuge, until they crowded not only the room assigned them, but the stairs and corridors. The difficulty of finding a place for their reunions increased every year, for the noise of the children, who now numbered three hundred, made them objectionable neighbors. In the spring of one year, unable to find a house, the holy priest was constrained to hire a meadow, where the children assembled at an early hour on Sunday, and began the day by confessing to their beloved patron.

The confessor's seat was a grassy knoll, beside which knelt the penitent, the arm of the

priest lovingly encircling the little figure. When the confessions were ended, Dom Bosco led his flock to a neighboring church for Mass, which he sometimes celebrated for them himself. After Mass they returned to the meadow, where the day was spent in innocent games, varied by religious instruction and catechism.

From the beginning, the name of "Oratory" was given to their place of meeting, for prayer was Dom Bosco's chief reliance; and truly his work had need of a supernatural foundation. Numerous and disheartening were the obstacles it encountered in its early days. But nothing could overcome the courage of its saintly founder. When prayer and reflection convinced him that an enterprise was for the glory of God and the good of souls, he calmly proceeded, undaunted by obstacles and persecution. His faith truly seems to be that which "moveth mountains," for numerous are the miraculous interventions recorded in his favor. Upon one occasion, a sum of three hundred and twenty-five francs was due in taxes upon the Oratory. The day came when, in default of payment, the marshal would be obliged, at noon, to institute a prosecution. On the morning of the day, Dom Rua, a former pupil of Dom Bosco, who then held the office of Prefect of the Oratory, informed him that the treasury was empty—not a dollar could be collected in the house. Dom Bosco calmly replied: "We must have recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians, for I have absolutely nothing myself either." A few moments afterwards a gentleman was ushered into his presence, who handed him a small package, saying: "Father, I am not rich, but I have a small sum here which I have saved for your children; will you accept this modest offering?"

"Most willingly!" answered Dom Bosco.

The paper contained exactly three hundred and twenty-five francs. Dom Bosco smiled, and said: "Will you have the kindness, as you pass out, to hand it to the Prefect?"

Dom Rua, upon ascertaining the amount, said, "The Father has counted very exactly"; and immediately he despatched a messenger with it to the Bureau of Taxes.

This is only one among many instances of singular and unexpected assistance. The charity of the individual who acted on this occasion as the instrument of Divine Providence was rewarded by a vocation to the priesthood, and he became a zealous co-laborer of Dom Bosco.

To many the confidence of the holy priest at times seemed little short of madness. When he lost his position as director of the refuge, and with it the emoluments which were almost his only resource, and was shortly afterwards deprived of the meadow where he gathered the children on Sundays, his friends advised him to dismiss all but twenty of his little *protégés*. "You cannot accomplish impossibilities," they said to him; "Providence Itself seems to clearly indicate that the work is not to continue." But Dom Bosco, raising his hands to heaven, while the light of a divine courage shone in his eyes, answered: "Providence sent me these children, and never will I abandon one of them. I am confident God will provide all that is necessary; and as they will not rent me a house, I will build one, with the assistance of our Lady. It will be a vast building," he continued, "with courts and gardens for recreation, and capable of receiving all the children who come to me; we shall have workshops of various descriptions, that the poor little waifs may be taught trades according to their tastes; and, finally, we shall have a chapel, and numerous priests to instruct the children, and give special attention to those in whom a religious vocation may be apparent."

Many shook their heads at this, and intimated that the brain of the untiring laborer was overtaxed. When he entered into a minute description of his future Oratory, giving the dimensions of the chapel, workshops, dormitories, courts and gardens—all conceived on a plan so out of proportion with his present or probable resources,—his insanity ceased to be a subject of doubt.

As if to test the courage and faith of the zealous servant of God, his oldest friends at this time fell away; and so confirmed was the report of his mental derangement that others strongly recommended that he be placed in a retreat for the insane. And, in fact, arrangements were actually made with the director of one of such houses, who was instructed to treat the patient with kindness, but to use great firmness if necessary. Two of Dom Bosco's friends took upon themselves to transport him thither. They called on the good priest, and found no difficulty in drawing him out upon a subject so near his heart as

the future home of his abandoned little ones. As he simply unfolded his marvellous plans, the two friends exchanged significant glances, which, judging from the sequel, were not lost upon Dom Bosco. Presently one of them said: "M. l'Abbé, we have a carriage at the door; will you take a drive with us?"

Dom Bosco gently declined at first; but, on being urged, proceeded with them to the carriage.

"Enter, M. l'Abbé," said one of the gentlemen.

"After you, gentlemen!"

"But enter, I pray you, M. l'Abbé."

"No, gentlemen; I know too well what is due you."

The two friends sprang into the carriage. Dom Bosco, instead of following, closed the door with a bang, and, in his stentorian voice, called out to the coachman: "To the asylum!"

The coachman, who had received his instructions, whipped up his horses, and, paying no attention to the remonstrances and adjurations addressed him from within, never drew rein until he was inside the iron gates of the establishment.

The rage and indignation of his two passengers was far from convincing the driver that he had made a mistake in the patient. The doctor himself remarked to one of the assistants, "I expected only one, but there are two." Finally, when the victims resorted to threats, they were handed over to an attendant, with the suggestion of a shower-bath, or straight-jacket. The unfortunate gentlemen happily thought of sending for the chaplain of the house, who recognized them, and they were set at liberty.

It was the last attempt made upon the freedom of the holy priest; his two friends ceased to discuss his sanity, and were very silent regarding what had happened to them. But of course the story got abroad, and everybody said that if Dom Bosco was filled with the folly of the Cross, he was not without a share of innocent mischief, which, in fact, served upon more than one occasion to defeat the snares of his enemies.

At the beginning of the year 1846, the holy priest, in addition to his Oratory, which supplied the spiritual wants of three hundred children, had established a large night-school, attended by adults and children. However, he still found time to exercise the ministry in the prisons, in the hospital of Cottolengo, and the refuge; to visit numerous sick in the city, besides writing for the benefit of the children, "Histoire Sainte à l'usage des Écoles," "La Jeunesse Instruit" (a manual which has already gone through twenty-four editions), "Le Système Métrique Decimal," "Devotion à l'Ange Gardien," "Exercices sur la Miséricorde de Dieu," "Histoire d'Italie," and a number of other class-books.

But Dom Bosco's indomitable will could not sustain the body under such incredible labor. In July of the same year a severe inflammation of the chest, induced by a heavy cold, alarmed his friends, who knew how unfitted the worn frame was to endure the additional burden of sickness. In a few weeks their worst fears were realized: the doctors declared the patient without strength to rally. One night, which it was feared might be his last, the Abbé Morel, watching by his bedside, said: "Dom Bosco, will you not ask God to cure you?"

"No," he answered; "I prefer to abandon myself to the Divine will."

"But think of your children," his friend urged; "could you leave them so soon? I beg of you, in their name, ask for your recovery."

The sick man raised his eyes to heaven, and, with a smile full of peace, said: "Yes, Lord: if it be Thy good pleasure, restore me to health. *Non recuso laborem.*"

The next morning Dom Bosco was pronounced out of danger. It was a long convalescence, however; but three months in his native air of Murialdo de Castelnuovo, together with his mother's careful nursing, enabled him to resume his labors in the autumn.

Madame Bosco accompanied her holy son on his return to the Oratory, and became housekeeper, superintendent, and matron-in-chief of the institution. Her duties were not light, owing to the generous hospitality of her son. But the guests were not formidable, or alarmingly ceremonious; when their numbers exceeded the accommodations of the modest dining-room, they were satisfied to sit on the stairs or in the court, where each one emptied his bowl of soup with astonishing rapidity, and passed it on to his hungry little neighbor, who carried it to Mme. Bosco to be replenished. The service of the table was rarely equal to the number of the guests; spoons were considered such a prize that each of the *habitués* of the house carried his own in his pocket.

It was about this time that Dom Bosco began to lodge a few children in the Oratory; this doubled his mother's household labors, which, however, her devoted son sought to lighten in every possible way. At one time he himself built the fires, drew the water, cut the wood; and on days when Mme. Bosco was particularly busy he has been known to don an apron, and manufacture a *polenta,* which was sure to be pronounced delicious by the entire household. If his repairs on the children's clothes lacked his mother's skill, they made up in durability.

Every year it became more apparent to Dom Bosco that many of the children lost the fruit of his teaching in the deplorable lodgings to which their extreme poverty condemned them. The accommodations of the Oratory being stretched to their utmost limit, he hired a neighboring loft, which, furnished with some fresh straw and a few blankets, was accepted as a luxurious shelter by numbers of little waifs accustomed to steal a night's lodging in stables and public buildings. When coverlids gave out in the humble dormitory, they were supplied by bags, into which the younger children introduced themselves and slept like mice. Dom Bosco usually visited them at night, and never dismissed them in the morning without a few words of good counsel. One evening his charity induced him to offer the hospitality of the loft to some little vagrants whose pitiful story elicited his compassion; but the next morning on paying his usual visit, good Dom Bosco discovered that his treacherous guests had fled, taking with them the precious bags and all the portable furniture they could conveniently carry. This experience made him limit his hospitality in future to the children who frequented the Oratory.

Many of Dom Bosco's friends have lived to see the prediction fully realized which caused them so much concern; for the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales of Valdocco accommodates one thousand persons, without counting the day boarders; it also contains workshops, where the children are taught the trades of carpenter, locksmith, shoemaking, printing, bookbinding, etc. And this is only one of a long list of similar institutions founded by Dom Bosco, of which space will not permit us to make further mention. The association which, in 1841, consisted of Dom Bosco and his little pupil Barthélemy Garelli d'Asti, now exceeds eighty thousand souls; and the illustrious names of two Pontiffs (Pius IX and Leo XIII) grace its rolls.

We have said that prayer was Dom Bosco's chief reliance, and so it has proved in a material as well as a spiritual sense. The funds for the handsome Church of Notre-Dame Auxiliatrice, built by Dom Bosco, close to the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales, came almost entirely from offerings made in thanksgiving for miraculous answers to prayer. People come to the good priest and request his prayers, sometimes for spiritual, sometimes for temporal necessities; his modest answer is usually, "I will ask the children to pray." It is not astonishing that the supplications of the faithful servant, united with those of the children, pierce the Heart of God, for there are many among his flock who are worthy disciples of their holy master; he himself has written the life of a child named Savio Domenico, a veritable St. Aloysius, who died at the Oratory at the age of fifteen. During his life several miraculous favors were obtained through his prayers; his memory is held in great veneration by his companions, who constantly invoke his intercession, and tell of signal graces obtained and miraculous cures effected through recourse to him.

No doubt Dom Bosco has exceptional administrative ability. It is said that he retains in mind the slightest details of his institution, and has a thorough knowledge of the character of each priest, professor, and employe. But his life furnishes a noble example of what Providence may effect by means of a docile instrument. That he labors for God alone is evident from the fidelity with which he performs the duty of the present moment, never permitting himself to be precipitate or careless. Hence the solidity of his work. This fidelity is particularly apparent in his reception of visitors. He is easy of access, and receives you as though you were conferring a favor on him; consequently people sometimes trespass on his valuable time. But it is said that, however importunate the visitor, he listens as kindly and patiently as if this act of charity were his sole duty.

Dom Bosco is at present, in compliance with the request of the Holy Father, engaged in completing the Church of the Sacred Heart at Rome, to which is to be attached a patronage for the reception of abandoned children of all nationalties.

Joseph Haydn.—The Story of his Life.

BY FRANZ VON SEEBURG.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some happy weeks passed over Haydn's head. His orchestra was his pride and delight, and when he went to his quiet home he was surrounded by tender and sincere affection. It is true that he would sooner take his meals with the Keller family than at the table of the functionaries and servants of the Count; but he had to submit to Morzin's will. However, he still had the pleasure of spending with his friends those evenings on which there was no concert.

One day Count Morzin summoned him. He received his Kapellmeister with that distinguished and condescending friendliness which rather raises than lowers the person exercising it.

"*Mon cher* Haydn, I am desirous of proving to you how great a value I set on your services."

Haydn bowed his acknowledgment.

"*Au fait!*" continued Morzin; "I am fully aware that your salary is not a very splendid one; but, as a proof of my appreciation, I have ordered a room to be prepared for you in my palace, and I think that it will please you. You will take possession of it this evening, and tomorrow you can let me know how you slept beneath my roof. *Eh bien, qu'en dites-vous?*"

Haydn turned pale at these words. "I am thankful for the favor," he answered, with difficulty.

"*Et pourtant!* I love the modesty that makes no demands, but not that which hesitates to accept benefits. Monsieur Haydn, I command you to take up your residence in my palace this very day. *Oui, je le veux! Entendez-vous?*"

"Herr Count, I earnestly pray you—"

"Monsieur, I do not understand you!" interrupted Morzin, angrily. "My servants have received orders to bring your effects here."

"And this, too!" said Haydn to himself, bitterly. "Must a dozen servants enter my room to carry away an old spinet that is cracked at every joint, and my earthly possessions, which could fit in a pocket-handkerchief? I am not ashamed of my honest poverty, but neither do I wish to have it held up to be laughed at."

"Herr Count, I bow to your will," said he, firmly and decidedly; "but I myself will bring here all that I really need."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "*Comme vous voudrez! Mais je vous dis,* anyone else would show himself more grateful than you do, Monsieur Haydn. Adieu!"

Haydn went home in a very excited and angry frame of mind. He flung his hat into a corner, threw himself into Keller's arm-chair, and declared, with a groan: "I will start for America, where a man is not plagued with stupid benefits!"

The old hairdresser looked at him in surprise. "Joseph," he asked, placing his hand on the young man's forehead, "are you ill, or have you turned crazy?"

"I almost wish I were so!" he cried, jumping up. "Henceforth I am to dwell, and under strict orders, in Count Morzin's palace."

"Thunder! that will never do!" replied Keller.

"So thought I also; but the Count told me that it must be so: it is his will, and of course it must be."

"But I have a word to say in the matter," exclaimed Carolina. "Shall our happiness be thus broken in upon? How shall we pass our evenings when our dear Monsieur Haydn is no longer with us? That would be as if some one robbed us of the last sunbeam in our hearts."

"Well, Joseph can at least spend his evenings with us," said the hairdresser. "And, after all, his dwelling with the Count will be princely, whereas here he had but a poor little room to sleep in."

As far as the princely dwelling was concerned, Haydn need not be alarmed. He had a room opening on the court-yard, so poorly furnished that it did not inspire him with a single thought of pride. It was, in fact, a servant's room; so that he was at the same time Kapellmeister and common servant.

Haydn felt the awkwardness of his position, but he thought of his duty and his love of music, to which he could now devote himself more than ever, and he was happy and content. The execution of the orchestra was improving. Count Morzin expressed his approbation,—nay, he once went so far as to press the master's hand, and whisper to him: "*Mon cher* Haydn, your performances are splendid.

I wish I could sufficiently reward you; but I cannot. *Impossible!"*

Haydn's poverty would have prevented him from ever thinking of marrying one of Keller's daughters,—nay, he would have rejected the thought as a temptation; but when Keller himself had urged the matter and said: "Haydn, you must take one of my daughters," his inclination at once pointed to Anna, although the impetuous Lina was not without charms for him. However, when he began to sing the praises of Anna, the father impatiently cut him short with such words as these: "What you say of Anna is all very true, but my Lina is still better; therefore you did well to take her, and not Anna."

The old man took upon himself to make all the preparations for the wedding, and when things did not go as smoothly as he wished, he would stamp his foot angrily and say: "It must go on!"

Haydn made his visits regularly in the evenings to the family, which had become very much endeared to him. Anna always continued to be like herself: she was not exactly reserved—we should rather say she was veiled—when she spoke to Haydn. Her words were gentle, her voice trembled, and what she said was cold, coming as it did from a broken heart. Lina, on the contrary, displayed all her virtues and all her faults in their most striking contrast. She showed a warm attachment for Haydn, yet a moment afterwards she tortured him with her jealousy; she was indignant if he came a moment later than she expected, and when he made his appearance, she would remain sullen and silent for quite a while. Now she would speak to him in the most endearing terms, and then, again, by a bitter word, would thrust a dagger into his heart. Haydn was sometimes frightened at his bride, and yet he was pleased at this dazzling play of colors in her character. The lights and the shades were side by side, and made the girl's image all the more attractive. Often in his solitary moments he asked himself whether he really loved her sufficiently to be happy with her; but he could not reply by an unreserved "Yes" or "No." His friend Ditters had looked deeper into his soul than he imagined. Ditters saw clearly that of his own free will Haydn would never have chosen for his bride one so unlike himself in disposition as Lina, but that other influences must have been brought to bear. Nor did he fail to speak seriously to his friend on this point, though the latter always cut him short. "Father Keller wishes me to marry Lina. He has a right to my gratitude; and I take Lina for my wife out of gratitude, and not out of love. I expect a contented life with her by my side: no earthly wife could make me *happy;* music alone can do that."

"Did you think of Anna whilst uttering these words?" asked Ditters.

Haydn did not answer immediately. His glowing cheeks bore witness to his emotion. Finally he said: "Friend, this question I should repel indignantly if asked by anyone else; but from your lips, I am grateful for it. Behold, when a rose blooms solitary in the forest, and only the sunbeam that steals through the thick foliage looks down on it, it would be wrong to pluck the flower in order to place it in your bosom, to enjoy its beauty for a few moments, and then see it wither in your hands. Man is made happy by the ideal, not by human creatures. Lina will be to me a faithful and devoted companion through life, and will lighten for me the prosy side of existence; but when my soul craves for nourishment, I need not look to anything created: then I turn to music—and to God."

It was early morning, and deep darkness brooded over the city. In the private chapel of the Brothers of Charity stood the bridal pair before the priest. Keller, Anna, and Ditters were the only witnesses.

Haydn answered "Yes" to the solemn and momentous question of the priest, and his voice trembled slightly. Was it merely the excitement of the moment, or was it a presage of the future?

Haydn's married life was rather peculiar. He was obliged to eat and sleep at Count Morzin's, from whom he must keep his marriage secret, as if it were a crime; otherwise, he would infallibly be dismissed. Besides this, Haydn, growing more and more attached to his solitary room in Morzin's palace, often spent days together over his compositions, and forgot entirely that he had a wife, who expected him with growing anxiety and impatience. When he at last thought of her, and breathlessly rushed up the high stairs to her dwelling, he was received with tears and reproaches, which increased in bitterness with each delay, so that it became harder and harder for him to

pacify his offended spouse. On Sunday afternoons they could not go out walking together like other people, for fear the stern Count should meet them, and discover their secret marriage. All these causes were more than sufficient to cast a cloud over the spirits of the young married couple. But this was not all. Amiable as old Keller showed himself to his son-in-law, relieving him from all expenses for housekeeping; conscientious also as Haydn was in carrying home every cent that he earned, and placing it in Lina's hands, still she always reproached him for not bringing enough. Lina thought only of the future, when she would have her own house to live in with Haydn, and she began to purchase household articles for that time; and in regard to the prices, she was recklessly extravagant. As to herself, she considered that she was no longer merely the insignificant daughter of a hairdresser, but Madam Kapellmeisterin, who ought to be dressed in better style than formerly. Like drops of water on a hot stove, the small earnings of Haydn melted away in Lina's prodigal hands; and things soon came to such a pass that he actually dreaded to enter Keller's house, knowing full well that he would be met by demands for money. Then followed reproaches as to how little he earned, and how poor a hand he was to make his talent appreciated; he should compose more industriously, and sell his productions dearer; and he should also demand a higher salary from the Count, for two hundred gulden was a beggarly pittance, of which Morzin ought to be ashamed. Haydn did the best he could. He composed, but there were no purchasers for his scores; he helped various church choirs, and received the usual small fee; he even ventured to make to the Count a modest but plain representation of the propriety of increasing his salary. But this was an unfortunate step; for Morzin got so angry that he called Haydn a bold and insolent fellow, which cut our hero to the quick. When his courage was thus brought to the lowest ebb, he sought out Ditters, to whom he related all his sorrows; but in him he found a Job's comforter, who told him that every ass must carry his own burden, and Haydn had shown himself little better than an ass in his marriage. Thus there remained to him but one spot where he found rest, and that was the dark corner in St. Stephen's Church already mentioned, where he could pour out his soul before the Mother of Sorrows, and weep his grief away. The Count grew daily more exacting with the orchestra. Concerts and balls followed each other in rapid succession. It often happened that Haydn could not find time to take his dinner, still less to visit his wife, whose temper was growing more and more sensitive.

It was a fortunate thing when the snow melted and spring returned to greet the land. Whilst this season revived nature, it also caused many a human heart to beat more gladly and to rejoice at the sunshine within. When the first blossoms and flowers began to appear, Morzin summoned his orchestra and informed them that in a week they were to leave Vienna and proceed to his castle in Bohemia. Morzin's countenance brightened up as he made this announcement. He himself, with his wounded heart and his hidden sorrow, the cause of which no one knew, evidently longed for retirement.

Haydn's parting with his wife was gloomy. Lina had but few words of comfort for him. The desire of ruling, covetousness, and jealousy were plainly indicated in her words. Haydn bowed his head, and felt one misery superadded. Heretofore he had borne everything in silence; but that Lina should strew his future path with jealousy, fell like poison on his heart. There is a baleful star, a dark shadow over the lives of many great men; and they who are so rich in mental treasures, are often beggars as regards the heart; and they who do much for others, often cannot procure for themselves the most desirable of all blessings—peace. Haydn belonged to this unhappy number. His wife grovelled on the earth, whilst his genius raised him aloft. More striking contrasts cannot easily be found; and it is not one of the least of Haydn's virtues that in these circumstances his genius was not crushed,—nay, perhaps his earthly sorrow only made him soar with the greater vigor towards heaven; and when all was dissonance around him, he took his flight thither where all, even the bitterest sorrow, is turned into harmony. Old Keller felt his departure keenly. He had become so warmly attached to his Joseph that life without him seemed insipid and barren. It was touching to hear how he lamented his departure, and longed for autumn to bring him back. "Joseph," he

said, laughing through his tears, "I will soon visit you. No drop of wine would have any taste for me if I did not hope to see you soon again. May God, therefore, watch over you; and in His mercy, may He send snow in August, in order that your Count may be driven back with you out of his rat's-nest in Bohemia!"

The Count made the journey to his Castle of Lukavec, near Eger, in his heavy coach, with his dog and his smelling-flask beside him. The musicians, with Haydn at their head, travelled on foot over the dusty roads, like a veritable strolling band,—their violins and flutes under their arms, their baggage and the heavier instruments on a wagon that followed them slowly. Some of the members of the orchestra were Viennese, with an inexhaustible fund of good humor; others, Bohemians, who were delighted to breathe the air of home once more; for, in their opinion, the earthly paradise was, of course, to be found in Bohemia. Thus a pleasant week was passed. It is true that it sometimes rained, that their poor garments were soaked, and that they splashed through muddy roads with boots not in the best of repair; but that was no drawback to the good humor of the party. It was only on the eighth day, when the lonely castle appeared before them, in the midst of a gloomy forest, that they became serious, almost sullen. Who could preserve cheerfulness in such a dismal solitude? The Count received the orchestra with cold and dark looks. The soiled condition of the men after such a long tramp offended his delicate nerves. He seemed to think it a mere matter of course for the poor fellows to toil painfully along through heat and wet and dirt for a whole week.

"From to-morrow forward there will be a concert daily, *bien entendu!*" were his orders to Haydn. "My major-domo will inform you each time at what hour."

Haydn did not suspect all that these words implied, but he and his musicians were soon to learn. With the growing depression of the Count, who every day became more serious, gloomy, and downcast, his capriciousness also increased. At almost any hour of the day, and even of the night, Morzin would call for his orchestra. Often there was quite a ferment amongst some of the members, and several declared, in open and violent anger, that they would rather tramp through the world as begging musicians than be any longer the slaves of the Count. Haydn pacified them as long as he could, but at last he could do nothing with them; the whole orchestra threatened to leave during that night. Haydn begged and entreated them, but in vain. "Let us at least, make one more trial," he said to them. "In the morning let us go together into the forest, where no one can find us, and stay there till after the Count has arisen; and at ten o'clock at night let every one betake himself to his bed. During the balance of the day the Count may command us as he pleases."

The proposition was accepted by all, and next day they started out into the woods, carrying their instruments with them. Arriving where the fir-trees spread their branches over the swelling moss, they threw themselves on the ground. At a signal from Haydn, the instruments were tuned, and the melodies sounded soft and wonderfully sweet throughout the forest. Thus they continued to play for an hour or more with growing enthusiasm. At last Haydn expressed the wish to return. The musicians rose from the moss, when Count Morzin stepped up to Haydn, laid his hand on his shoulder, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "My dear Kapellmeister, I was very far from expecting this proof of your regard."

Haydn was bewildered. He instinctively raised his hand to his forehead, as though to unravel to himself how it was that Morzin suddenly started up out of the moss like a spirit. He had no suspicion that the poor Count was accustomed occasionally to betake himself to the solitude of the forest at early dawn, there to seek relief for his sadness.

"And yet I pray you," continued Morzin, after a pause, "not to enter these woods again. They are my last refuge."

Weeks and months passed as slowly as if time, which usually travels so fast, had leaden weights attached to its feet. It was seldom that a guest stopped at the castle for even a night. Life in the forest vale was as uniform as the strokes of a pendulum. Summer passed away, and autumn made its appearance in the land. The Count was growing more and more retired. The refusal of the orchestra to humor his whims at all hours of the night as well as of the day provoked him so much that he seldom asked them to play, and when he

did, he always added the clause: "If it is not disagreeable to the musicians."

The news received by Haydn from Vienna was almost as uniform as his life. Longing, impatience, discontent with her lot—this was the substance of the young wife's letters. Haydn on his part sighed for the first appearance of snow. Vienna, with its artistic enjoyments, was the object of all his wishes; and though his wife was far from occupying his entire soul, still he felt a growing desire for home. The leaves began to fade, the fields were torn up by the plows, and the cawing rooks hunted for their food in the furrows. The days were growing shorter and shorter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Memoriam.

MOST REV. JAMES FREDERICK WOOD, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, JUNE 20, 1883.

WHEN great men die,—or men whom Earth calls great,
Heroes of nature, giants, free and broad,
(Too oft, alas!—tho' throned in regal state,—
Ranking as pygmies in the sight of God.)

When (so called) great men die, a gruesome awe
Doth fill the land, like that of winter's eve,
When golden rays, at sunset, swift withdraw,
And all the clouds in leaden blankness leave.

But when a man who is both good and great,
Melts, like the morning star, at summer dawn—
Lo! sunrise-splendors on his mem'ry wait,
And glory gilds the path his steps have gone.

For unto such shall Life decree no more
Its twilight gloom, its night of dark decay;
But Death shall be a radiant corridor
To lead the soul to realms of endless Day.

O star, dissolve in light! O great and good,
Melt in the splendor of empyreal skies!—
Here lie the ashes of JAMES FREDERICK WOOD,
But *there* our Prelate smiles in Paradise!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY, IN *The Catholic Standard.*

EVERY one ought to be attentive to his spiritual advancement, always believing that he does less than what is in his power to do, and that he deceives himself when he imagines he does more than he ought.

A True Child of Mary.

The following account of the singular conversion of a young actress was found amongst the papers of the famous Father de Ravignan, who, for obvious reasons, would not permit the narrative to be made public during his lifetime:

My mother was very unfortunate in her marriage; and when she had reached the age of forty, she was forsaken by her husband, after he had squandered all her little fortune. Thus she found herself all alone in Paris, without money, without friends, without employment. Unfortunately, it was at this time that she gave birth to me, and I was thus the means of increasing her distress.

My poor mother was not blessed with that firmly rooted piety which teaches us to bear with patience all the misfortunes sent us by God; but her confidence in the Blessed Virgin was very lively. In my earliest years, I remember that she taught me to say this little prayer, which I find in my prayer-book now: "O my God, I give Thee my body and soul, my heart and my life; I give myself entirely to Thee. Grant me by Thy grace rather to die than to offend Thee by mortal sin. Amen."

I was very proud that my name was Mary. At home I was called Josephine; but if any one asked me my name, I answered at once: "Mary! I have the Blessed Virgin's name."

At six years of age, my mother sent me to the theatre to learn to dance. Some one then offered to teach me to play, and the offer was accepted. I thus became an actress, and was quite successful. I sometimes heard little girls talking about First Communion; my mother had never spoken of It. I made up my mind that I must receive It; but no priest would admit me, because I belonged to the theatre. At last I said to my mother: "They do not want me in the Roman Church: I will make up for that, and go to the French Church." [This was a sect existing at that time in Paris.] I sought out the founder of this religion—M. Châtel,—told him my story, and he received me kindly. I was quite delighted at this. "I shall now receive my First Communion," I said. But to tell the truth, I did not know what It meant; however, that did not trouble me, and I felt quite happy at the thought. I was present at a baptism ad-

ministered by Châtel, who said, as he poured the water on the head of the child: "I baptize thee in the name of God, and of Christ the Legislator."

I asked him what was a legislator, and he explained it to me.

"And do you not believe that Christ is God?" I asked.

He answered: "I have been to college, and there I learned that one and one are two and one are three."

"And do you believe that Mary is a Virgin?"

"No."

That was enough for me. I went home, and, with a heavy heart, said to my mother: "God does not want me, it seems. But neither will I receive Communion from a man who makes Jesus a legislator, and Mary a common woman."

I always prayed. I worked constantly. Besides my occupations in the theatre, I did a good deal of work with my needle, by which I made some money. I was surrounded by wickedness, and saw it practised even by women whom I most loved. I pitied them. My mother had instilled lessons into my heart which nothing could root out. I was poorly dressed, and had potatoes to eat, but I was happy with my mother. People used to mock me, and tell me that if I wanted I might be dressed in cashmere. "Yes," I answered: "but I would thus soon bring my mother to her grave." I was one of the first on the boards of the theatre, and was in consequence much admired. If I mention this, it is that you may know what protection Mary, my Heavenly Patroness, extended over me in the midst of so many dangers.

My mother was taken ill, and I had to keep watch with her at night, as I could not employ a servant. I continued to play; went to the rehearsals during the day, and had to spend the night in learning my part, which I did beside my mother's bed. And here God showed me His favor and protection. My salary was very small, though I was counted as the first; and notwithstanding this, and though my poor mother was confined to her bed for four months and a half, and it required a good deal of money for medicines and doctors, I made no debts, and went through the trial with honor. Did I get ill from fatigue and worry? Not at all; for I prayed to God, and God helps those that pray with their whole heart.

Even when I passed the last night with my mother I did not understand that the agony was at hand. Her last words were: "Mary, I love you!" and she breathed forth her soul. Oh, what a night! I had never left my mother during my whole life; and now, at the age of twenty, I was all alone, without parents, without friends, without means, without God, for I knew Him not then! I swore to my mother there, in presence of her lifeless body, that I would remain worthy of her. The people tried to take me away from her, but I said, "No! I will not leave her, except at the grave." I had the courage to bury her. At last she was taken away from me—but not forever: I shall see her again one day. Daily I went to the graveyard of Montmartre, and when I returned I threw myself on my knees in the middle of my room; I had my mother's portrait before me; I had also a crucifix, that had lain on her corpse. I kissed the crucifix, I kissed the portrait, and my life passed between these two images. You, my Father, do not understand, perhaps, such great love for a creature: you belong entirely to God. But I had been accustomed to look upon my mother as a supernatural being. My companions brought me 155 francs. They knew my distress; I made no secret of it, for I did not need to blush at it.

At last I heard you preach, Father. You brought light into my confused ideas. But I was still very ignorant in matters of religion. . . . . On Low Sunday, Father, I got a place near the foot of the pulpit. "I will write to Father de Ravignan," I thought. "He can surely obtain the favor from the Archbishop. I must go to Communion." I wrote to you, then, Father. You know the rest; but what you do not know is that my soul is no longer the same, neither is my heart. Those good ladies to whom you introduced me have changed my whole being.

Oh, I thank Thee, my God! I thank thee, Rev. Father! I have received Holy Communion, and this is as much as to say that I am the happiest of women. Ah! once I thought that I loved God; but no: it was God that loved me. I also loved Mary, but not with such a holy love as she has for us. I do not know what are the designs of God in my regard; but if it is His will to make me happy, He can send me every trial that He wills; I will endeavor to bear all with a heart that

clings entirely to Him. If God preserves me in the faith that He has bestowed upon me, I can do everything for Him. Now I understand the martyrs.

I beg your forgiveness, Father, for the length of my letter; I am not much accustomed to write. It is only out of obedience to you that I have entered into particulars. When I speak of my mother I never grow tired.

My first care after I left the theatre was to prepare for Holy Communion. God grant that when I am leaving this world I may again kneel at the Holy Table! Let my whole life be for God, for Jesus, for Mary, for those good ladies, and for you, my Father.

MARIE.

Thus has our divine Lord His chosen souls everywhere. The example of this poor girl may serve both as a reproach and an encouragement to us: a reproach, to think that, with all the helps and the means of grace that surround us, we are so far from being fervent Christians; and an encouragement, as showing the power of divine grace, and of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, to triumph over the greatest obstacles that may beset our path in life.

The Sanctuary of Guadaloupe.

BY B. S.

About a league distant from the city of Mexico, on one of the hills forming the mountain chain of Tepeyayac, stands the famous Mexican sanctuary of Guadaloupe, which dates from the Spanish Conquest. The legend that gave rise to its foundation is well authenticated, and is thus related by the Mexicans:

In the year 1531, ten years after the landing of the Spaniards under Cortez, and ere the beneficent light of Christianity had banished the hideous Aztecan idols, a newly converted Indian, who had received in baptism the name of Juan Diego, dwelt in the Indian village of Tolpetlac. He was a good man, and went frequently to Santiago Tlaltiluclo, where the Franciscans taught the Christian Doctrine. One day as he was passing over the mountain he heard strains of entrancing sweetness, such as he had never yet listened to either amongst the Spaniards or his own countrymen. Looking round in astonishment, he beheld a brilliant rainbow, and in its centre, surrounded by a soft, transparent cloud, a beautiful, mild and gracious lady. She was attired like those of his country, only with far-surpassing magnificence. The poor ignorant Indian had no suspicion of whom she was, but he felt no fear; and when he drew near her, she told him that she was the Mother of God, and wished to have a temple, dedicated to her, erected on the place whereon she stood, promising her special protection to all who should pray there. She desired him to make known her wishes to the Bishop, and then disappeared.

Juan Diego went straight to the Bishop, Don Juan de Zumarraga, a Franciscan friar, and related to him what he had seen and heard. The Bishop, however, gave no credence to the tale, and sent him away. Three more visions did our Lady vouchsafe to the perplexed Indian, insisting on her request being complied with. Not venturing to approach the Bishop again, Juan determined to consult his confessor on the subject; he also desired to speak to him about his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who was dangerously ill. Fearing that the Mother of God would again appear to him, he took another route to Tlaltiluclo; but when he reached a place now marked by a mineral spring, the vision appeared to him for the fifth time, and, telling him that his uncle was quite cured, she ordered him to pull some flowers on the top of the mountain and to bring them to the Bishop as a sign of the truth of his narration.

It was well known that the barren mountain top produced nothing but briars and thistles; however, when the Indian went there he found it covered with fresh, beautiful, fragrant blossoms. Placing some in his talma, he hastened to the Bishop's residence, and, on the announcement of the prodigy, was at once admitted into his presence.

Juan Diego related his adventure with much simplicity, and when he opened his talma to show the flowers, lo! the Bishop and his attendant priests fell on their knees, as if struck by lightning; for on the favored Indian's azate the picture of our Blessed Lady was impressed, as formerly the sacred Face of our Saviour on Veronica's handkerchief.

All doubt was now at an end: the miracle was visible. It took place on the 12th of December, 1531, under the Pontificate of Clement VII, and in the reign of the Emperor Charles

V. The Bishop congratulated the favored Indian, and took the picture to his house, whence it was soon removed to the Cathedral.

Obedient to the order of the Queen of Heaven, the Bishop erected a hermitage of adobe * on the spot sanctified by the apparition; and the miraculous picture was placed there in 1533. Juan Diego took up his abode in a little hut close by, dying seventeen years later, at the age of seventy-four. His uncle died at the ripe age of eighty-six, and was buried in the chapel.

This chapel was replaced in 1622 by a more worthy edifice, which cost 800,000 piasters; and so liberal were the alms of the numerous pilgrims that the sanctuary was soon richly adorned, even more so than the Cathedral. Unfortunately, much of its wealth was sequestered during the last Mexican war. The principal feast, which is held on the 12th of December, is celebrated with a pomp scarcely surpassed in Rome itself, the head of the Government and all the State officials being present.

The miraculous picture represents our Lady in the costume of a noble Aztec. She wears a long tunic reaching to her feet, and a kind of *manta,* or veil, which covers the head. The complexion is dark, the hair black, and the whole expression most attractive and engaging; the material on which it has been painted (probably by the hands of angels) is a species of cloth peculiar to the country and woven out of the fibres of a certain Mexican plant.

In the year 1821, the Mexican Emperor Iturbide instituted there the Order of Guadaloupe, which was suppressed for a time, but re-established by Santa Anna in 1853. It is the highest Mexican honor, and the sanctuary is held to this day in the greatest veneration by all classes of people.

* A kind of Mexican clay.

A Pilgrim's Letter.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS—TOURS—BORDEAUX—LOURDES; THE NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE; MIRACULOUS CURES WITNESSED—TOULOUSE—POITIERS—ORLEANS—THE CHATEAU OF BLOIS—ISSOUDUN—RETURN TO PARIS.

MY DEAR R——:—I left Paris last Thursday fortnight for Lourdes, with only one companion. A friend had drawn up a plan for our journey, which we have followed closely. We left Paris in the morning at half after eight, and arrived at Tours about two; drove first to the hotel, and, having made all necessary arrangements, went to visit the famous Church of St. Martin, which is one mass of *ex-votos* in honor of the Saint. The present building can hardly be called a church; the original was destroyed; this is merely a chapel; but the people expect to rebuild the church in all its former splendor when better times come.

The place where St. Martin lived and the monastery he built is now the Convent of the Sacred Heart. We drove there to see the nuns. The Superioress is Madame de Montalembert, a daughter of the celebrated Count de Montalembert. She is young—not more than 36 or 40, I think,—with blue eyes, and intellectual features. She received us very graciously. She speaks English well, and is very bright and animated in conversation. She sent for an Irish nun—Madam O'Mahoney—who could hardly speak a word of English, and who laughed when I asked how it happened. She told me she was a cousin of Daniel O'Connell; that her parents, in order to educate their children, left Ireland and settled in France. The children married and remained; hence they know their native country only as foreigners. She took us all over the premises, and pointed out and explained everything. The monastery was immense at one time, but very little of it now remains.

The entrance is by a little door at the side of the main one from which St. Bernard preached the Crusade. St. Martin's room is at the back of the house; there he lived, said Mass, and died. Twenty-one saints lived here; I don't remember their names; but one great Saint, whom I am not likely to forget, dwelt here for two years with St. Martin—St. Patrick. The cells which both occupied are hewn out of the rock, and are now little chapels in which Mass is said. It was so interesting to visit all those tiny rooms, and think of the holy men that once occupied them. The situation of the convent is beautiful, the grounds extensive, and well laid out in flower-beds and fine shaded walks.

From the convent we went to visit the house of M. Dupont, better known as the Holy Man of Tours. His room is just as he left it. The chair in which he died is there, but there will not be much of it left soon, as every visitor tries to appropriate a portion. We tore some of the lining to take with us. The lower part of the house is now a little chapel, always filled with devout people.

There are many fine churches in Tours and we visited them all. It is a grand city, having many things worth seeing, had one the time.

Next morning we went to the Church of St. Martin, heard Mass and received Holy Communion; then started for Bordeaux. It was 8 a. m. when we left Tours, and at 2 p. m. we were at our destination. My first visit here as elsewhere was

to the churches, which I found more or less fine. Bordeaux is certainly a beautiful city, with over 215,000 inhabitants. It would require at least a week to see it to advantage. We were obliged to leave the following morning at 8½, and arrived at Lourdes at 2 in the afternoon. Before leaving Paris I had fortunately telegraphed to a friend at Lourdes to secure a room for us, otherwise we should not have found one. It was the time of the great National Pilgrimage, and every place was filled. There were 30,000 people in the pilgrimage, besides 1,000 sick that arrived that evening and next morning. We found the Grotto crowded with people, many of whom were praying before the railing.

We got up as near as we could, and saw a young girl in a bed with her foot and leg bound up in cloths. A few minutes later she rose, and cried out: "I am cured!" got off her bed and walked. The priests and people sang the *Magnificat.* The young girl then walked up to the Basilica. We managed to get close to her, and Miss D—— spoke to her. She said she had not walked for 15 months. Doctors had declared that to save her life amputation above the knee was indispensable. She, therefore, came to Lourdes to ask the Blessed Virgin to cure her, and her prayer was granted on the instant. She is from Toulouse —a poor girl, 16 years of age. I spoke to her also, and she told me that, while praying, all at once she felt a terrible pain, then a heat came, and finally the limb began to move, when she knew she was cured. Her diseased limb had been much swollen, but the swelling was now gone. She walked as firmly as I did. It was a pleasure to witness her joy at being cured. She wrote her name on one of my cards—Anna Castex.

The next morning—Sunday - we went to the Grotto at 9 o'clock. It was pouring rain, but all the poor sick were before the railing. The National Pilgrimage is always well arranged. There must have been three or four hundred priests with it. There were nuns and ladies, young and old, to care for the sick; and gentlemen of noble families carried them from the different hospitals; they came with the pilgrims for this purpose. Other gentlemen remained in the piscinas (baths) to bathe the sick men and boys, while ladies rendered the same service to the women and girls. It was a beautiful sight to see all so devoted to the poor sufferers. The married ladies remained in the piscinas with the nuns to bathe the sick, while the young ladies, with white aprons, were continually going from one invalid to another, giving them a drink of water, wine, or soup with bread.

There were many young men among the invalids, all cripples of some kind. One young officer, suffering from a nervous disease which afflicted his whole body, could not walk. He was put into the bath, and came out cured, walking as well as I can. It was touching to see the poor fellow cry for joy. How thankful he must be to the Blessed Virgin!

With what fervor we prayed in that holy Grotto! and what a sight it presented! All the sick were in front, and the people all around; the priests directing the prayers; the pilgrims on their knees, with arms extended, kissing the ground in all the rain and mud. At last we got to the railing at the Basilica, which overlooks the Grotto, and there remained from 11 o'clock till 6 in the evening. It was a good place to see all the sick, and those that came out of the baths cured. Among the number were several priests and nuns. There was one young priest in a dying condition; indeed, I thought he could not live the day. His sister was on a stretcher near him, paralyzed. It was a sad sight to see two of the same family so afflicted. The sister was put into the bath, and came out cured; but one could see that her joy was not complete so long as her brother lay ill; she had asked the Blessed Virgin to cure him, and let her suffer. The brother, on the contrary, rejoiced to see his sister well. When his turn came to go into the bath, all eyes were fixed on the door to see him come out—which he did—*perfectly cured!* How the people sang the *Magnificat!* Such a miracle, —a dying man come to life! He walked to the Grotto, blessing the people as he went.

It would take too long to write of all the miracles I saw; there were sixty-five, twenty-seven of which I was a witness of. At 7 o'clock p. m. the baths were always closed, and at 8 o'clock there was a procession.

The pilgrims, with lighted tapers, left the Grotto through the winding path that leads up to the Basilica, then down in front of the church to a beautiful cross lately erected on the boulevard. (Many things have been done to embellish the place since you were here.) The procession was the grandest sight I ever witnessed. There must have been upward of 20,000 people present, and all were singing. The voice of the young priest that had been cured was one of the loudest. He walked barefoot, carrying his shoes in his hands. I forgot to say that there were a Protestant minister and wife from England present, who became Catholics after witnessing the miracles. They were so urgent to be admitted into the one true Fold, that they were baptized and received Holy Communion on the spot. During the day the new convert acted as *brancardier;* his wife, also, waited on the sick. I could not learn their name.

If you ever return to Lourdes, be sure to be there during the National Pilgrimage, for it is really a grand sight. We left Lourdes Thursday morning at half after 9, and arrived at Toulouse at 3 p. m. It is a city of 131,000 inhabitants. There are some fine churches here,—one in particular, the Basilica of St. Saturnin. A priest of the place

was so kind as to show us all over it, even down in to the crypt, where there are most precious relics. I bought a book, which I shall send you, giving full descriptions of everything. To my taste, St. Saturnin's is the finest church of its style in the world, at least all the others in Toulouse are nothing in comparison to it.

A great object of interest in Toulouse is the garlic market. It was the harvest, and there was nothing but garlic; in fact, Toulouse is the garlic market of France. Ship loads of the article are sent thence to all parts of the world. Such heaps of white garlic! there seemed enough to supply a dozen worlds and the man in the moon.

We left Toulouse at 11 o'clock on Friday night, and arrived in Poitiers next day, at 11.55. It is a delightful place; its situation is beautiful beyond description. The great attraction there is the Church of St. Radegonde. The Saint's tomb is in the crypt, and crowds of pilgrims surround it constantly. We heard Mass in this church the following Sunday, and received Holy Communion in the crypt, whose walls are covered with *ex-votos.* There is also in Poitiers a very old church, called the Temple of St. John, which dates from the third century. It is no longer used as a church, but is preserved as a relic of ancient times. Some think it was used as a pagan temple before the time of Christ. Whatever it may have been, it is now a great curiosity, and the only one of its kind in France.

On Monday we left Poitiers for Orleans. Our first run was to the Cathedral of Sainte Croix, exteriorly a beautiful building. It used to contain some very fine pictures, but the Government ordered them taken down, "because they spoiled the beauty of the architecture of the interior." These paintings are now in the sacristy. In our peregrinations through the city we visited the house of Jeanne d'Arc, of Agnes Sorel, and of Francis I. The Hotel de Ville, once a palace, is very fine. We were shown the room in which Mary Queen of Scots' husband died, etc., etc.

From Orleans we went to Blois to visit the Chateau, a magnificent palace. What thoughts crowd the mind as one wanders from room to room within those walls where so many kings have lived and so many crimes have been committed! Here lived Catharine de Medicis and her son; here, too, she died.

From Blois we went to Issoudun, where there is a pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We were disappointed to learn from the lady proprietress of our hotel that the church had been closed by the Government for the last three years. I asked her why the people did not rise in a body and protest against such proceedings; but judge of my surprise when she answered that the people were as bad as their representatives. We went to Mass, therefore, in the parish church, where there is a side chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We received Holy Communion there, as we presented ourselves to our Blessed Lady as pilgrims.

Thursday morning saw us again *en route*, having taken our places in the train for Paris, which left at 11 o'clock. At half-past 3 p. m., we were once more in Boulevard des Invalides. You can form an idea of our reception. All were glad to see us back, and anxious to hear every detail relating to our visit to Lourdes.

My next trip will be to Paray-le-Monial. A dear old French lady is going to get some friend of hers to accompany me. It is not far from Paris: we leave at 9 in the morning, and reach Paray-le-Monial at 4. As soon as I make that pilgrimage to the Sacred Heart, and have returned to Paris, I shall be satisfied—perhaps.

Faithfully yours,

A. M. D.

Catholic Notes.

The obsequies of the venerable Archbishop of Philadelphia and of the beloved Patriarch of the Pacific coast, Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, long Archbishop of Oregon City, were hardly concluded, than the following sad message was received from St. Martin's Convent in Brown County, Ohio: "Archbishop Purcell is dying." He passed from earth on the night of the 4th inst. Surrounded by devoted Sisters, and attended by his faithful chaplain, the last days of this great soldier of the Cross were happy and restful—a prelude to eternal peace.

On the same day another prelate was added to the death roll of the American hierarchy. The Rt. Rev. John McMullen, first Bishop of Davenport, breathed his last early in the morning, after enduring with noble Christian fortitude a long and painful illness. He had not yet completed the second year of his episcopal life, but his priestly career was long and fruitful. In God's sight, his cheerful acceptance of death was doubtless more meritorious than to bear the burden of the episcopate for half a century. The memory of Bishop McMullen will be revered by all who knew him.

The announcement by cable, on Monday of last week, of the death of the famous Irish Dominican Father Burke was a painful shock. English papers, received on the morning of the same day, made mention of his happy restoration to almost perfect health. A grand voice is hushed for evermore,—such a one as is heard but few times in a century,—a voice that resounded through the whole English-speaking world; always commanding attention, and influencing for good the minds and hearts of thousands. Father Burke was fully as well

known and as much admired in the United States as in Ireland. His visit to this country and his *expose* of Froude are still fresh in the public mind. He never forgot the warm welcome he received here, and his mind, we have been told, was filled with tender memories of America. Those who loved him and whom he loved will not forget to pray for him.

The *Wahrheits-Freund* says:

"Our Roman correspondent sends us from Rome the following cable dispatch, dated June 30th: 'The Rev. Patrick William Riordan, rector of St. James's Church, in Chicago, has been named Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco *cum jure successionis*.'

It will be no surprise to those who know the work and worth of Father Riordan to hear that he has been chosen for such an important post; a zealous, efficient, experienced and worthy priest, he will make such a bishop as any diocese might rejoice to have for its ruler and guide.

We are indebted to a kind friend in Rome for a copy of an important work, "De Rebus Hiberniæ Nuperrima Apostolicæ Sedis Acta," which has lately been issued by command of the Holy Father. It is a collection of documents relative to Ireland, emanating from His Holiness, and consists of the three letters addressed to his Eminence Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, dated respectively January 9, 1881; August 1, 1882; and January 1, 1883; also the instruction addressed by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, under date June 1, 1880, to Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland; and, finally, the letter addressed by the same Sacred Congregation, May 11, 1883, to the Irish Episcopate, relative to the "Parnell Testimonial Fund." This pamphlet, which it would be well for those who have been talking so disrespectfully about the Holy Father to study with care, demonstrates most clearly that he has ever been actuated by the same principles with regard to Ireland, and that the Irish race has no truer friend or more prudent adviser.

Les Missions Catholiques makes mention of the martyrdom of still another devoted missionary; one of the directors of the Seminary des Missions Etrangères has sent the following message to the editor:

"Our procurator of Hong-Kong telegraphed to us yesterday at two o'clock in the afternoon: 'Béchet beheaded.' The details will not reach us for five weeks, but it is easy to understand that our young confrère was put to death by the Anamites; and the events that are occurring at Tonkin make us fear that he is not the only victim."

Rear-Admiral Benjamin Sands, a retired officer of the U. S. N., whose death occurred in Washington, on the 1st inst., was a devout Catholic. The Washington correspondent of the *Mirror* states that he passed from earth during the recitation of the Rosary. Admiral Sands entered the Navy in 1828, and was placed on the retired list in 1874, having reached the age of sixty-two. He served with great distinction in the Mexican War and the Civil War of 1861-65.

May he rest in peace!

Death has been busy of late with Archbishops. A cable despatch last week announced the sudden demise of the Most Rev. Dr. John Strain, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. He was born Dec. 8, 1810; consecrated by Pope Pius IX, Sept. 25, 1864; and was translated to the Archiepiscopal See of St. Andrews and Edinburgh in March, 1878.

The hierarchy of Scotland was restored by Apostolic Letters of his Holiness Leo XIII, dated the 4th of March, 1878.

The model for the statue which the city of New Orleans is to erect to the memory of Margaret Haughery is completed. It represents her life-size, sitting in a chair, with a child standing by her side. Mrs. Haughery was a noted philanthropist of New Orleans. Her parents died early, and her aunt, a Mrs. Richards, although a strict Baptist, had the child brought up in the religion of her parents, who were Catholics. On attaining her majority she married Charles Haughery, who settled in New Orleans in November, 1835. He died a few years later. About this period she became acquainted with Sister Regis, and through her influence became connected with the Poydras Female Orphan Asylum. About 1840, through the assistance of Mrs. Haughery, the Camp Street Asylum was built. In 1852 she opened a large dairy on Seventh Street. Mainly through her assistance the St. Vincent Infant Asylum and St. Elizabeth Asylum were afterward built. These institutions are all under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. She also gave liberally to the support of the Home of the Aged and Infirm, in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor. In 1859 or 1860 she gave up the dairy business and took charge of the D'Aquin Bakery, which is now known as Margaret's Bakery. On one occasion, when she applied to a large grocery for provisions, she was laughingly told by a member of the firm: "We'll give you all you can pile on a wheelbarrow, if you will take it to the asylum yourself." The offer was promptly accepted. She brought a barrow, which was loaded to its utmost capacity, and wheeled it away in triumph, saying she would cheerfully do the same everyday for the orphans if she had the opportunity. She died in New Orleans early in 1882, beloved and honored by all.

We are pained to announce the death of the Very Rev. Thomas Walsh, Vicar-General of the diocese of Hartford, and for twenty-five years pastor of Meriden. A noble priest—may he rest in peace!

We regret to learn that the appeal which was made by the Catholic press last summer in behalf of the Carmelite Nuns of New Orleans has not resulted as it was hoped it would. The position of these poor daughters of St. Teresa remains much the same; and unless generous friends come to the rescue, the work begun last year will have to be suspended. The assurance of a remembrance in the prayers of these holy recluses ought to procure them numerous helpers for the erection of their new convent and chapel.

New Publications.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. IV. Containing the Writings on Religion and Society prior to the Author's Conversion. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, Publisher. 1883.

Those who read this volume should read it from beginning to end; they will then observe the steps by which a pure, fearless and honest mind is led to the truth. In the beginning, the arguments one finds are such as are now uttered everyday at the street corners without the logical sequences which are their refutation; but as the work goes on, the dawning of truth appears breaking over the mind of the writer in rosy flushes, such as those with which the day-god lights up the hills of Colorado. The infidelity of Dr. Brownson's earlier writings, studied apart from the later developments of his mind, would be far more dangerous than that of Ingersoll, because of the accompanying candor and evident honesty. But, taken in connection with the sequel, as they should be, these rationalistic doctrines are shown to work out their own salvation, and illustrate the Divine promise, "Seek, and ye shall find." Not a book to take up in an idle hour, or to be placed in the hands of the young and illiterate,—it is a study rather for the philosopher, the metaphysician, the psychologist. This volume has an excellent portrait of the author as he looked in early manhood.

EPISCOPAL NOMINATIONS. Do the Interests of the Church in the United States Require that Priests should have the Power of Nominating Bishops? Remarks on the condition of the Church in Italy, France, and Spain; with suggestions as to the best mode of selecting the men to govern the Church in this Country. The Financial Question, the Educational Question, and some other grave questions, addressed to the Priests of the United States. By their Fellow-Priest, Rev. P. Corrigan. Sullivan & Schaefer, Printers, 60 Barclay St., N. Y. 1883.

This is a pamphlet of about 50 pages. We have read it carefully, and commend it to the attentive perusal of our brother-priests. We hope also that it may secure the attention of all the Rt. Rev. and Most Rev. Bishops and Archbishops. We should like to see the School Question treated at length by the same writer; the few suggestions that he makes on the subject create in us an appetite for more. His remarks on the management of church property are also well put; in fact, the pamphlet is full of good thoughts forcibly expressed. Appearing at a time when the Archbishops of the country are about to assemble in Rome, and when there is prospect of a Plenary Council for the United States, it seems to us most timely.

——BLESSED RITA OF CASCIA.—We published more than a month ago a delightful and carefully-prepared sketch of the life of Blessed Rita of Cascia, from the busy pen of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. Devotion to *La Bienheureuse* seems to be growing rapidly; for a neat little *brochure* entitled "St. Rita of Cascia" has just reached us from the press of McCormick Bros., San Francisco, Cal. It is a translation from the Spanish by Miss Katherine A. M. Sweeny of that city, and comprises a brief sketch of the Blessed Rita's life, and a novena in her honor. We make use of the words "Blessed Rita" advisedly, since the holy Augustinianess of Cascia has never yet been formally raised upon the altars of the Church. She was beatified on July the 16, 1627, at Rome, in the Church of San Agostino, by Pope Urban VIII; and would have been canonized in 1737, but the necessary means for that "consummation devoutly to be wished for" were, at that time, wanting. At Cadiz, in Spain, the people, in years long gone by, introduced the custom of calling her *Saint*. By this title she is known to Spaniards and Portuguese, who call her, moreover, (because of her powerful influence with God) "*La Santa de los imposibles.*" All through India, South America, and Mexico her name is, therefore, met with as Santa Rita. It is, probably, the prevalence of this pious custom in Spain which led to the little error (*Saint* Rita) in the original of Miss Sweeny's devout translation. Archbishop Alemany has given his *imprimatur* to the sketch, which, with its appended novena, is full of religious fervor and unction; but the work would have gained in literary finish had the translator adhered less scrupulously to the idioms of the Spanish text. We also miss from the narrative the account of the miraculous Bees of the Blessed Rita, which were the subject of the famous Friar Cotta's muse. Miss Donnelly's rendition of those graceful lines in her recent sketch in THE "AVE MARIA" has been the theme of much admiring comment.

Youth's Department.

Dedication for a Boy's Scrap-Book.

BY E. C. D.

Open the leaves, and turn the page,—
Useful treasure, this book of ours,—
Running over with maxims sage,
Scraps of humor, poetic flowers!
Charming medley of *savant* and saint,
Rare mosaic of science and song;
A sort of *olla podrida* quaint,
Pottage for weak, and salad for strong!
Beauty and purity, here, we find,—
Old-fashioned Faith, all undiminish'd;
Oh! as you value your peace of mind,
Keep it the same till the book is finished!

In the Days of Queen Bess.

LATE in the autumn of 1581, a lonely house stood on the outskirts of a well-known English forest; no other buildings were near it, except its own barns and out-houses for the sheltering of cattle. England had just passed through the disastrous reign of Henry VIII, and the succeeding ones of his son and daughter, Edward and Mary. The country had enjoyed a comparative peace in the earlier part of the reign of Elizabeth Tudor, whose policy, rather than humanity, had given a temporary cessation to the persecution of Catholics which raged so fearfully under her monstrous father.

During this short period of peace, which, after all, was only comparatively peaceful, the owners of the lonely house I have mentioned had passed to their reward, leaving their little son and daughter the inheritance of the Catholic Faith, which they had kept intact through all the dangers of that dreadful time. Little Gregory and Katherine grew to early youth under the careful training of their old nurse, a faithful Catholic; and they sometimes enjoyed the instructions of the "Seminary priests," as they were called, who came from Douay, facing danger and death to keep alive in loyal hearts the Faith that had been wrested from the nation.

As time had gone on, from a combination of circumstances, Elizabeth's policy had changed, and penal laws were enacted of greater cruelty than those of her predecessors. All those who were absent from the services of the established Protestant church were called "recusants," and fined; this fine was subsequently increased to twenty pounds a month. The saying of Mass was forbidden, as also the sheltering of a priest; and anyone who gave or received absolution was declared guilty of high treason.

On the day my story begins, late in the afternoon, two horses were led to the door of the house, whence Gregory, dressed for a journey, issued, followed by a servant, who carried his cloak and other appointments. The entire household was assembled to see them mount and ride away; Katherine and the old nurse stood at the front. Gregory embraced his sister affectionately, while she was dissolved in tears. "Now, may God guard you, dearest brother," she said, "and grant we meet again!"

"Amen, with all my heart, sweet Katherine," answered Gregory; "yet, if God wills otherwise, grieve not; for we go in the interest of our gracious Queen and Lady, in whose service it were well to die."

The brother and sister gazed at each other meaningly; those were times in which the very trees seemed turned to spies, and they did not know whom to trust. Yet, in spite of their caution, had it not been for Gregory's restraining hand, Katherine would have thrown herself at the feet of his travelling companion. Checked by her brother, she stepped forward and held out her hand to the servant, who stood at a respectful distance. "It does not ill become me to give my hand to you in token of farewell, since you are to be my brother's valet, and a faithful one, I doubt not," she said. She felt that she must touch that hand once more.

"I thank you, fair mistress," answered the servant, bowing over the little trembling hand. "That I shall be faithful I promise you. God bless you, my child!" he added, below his breath; "adieu, my mistress!" he said, aloud.

Hastily the pair mounted, and, Gregory leading, they were soon lost to sight beneath the forest trees.

At the end of eight days, Gregory returned to his sister, who had spent the intervening time in the most terrible anxiety. She fol-

lowed him upstairs to a certain room, where Gregory touched a panel in the wall, that rolled back and disclosed a second room, the existence of which no one would have suspected. The brother and sister stepped hastily within, and the panel sprang back behind them.

"Tell me, Gregory, where and how did you leave Father Campion?" exclaimed Katherine, as soon as they were secure.

"Safe at the next station, dear," answered her brother. "He sent you his blessing once again. There a packet awaited him from Father Parsons, who labors now in the North. The Queen grows more cruel each day; and Father Campion is sought by name, and singled out from among the others. Many Catholic laymen languish in prisons in the most dreadful condition, and loaded with chains. Mr. Thomas Pounde, of Belmont, is still held, and his sufferings are increased by the defiance he has given to his examiners. Ah, Katherine, these are fearful times, and the news I bring does but add to our previous burden."

"May God help us," cried Katherine, "and save our holy Father Campion! To think, Gregory, that when he was not of our Faith, he should have embraced it in such times as these; and, being safe in Douay, should have returned to die for it here!"

"Yes, sister: that is indeed the reason that they hunt him and clamor for his blood. But the Queen is much too wise to allow that to be the reason alleged: it is high treason of which he is accused—to deprive him, if they can, of the honor of a martyr."

"Yet such he will be if they kill him, and as such those who come after us shall honor him. Come, let us go: it is getting late, and I dare not remain here longer." And together they descended into the hall below.

Three weeks passed by. One day, early in the month of December, a rider on a horse flecked with foam dashed into the court-yard of the solitary house.

"What news do you bring, friend?" asked Gregory, as the travel-stained messenger entered the hall.

"News that it grieves me to tell, as it will pain you to hear."

"Speak!" cried Gregory and Katherine together.

"Father Edmund Campion, of blessed memory—"

"What!" interrupted Gregory; "is he no more?"

"He died a martyr on the first day of this month, after having been vainly tortured to confess the treason of which he was not guilty," answered the man, in a voice choked with grief.

A groan burst from Gregory's lips. Together he and his sister fell upon their knees, and the messenger knelt with them.

"Be comforted, my children," he said, after a few moments; "our blessed Father is in glory. I am a priest; and I ask you to shelter me to-night, and summon the Catholics of the vicinity to Mass and confession in the morning."

Gregory sprang to his feet. "Thrice welcome, Father!" he cried. "I will go at once to summon those who may wish to hear Mass, and can be trusted to know of your presence."

"Do not be too careful, my son, to call only those who care to hear Mass," answered the priest; "but urge those who should be here and are indifferent. As to my safety, we will leave that to God."

Accordingly, before the break of day, muffled figures crept from the shadows of the trees into the court-yard; and the first rays of the rising sun saw many assembled in the secret room, and the priest, in chasuble and stole, standing at the improvised altar. One by one, the company received Holy Communion,—the solemnity of the act heightened by the danger that threatened them all, and the martyrdom that was daily expected by the priest.

The Mass ended; the priest turned to give the last blessing, when the panel flew open, and a young girl, who had been left to watch in the tower, burst into the room. "Soldiers," she gasped, "hard by, and approaching swiftly! Fly, all of you!"

Instantly the scene became one of the utmost confusion: the company fled down some secret stairs, and took to the forest; Gregory and an attendant with trembling hands disrobed the celebrant. Seizing the priest by the arm, and taking a bundle of clothes that lay at hand, Gregory conducted him through the hidden passage. Katherine and the nurse remained to tear down the semblance of an altar; and then, repairing to their apartments, hastily donned their wraps, and came out, with hair streaming, as though they had just arisen to meet the soldiers, who entered at once.

The captain of the band made a rough salute, and said: "I am sorry to alarm your household by such an early visit; but this house has long been suspected as a burrow for these Jesuit foxes that we hunt. To-day we have sure information of the presence of one of them, and by your leave we will search for him. Where is your recreant brother?"

"My brother is safe, I trust; but where, I cannot tell you, for I do not know. He went away not long since on pressing business, and I would welcome any one that could furnish news of him."

"You have a ready tongue, madam," said the soldier; "but it shall not avail you. By your leave, we search; and woe betide you if we find not what we seek!"

"It ill becomes you and your brave men to threaten a weak woman at the head of a household of her own sex," said Katherine, with scorn; "but the soldiers of our happy realm are too well known to need a eulogy. Search where you will; and when you come back from the empty rooms, take me for proof of the failure of your errand."

"Aye, that I will, in good sooth!" cried the captain, in a rage; "and we will try what a few years in prison can do toward silencing your saucy tongue. Forward, men!"

As the clank of the armed men grew fainter in the hall, Katherine's fictitious strength left her, and she sank in a half-stupor of terror into the seat by her side. Together she and her nurse crouched, listening to every sound, in an agony that seemed to strain reason till it must give way.

The sound of a single footstep was heard advancing, and Katherine roused herself to meet the new demand on her courage. The captain re-entered. "We can find no one, but we know he is here. Come, now, and show us his hiding-place, and I will make it well for you, and spare your brother. Refuse, and we shall find him ourselves; and your brother shall be cast into prison, and you—"

"I will never betray anyone that takes refuge in my house, no matter what may befall."

The captain once more left her presence to join his men, and in a short time a yell went up from below that struck a chill like death into the heart of the listening girl. Once more the tramp of advancing soldiers fell upon her ear. They entered the hall, and in their midst walked Gregory and the priest. With a cry, Katherine sprang forward toward her brother; but the captain stretched out his arms to prevent her.

"Not so fast, my lady; not so fast," he said. "You shall not touch his hand for many a day. Who has triumphed? Do not grieve: I will return for you, if I succeed as I expect."

Katherine paid no heed; in fact, she scarcely heard the gruff words; her eyes and ears were only for the priest and her brother.

"Peace, my daughter, do not grieve," said the priest. "Life is not so precious, and we are glad to die for England's unhappy people. We shall meet again, and, thank God, for all eternity!"

Gregory could hardly speak. "Remember all my instructions, Katherine. Farewell!" His utterance became choked, and he ceased to speak.

"On, men!" said the captain.

Katherine fell on her knees, and with tearful eyes watched the little procession as it moved away. When the last soldier had disappeared, she fell fainting on the floor.

As soon as she recovered herself, Katherine began to make preparations to fly the country. Through the influence of friends, she secured passage to France, and, attended by her faithful nurse, she left her father's house by night, and was safely conducted to the vessel, and borne across the Channel. She soon found refuge in a convent, where she received news of the martyrdom of the priest who had been captured that night with her brother, and of the imprisonment of the latter.

For fifteen years Gregory languished in prison. His estate was confiscated, and the house razed to the ground. When he was at last liberated, he too left his native land, and took refuge in France, where he found his sister clothed in the garb of a religious.

The dreadful death of Queen Elizabeth, whose last days were haunted with terrors—spectres called up by her guilty conscience—could not be hailed otherwise than as a relief for the exiles across the water. Gradually, those who survived and the children of those who died came back to their native land. The blood of the martyrs who died at Tyborne bore fruit on English soil, as everywhere it must; and now the sons of St. Ignatius, and other zealous priests, teach and build churches on the very places where, under Elizabeth, their brothers were hunted and killed.

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Gossamer.

BY F. P. PALMER.

IN my poor simple childhood, when I saw
The Gossamer float upon the air,
My aged nurse, whose lip gave love's own law,
Hastened my little stumbling feet with care:
"O Virgin Mother! hail!" she said, with awe:
"The tender web which you see wafted there,
Falls from her perfum'd distaff, and it flies
Light as a shadow in the Autumn skies."

"Does it not come from Bethlehem?" I said.
"Frail vapor of the lovely incense stor'd
By the Armenian sages—angel-led
Unto the humble cradle of our Lord?
Perhaps the thorns of rocky Nile be-shred
The pale Blue Mantle—when, with mystic hoard,
The Queen of Saints the sand of Egypt trod,
Mortal and fugitive—concealing God!"

Ave! slight Gossamer! I love to see
Your slight festoon and tremulous career;
Because I claim a fond belief with thee,
Borne from the lucid faith of boyhood clear.
You come as turtle-dove once came to me,
Baffling all distance—a discreet courier,
Bearing to a poor captive in his woe
One word of love, beneath the wings of snow.

Adieu! it is the evening—do not go
So near to earth, but shun deceitful bowers,
For cruel branches spread the briars below,
And twilight darkens woods and hills and towers.
Woo not luxuriant stems, which often show
Thorns well conceal'd in wreaths of odorous flowers;
Aloft in angel-flight, speed through the air!
Fly near to God! true hearts are always there!

The Irish Lacordaire.

SINCE the opening of the thirteenth century, when the great St. Dominic founded a religious order "for preaching and the cure of souls," the Dominican body has never ceased to be prolific of illustrious men. Bright names shine out along the manifold pages of its annals from the far past—the names of men distinguished for vast acquirements, like Albertus Magnus, or noted for genius combined with sanctity, like Thomas Aquinas and Raymond de Pennafort. But, above all, the Order of Preachers has been peculiarly rich in sons endowed with the gift of eloquence. For six long centuries hardly a generation has passed away without the opportunity given to it of listening spellbound to the accents of at least one great Dominican orator. Within our own time the fame of two has been wafted all over the civilized world, until their names are familiar as household words. One of these was the great French son of St. Dominic, the late Père Lacordaire; the other was Father Thomas Burke.

It was in the old "Citie of the Tribes" that Father Tom Burke first saw the light, in the year 1830. In the same quaint old city he spent the days of infancy, of childhood, and of youth. It was there, in the schools of Erasmus Smith, he received the rudiments of knowledge, on which his own industry, assisted by his genius, enabled him to build the vast superstructure of his manifold acquirements. It was in Galway, too, that as a boy he was brought into contact with the altar, while serving Mass for the sons of St. Dominic in the Dominican Church, and received his first

impressions of the famous Order of which he was destined to be so distinguished an ornament.

Like most lads that are worth anything, young Tom Burke was overflowing with vitality, which found a vent in boyish enterprises that failed to commend themselves to the staid sense of many an elderly Galwegian. His exploits procured for him distinction among the neighbors as a "very wild boy." He thought nothing, for instance, of swimming, in conjunction with the more daring of his young companions, across the arm of Galway Bay that dips into the land close by the schools of Erasmus Smith, and on more than one occasion made the perilous passage in the depth of winter. He was full of waggery, too, and played many a prank that made the ancients shake their heads. But there was nothing of evil in these explosions of riotous spirits; and even those who disapproved of the adventure often smiled kindly on the black-haired boy.

The Repeal agitation was in full swing while Tom Burke was passing through the first half of his teens. Speeches were being made on every side; the air was thick with oratory; the papers were crammed with the utterances of the prominent politicians of the time; and our readers need scarcely be reminded that among those politicians were some of the most stirring speakers that ever sought to rouse the souls of their fellow-men. Young Burke's spirit moved before a new impulse. He became the "orator" of his schoolmates and associates; and attracted the attention of his elders by a faculty of continued speech and a richness of vocabulary which were deemed so surprising for his years that people predicted for "young Tom Burke" a career in the political arena as prominent as that of most of those who were then distinguished in public affairs. Notwithstanding his high spirits, he cherished an ardent love for the religious life, and the sense within him of having a gift of speech only inspired him with the desire to consecrate it to the service of God.

In 1847, when political excitement was at its height, he turned his back deliberately on the world, and, being then but seventeen years of age, set his face steadily toward the cloister. What such a step must have cost him at such a time we may imagine if we remember that Father Burke loved his country with a passionate love second only to his love for God; and that his aspirations for her honor and welfare were barely less strong than his devotion to the Church and the glorious Order of which he became a member. Famine and fever were desolating the island of his heart at the time he arrived in Rome; and we may be sure that nothing save a compelling sense of duty could urge an active, ardent spirit like his away from his native shore at such a moment. But, once entered on the straight path, he never faltered. From Rome he went on to Perugia, where the desire of his heart was satisfied by his reception as a novice into the Order of St. Dominic, in the novitiate established in that old Italian town. It was here, in the early days of his novitiate, he began the study of philosophy. Thence he was transferred to Rome, where he studied theology at the College of the Minerva and Santa Sabina. For five laborious years he remained in Italy, increasing his store of knowledge daily; and at length it pleased the superiors of his Order to send him to England. Thither he went, in obedience to their bidding; and there, in the land of his country's oppressors, the holy order of priesthood was conferred upon him.

Then began the active part of his career. He was at once sent on the mission in Gloucestershire, where for four busy years he labored and preached as only those can who burn with zeal "for the cure of souls." We have no special note of the results wrought by Father Burke in Gloucestershire; but we may guess how fully he must have distinguished himself when his superiors next entrusted him with the founding of a novitiate and house of studies for the Order in Ireland. He joined the Dublin community in their old house in Denmark street; and appearing occasionally in the pulpit of the now abandoned old church, it began to spread abroad through Dublin that a great preacher had arisen among the friars of Denmark street.

About this time the writer was present at a profession of nuns in the little convent chapel of Richmond, Fairview. The fitting moment for the sermon had arrived when a monk rose from his kneeling posture before the altar, and strode with quiet majesty to his appointed place on the platform. The monk was draped in the white and black of the Dominican habit. The sanctuary was filled

with dim religious light, which just revealed a tonsured head, fringed by a ring of thick black locks, that surmounted a dark and sunstained face, with features that were eloquent of strength and power, and with eyes that kindled into flame as their gaze seemed to centre on the glories of an unseen world. The preacher began to speak. The subject of his discourse was the religious life. The chapel was small, and his voice never rose above a whisper; but every whisper thrilled the nerves of his hearers. All were fascinated. He spoke of the beauty and purity and perfection of the religious life; he showed how it tended to raise man, even here below, almost to a level with the angels; he expounded with marvellous lucidity the meaning of the vows religious take, and explained their bearing on the holy state; and closed with a fervid peroration, that carried his hearers away from dull, everyday life, and left them, for a while at least, in earnest contemplation of the glorious hereafter. It was no mere effort of polished rhetoric we heard on that occasion; no skilful weaving of brilliant phrases into rounded sentences, such as might gratify the intellectual palate, without ever reaching the heart. It was the full flow of an apostolic soul that came down on the congregation then assembled, and swept everything away on its irresistible tide. There were worldly men present; but the worldliest among them went out in silence, pondering on the nothingness of his own pursuits. It was a sermon to make the scoffer stand self-condemned in the pillory of his own conscience; it was a discourse that, being heard, must be imbedded in memory for a lifetime. As the congregation slowly defiled out of the little chapel, the question was on every lip: "Who was the preacher?" At length one was found to answer: "Father Burke—one of the Denmark street friars."

In 1859 the great Dominican conducted a retreat for the students of Maynooth. This was the beginning of one of the most prominent phases of his career. Ever since, he had been regularly employed in conducting retreats for the clergy in various dioceses, having given as many as twelve in a single year. Innumerable demands were made on him for charity sermons in all parts of the country. And yet it would seem as if, somehow, his fame grew but slowly; for at the consecration of the new church of his Order in Dublin (St. Saviour's, on Dominic street,) another was selected to preach the inaugural sermon. In a little while, however, crowds thronged into St. Saviour's night after night, bearing patiently oppressive heat, and well-nigh intolerable crushing, to listen to Father Burke's most masterly series of Lenten sermons. The lessons he taught sank deeply into many a heart, and abide there still. Lent after Lent, and Advent after Advent, he continued to give powerful and instructive discourses, often preaching three times in the course of one day. Let it be understood that these discourses were not mere quarter-hour exhortations, given out at the spur of the moment, but carefully prepared, logically arranged, solid, and convincing appeals to sinners, which consumed on an average an hour and a half. How he bore up through this overpowering labor, and sustained the fatigues of constant travel, while still adhering to the rigid Rule of his Order, can only be explained by his possession of a vitality rarely given to men.

On Sunday, the 29th of May, 1864, Father Burke had the happiness of seeing the first stone laid of the new convent of the Irish novitiate house of his Order at Tallaght, on the site of the old abbey once in the possession of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. The Provincial of the Order of Preachers, Very Rev. Fr. Goodman, handled the trowel in the ceremony; but to Father Burke was entrusted the laying of the earthenware vessel containing coins of the period, and the usual parchment inscription. He had also the pleasure of preaching the sermon on that occasion. Among the interesting items of that most interesting day we note that the Gregorian Mass *De Angelis* was sung by Fathers Daniel Verdon and Condon, and the Rev. Father Burke, O. P., "who presided at the harmonium." Of this house Father Burke was prior for four years; but his activity was in no degree hampered by the inevitable cares of government, for he continued to preach with as much assiduity as ever.

The life of a religious is in the hands of his superiors. In obedience to the voice of authority, the famous preacher bade adieu to his native land for the second time, and turned his steps again towards the Eternal City. Here he was commanded to take up the reins of government once more, as superior of the oldest basilica in Rome, St. Clement's—a spot

that should be consecrated in our eyes by glorious memories of the Irish Dominicans. But even here he was not destined to obtain release from his extraordinary labors. The lamented Cardinal Wiseman while in Rome had been wont to deliver in the English tongue the customary Lenten sermons at the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo. When his promotion to the headship of the newly created English hierarchy made it necessary that he should quit Rome, his place in the pulpit of Santa Maria del Popolo was taken by the great and good man who became also successor to Cardinal Wiseman in the See of Westminster—Cardinal Manning. Called suddenly to his new sphere on the death of Dr. Wiseman, Dr. Manning in turn left the pulpit of Santa Maria vacant. A successor was at once looked for, and the superior of St. Clement's was selected. At short notice, he took up the course of Lenten sermons; and even there, in the very centre of the Catholic world, his zeal, piety, and eloquence purchased for him the title of prince of preachers. Lent after Lent for five consecutive years his services were gladly called into requisition,—his last appearance in the pulpit distinguished by such a line of great men being made, we believe, immediately previous to the assembling of the Council of the Vatican.

On his return to Ireland, Father Burke was again attached to the community of St. Saviour's for a while; but, as before, his time was chiefly consumed in travelling from place to place, preaching charity sermons, and delivering lectures to raise funds for charitable objects. In 1871 he was appointed Visitor to the houses of the Dominican Order in the United States; and the 11th of October in that year he left Dublin for the distant scene of his new mission. The chief events in connection with that memorable visit to the Western hemisphere are still fresh in the minds of our readers: that, passing quietly from place to place, unheralded by fame, wherever he preached once the churches were afterwards thronged with eager multitudes, anxious to hear the gloriously gifted friar; that, where some of our unfortunate people, having succumbed to the evil influences around them, listening to his voice, were brought again into the fold of the Good Shepherd; that, by his admirable lectures on "Faith and Fatherland," he strengthened the faith and confirmed the patriotism of our exiled brethren; that, when the slanderer Froude stood up in free America to malign and vituperate an oppressed race, and sought to kindle in American bosoms the malignant flame which burned in his own breast, he was met front to front, as it were, by a tongue immeasurably more powerful and more pure than his own, and compelled to slink away like a beaten hound: these things, and all that they include, need no recapitulation here; they are engraven deep on the hearts of this generation.

Nor is there need to dwell on his subsequent movements. It suffices to say that he returned to his beloved country on the 7th of March, 1873; that he was appointed once more prior of the convent at Tallaght; and that he went again into the old groove—preaching, lecturing, travelling, at a rate that would inevitably kill a man of ordinary strength in a few months; and yet attending to the duties of his position as prior with as much care as if he had nothing else in the world to think of.

At last all Ireland was stricken with pain and grief at the news which leaked abroad, that the beloved Father Tom was ill—that his illness was serious—that, in fact, it was possible it might be mortal. The consternation such intelligence created must be still fresh and vivid in the memory of our readers. From thousands and thousands of hearts, lofty and humble, prayers to the heavenly Throne went up morning and night for his recovery. Those prayers were heard; for, slowly indeed, but surely, he rallied, and began to recover strength. But labor and mortification were both long forbidden by his medical advisers, until the idea began to be entertained that Father Tom's last public discourse had been spoken. Not so, however. Under the influences of care, rest, and nourishment, his vital forces gathered and renewed their strength, and he was able to commence anew his arduous round of labors. Subsequently his strength failed again; but as soon as he could rise from his bed, he wished to be "about his Father's business." He died "in the harness"—while on his way to preach the dedication sermon in a new church in Glasgow.

It would, of course, be impossible to convey by any written description even the barest notion of Father Burke's oratory, but it had some salient features that may be glanced at. It produced the same overwhelming effect on the loftiest mind as on the lowest. The pride of the intellectual man was abased before a gen-

ius which was solid and logical in the highest degree; which amassed facts and arguments with a precision of arrangement and power that can scarcely ever be surpassed; which exhibited a faculty of illustration that seemed to be literally without limit, and which was unmistakably dominated by stupendous zeal. The unlettered man could do nothing but look up in admiration at the preacher who made plain to the humblest mind the highest truths of revelation, the evident earnestness of the speaker adding a force, for the absence of which no gifts or graces could atone. Father Burke began his discourses slowly, and on the lower tones of his voice; but in a few minutes, warming with his theme, his voice rang out, exhibiting every variety of inflection; the pace of his speech increased until it reached its normal speed; and then there was neither flagging nor faltering for a moment until the end was reached. He was an excellent linguist, and could preach in several languages with ease and fluency.

A capital instance of Father Burke's ready wit is afforded by his reply to a dissenting minister who, in a good-humored way, rallied Father Tom on the doctrines of the early Irish Church, and repeated the absurd assertion, first made some forty years ago, that St. Patrick was a Protestant. "Now, sir," was the dry rejoinder, "how can you think that, when we have a full list of all who accompanied our apostle to Tara, and there is no mention of a Mrs. St. Patrick among them?"

A few words as to the character of Father Burke may fitly close this brief and imperfect memoir. He was as free from airs and affectations as Thomas à Kempis. He loved children, and could never tire in striving to amuse them. When the boys of the Dominican Orphanage of Denmark street were so fortunate as to secure Father Tom for a day, those poor little fatherless creatures were certain of having for a few hours the genuine sunshine of mirth poured lavishly upon them, and the day was one the memory of which will be treasured by them all their lives. Father Tom, indeed, delighted in communicating his own cheerfulness to all around him. His zeal, piety, and immense capacity for labor are already fully known; but it is not known how often he stood in the pulpit, lifting up the hearts of men to the contemplation of eternal things, while himself writhing in pain from the effects of a serious internal lesion; nor is it known how often, in times of fast, after an hour or more in the pulpit of St. Saviour's, he has returned without the slightest refreshment to his convent at Tallaght, that he might keep intact the Rule of his Order. Patient and even cheerful endurance such as the facts last mentioned display, prove a man's nobility and heroism more than scaling the breach or charging up to the cannon's mouth. The ecclesiastical annals of Ireland are studded with brilliant names; but there are few among them more dear to the Irish race, and few that will longer be remembered, than that of the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P.

Joseph Haydn.—The Story of His Life.

BY FRANZ VON SEEBURG.

CHAPTER XIV.

On a sunny day in autumn the Count walked out on the road leading away from the castle through the forest. Deep silence reigned around; only once in a while a woodpecker might be heard hammering away at a tree, a hawk flying heavily through the air, or a nimble squirrel jumping from branch to branch. The Count felt that this repose of expiring nature did him so much good that he threw himself down on the moss to indulge in his reveries. The grating of wheels and the heavy tramp of horses recalled him from his dreams. A dilapidated old coach came slowly along, from the window of which peeped a female face, quite rosy from the fresh morning breeze, and a grayhaired man, whose countenance was good-natured, but evidently burning with impatience.

"Driver, is that Count Morzin's castle yonder?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Where Joseph Haydn is Kapellmeister?"

"I don't know anything about that."

Morzin listened to this short dialogue. The old coach drove quite close to him; he fixed his sharp eye for a moment on the travellers, who made him a friendly salute; and then he arose and disappeared in the forest.

The orchestra was assembled in the music-hall of the castle. The Count had ordered

"the last concert" for that evening—an order that was joyfully received by all the musicians, for they longed to escape from solitude.

Haydn, availing himself of the opportunities of his retirement, had composed his first symphony. This was the first great work of his to which, modest man that he was, he ventured to attach any particular merit. Often in the silent hours of the night he played the partition over on his spinet, or studied it carefully through and through, changing a note here and there, until at last the work seemed to him perfect throughout. He tried it to-day with the orchestra, and in the evening it was to wind up the concert. The musicians played it with such love and feeling that Haydn's soul was jubilant.

A servant interrupted him to say: "There are strangers who wish to speak to you at once."

Haydn angrily dropped his rod; the music stopped.

"Does the Emperor want me?"

"No."

"Then tell those people, whoever they are, to wait till I have time."

The servant went off, grumbling. Haydn began the rehearsal again, and it was noon when he laid down his rod.

The servant delivered Haydn's message as rudely as possible, adding: "The Kapellmeister is a very proud *monsieur,* and what is he, after all? A musician, such as spring up by the thousand here in Bohemia."

The countenance of the young woman flared up indignantly: "My Joseph is not proud!" she exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment.

"Ah, pardon!" said the fellow, in that sort of impudent humility sometimes assumed by servants. "Monsieur Haydn seems to be in great favor with Mademoiselle or Madam. Good-day to you!"

Coming out of the tavern, he almost ran against the Count, who was just returning.

"Have I not forbidden my servants, under penalty of dismissal, to enter a tavern in the morning?"

The servant bowed profoundly. "My gracious lord," he said, "I have not tasted anything stronger than water to-day. I hate wine and beer. Strangers have come and have asked for the Kapellmeister, and this is what brought me, just for a moment, into the accursed saloon."

"An old man and a young woman?" asked Morzin.

"The same."

"What do they want?"

"I do not know. It is strange that the woman spoke quite affectionately of your lordship's Kapellmeister. Perhaps she is his sister."

Count Morzin fixed his piercing eye on the servant. "Be silent, fellow!" he said, angrily, and walked off to the castle.

After the rehearsal was over, Haydn took his dinner. He thought only of his symphony, which re-echoed in his soul, and forgot that strangers were waiting for him. It was well that the same servant crossed his path as he was leaving the castle for a walk.

"Did you see your friends yet?" asked the domestic, insolently, pointing over his shoulder to the tavern. "The woman is quite impatient to see you. She is, perhaps, your sister or your cousin. The Count is also interested as to the relationship."

Haydn could have struck the impudent fellow, and at the same time the reference to the Count made him uneasy. The thought that the stranger might be his wife was uppermost in his mind. Paying no further attention to the saucy servant, he hastened to the tavern, and, a moment later, Lina, with words of ardent love and bitter reproach, threw her arms round his neck.

Haydn saluted wife and father-in-law most heartily.

"This is true affection!" he exclaimed, "and you will be rewarded for it. This evening we give our last concert, and then we start back for our beloved Vienna. Of course we will travel together, and after so long a separation we shall be happy with our whole heart."

"Good! good!" exclaimed the hairdresser. "Since you left, Vienna no longer seemed to me the same place."

"Have you composed industriously?" asked Lina.

"Surely: a symphony."

"Only one?" she sighed; but she quickly added: "And how much did you get for it?"

"Nothing."

"Joseph," said the young wife, reproachfully, "I do not understand you. You do not think at all about earning and saving. I have a right to remind you of this duty."

Haydn's countenance fell. "Spare your ad-

monitions, Lina. I do what I can. To ask more of me is in vain. The productions of genius are not measured by the yard, but by the weight. You mean well, but you do not understand these matters."

Lina curled her lips angrily, and drew back to pout in a corner. Keller and Haydn chatted for some hours, and then duty called the latter away.

"I wish to be present at the concert," Lina declared.

"The Count will not suffer an unbidden guest."

"Will your symphony be played?"

"Yes."

"Very well! I will be at the concert in spite of your Count."

Haydn cast an uneasy look on his wife, an entreating one on Keller, and departed.

The concert hall was more brilliantly lighted than it had ever been before. One might imagine that the Count had invited a large company, and wished to display all his riches and magnificence; but in the long wide hall stood one solitary easy-chair. The others had been put aside. The orchestra, in full dress and in silence, awaited the coming of Morzin, who at last entered the hall after a long delay. He also had donned a festive dress, and on his breast sparkled the stars of several orders. Making a slight bow, he took his place, made a sign for the concert to begin, and covered his face with his hand. Haydn selected those pieces which he knew to be his master's favorites; and, however often the latter had heard them, those well-known melodies never sounded so beautiful as now. The time for the symphony came at last. Haydn raised his eyes piously in prayer for a moment, struck his rod on the stand in front of him, and the tones, clear and transparent—like a laughing mountain stream that makes its way down amongst flowers—gushed forth in soft melody, bubbling, skipping, laughing. Morzin listened with astonishment. His hand dropped from before his face, and his dark eye flashed upon his Kapellmeister. The clearer the melodies unfolded themselves, so much the nearer he was drawn to the director's stand, until at last he was close to Haydn, looking as if he were under the influence of some mysterious power. After nearly half an hour, Haydn laid down his rod, took a step backwards, and bowed profoundly to the Count. The latter looked him long in the face scrutinizingly, and with pleasure and admiration commingled. "Wonderful, superb, *mon cher* Haydn!"

Saying this, he took up the partition from the stand and turned over the leaves to the title-page, where he read: "First Symphony. Composed by Joseph Haydn, Kapellmeister of His Lordship the High-Born Lord Count Morzin."

His hand trembled, so that he had to put back the heavy volume on the stand. "Wonderful, *magnifique!*" he repeated, and a big tear rolled down his cheek. "Haydn, it is indiscreet, *je le sais,* but I beg of you, let me hear your symphony once more."

Haydn joyfully acquiesced. Those were blissful moments for all who listened to the melodies; but by none were they more heartily enjoyed than by the blooming young wife, who had seated herself at the foot of the steps leading up to the director's stand, and whose eyes were fixed on him with a proud look.

Morzin, buried in his arm-chair, listened again to the symphony. At the last notes he arose, hastened over to Haydn, and saw the young woman kissing the Kapellmeister's hand passionately.

The Count stood motionless, as if turned to stone; the expression of his countenance grew hard, hostile, angry.

"Your wife?" he asked, with tremulous voice.

"Yes."

Morzin slowly turned around and left the hall. Five minutes later Haydn was summoned to his office. His heart beat with vexation and uneasiness. Had not his thoughtless wife lifted the veil of a mystery, the discovery of which was ruin to him?

The Count, leaning against the mantle-piece, received his Kapellmeister in a cold, haughty manner. Making a slight gesture with his hand, he said: "Haydn, I read in your countenance that you mean to apologize for having deceived me. You need not. *N'en parlons pas!* Here is an order that secures to you and to all my good, faithful musicians a quarter of a year's salary in advance. And here is a second order"—the Count's voice refused its services for a moment—"which disbands my orchestra. Haydn, I have become a beggar; I looked on with cold eye as my riches melted away year after year; I cared not for this, so long as I had the means to pay my orchestra;

but now—" and he turned away to weep—"now even the last sunbeam has faded out of my life. Bid them all a grateful farewell for me. And you, Haydn, when your genius leads you to high paths, and the world applauds you, forget not me, who now, a poor man, seeks solitude; and neither will I forget that Joseph Haydn was my last Kapellmeister."

CHAPTER XV.

Haydn was once more thrown out of employment. This constant change of fortune operated so much the more depressingly on him from the fact that he was himself entirely blameless for his ill success. It is true that, on the one hand, it is a consoling thing for the man of honor to be able to look misfortune in the face with the consciousness of innocence; but, on the other, it is very humiliating for him in his constant struggles to have to suffer want and hunger, whilst the bold upstart, with brainless head, is surrounded by abundance.

Haydn was back again in Vienna. His endeavors to find employment suited to his abilities were unsuccessful, because he was a German, and not an Italian, musician,—in those days a really great obstacle amongst people who set no value on any but Italian *maëstros*.

Haydn lived through a gloomy and joyless winter. He must now again, as formerly, work in various choirs for a few kreuzers; no compensation was so small and contemptible that he would not accept it, in order to be able to carry home something as a peace-offering. Carolina had imagined that it was impossible for a genius like his to be long unrecognized in Vienna, a city which was from olden times a metropolis of music. She thought that the rich and the great would contend for his possession; in her imagination she saw him loaded down with honors and riches, and herself raised aloft on the wings of his fame; she had unhesitatingly given her hand to Haydn when he was almost wholly unnoticed and unknown, in the expectation that she would soon be the honored wife of a great man; her vivid imagination had pictured the future in the most glowing colors; like a child watching the brilliantly lighted Christmas-tree, she had delighted herself in the contemplation of all the glories that a kind, nay, a just fate, had in store for her; and now!

The snow-flakes were falling in tireless monotony from the grey sky. Lina sat at the window knitting for hire, and not far away, in his well-known little room, stood Haydn, leaning his anxious brow against the window. Grey and shapeless, like the twilight that was sinking over the city, lay the future before him; and nowhere was a friendly star visible to bring him comfort and hope. With a deep sigh he turned away. He had not perceived the entrance of his wife, who seated herself near the open spinet. He laid his right hand caressingly on her brow, smoothed back her luxuriant hair, and kissed her pale forehead. "Let us not despair!" he said, gently. "Spring will and must come for us at last."

"Do you believe in your own words of comfort?" asked Lina, doubtingly.

"I force myself to do so. It is not on men that I rest my hope; their word, the more it flatters, the more bitterly does it deceive. I trust not in my own abilities, but in Him who has placed in my soul the heavenly spark, not that it be there extinguished, but that its light may shed golden rays around. Wife, the night surrounds us, and deep shadows hide creation in their black mantle; but sunshiny morning follows night. In like manner, the dawn of fairer days will break for us also. Confide in God, and leave things to His disposition."

"Joseph, have not thousands hoped like you,—trusted in God, striven and contended, and failed miserably? Certainly any one that sees how pious you are must either share your hope, or give up his faith in a just God. But, Joseph, suppose our hope be realized too late? Have you not for months past been singing the same song, been rocking your soul and mine on the same dreamy waves; and what has come of all our hopes thus far? At first, I resisted our hard fate in wild indignation; I rebelled against God, and persecuted you daily and hourly with the most bitter reproaches; yes: I even cursed the hour that bound me to you and to your poverty. But when I beheld your silent resignation, whilst the tears stood in your eyes; when for all my complaints you had only words of comforting patience; when I saw how you carried home every hard-earned kreuzer and put it into my hand; when I saw with what confidence you prayed, as if you stood before the very throne of audience, and how you eat your dry bread with the same satisfaction as if it had been the best that earth affords,—in a word, when I

saw you equally great both as a man and a Christian, then my resistance was conquered, and I began silently to hope with you. But now, hope, faith, confidence,—all are tottering again. To-day I changed the last gulden: when it is used up, we may have to beg!"

"And even now we are like little children, who eat from their father's table," added Joseph, bowing his head.

"Joseph," said the wife, caressingly, "you know how generous father is, how dear we both are to him, but you, especially. Do not look upon it as a humiliation for us to eat at father's table. The time will come when we can offer him a good meal in return."

"God grant it!" sighed Joseph. "That day is far off, however, whilst the present has want in store for us. God must help us further." He kissed his wife, snatched up his hat and cloak, and went out into the darkness. The oil-lamps burned dimly at the street corners; over the snow-covered path the few foot-passengers hastened along, closely muffled in their cloaks. Haydn directed his steps towards the Leopold suburbs, where the monastery of the Order of Charity was situated, the prior of which was a particular friend of his. The clock in St. Stephen's tower struck six. Haydn moved forward more rapidly, in order to reach the monastery before the doors—which always remained open for the sick—should be closed against visitors.

The door-keeper looked at him with surprise. "So late, Mr. Haydn?"

"Is it too late to see Father Prior?"

"Not if you must see him, I suppose. He has a distinguished visitor with him now in the refectory."

The Brother went and announced to the prior in a whisper who had called.

"Will your Highness permit a friend to interrupt our conversation for a moment?" the prior asked his visitor.

The latter nodded assent, and Haydn was shown to the refectory. He hesitated to make known his troubles to his friend in the presence of a stranger; but when the monk put his hand on his shoulder, and said: "Joseph, your countenance tells me that you have some trouble," Haydn related his difficulties.

The stranger had arisen and stood examining the dark pictures of the saints on the walls, whilst at the same time he followed the words of the visitor with increasing interest.

"And now you know my troubles," concluded Haydn; "and I feel that I have not told you them in vain. If I were alone in the world, I should have courage and strength to bear my misery; but my young wife trembles with me before the great riddle of life: 'What shall we eat, and wherewith shall we be clothed?' Had I taken to the hammer or the plane, I should be able to earn my bread; but because I have followed the genius given me by God, want and privations dog my footsteps. My mother—God rest her soul!—often said to me, warningly: 'Joseph, as a musician, you will have no luck!' She spoke only too truly."

"Joseph," answered the monk, gently and impressively, "you have just said that the great riddle of life stands before you and your wife: 'What shall we eat and what shall we put on?' Friend, have you forgotten what answer the Eternal Wisdom gives to this question? Does not our Lord warn us not to be troubled like the heathens? But when I remind you of God's providential care, I must not forget that one does not love his neighbor when he merely addresses him in kind words, but only when he makes himself the instrument of God's goodness. Your Highness," he said, turning to the stranger, "I am a poor monk, and can say with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold I have none.' I can help my friend only by striving to interest others in his favor. Open your hand and your heart to this man; it will not be the least merit of the house of Esterhazy, which is the distinguished patron of art, to take Joseph Haydn under its protection and into its service."

The prince turned around quickly to Haydn. His look revealed interest, curiosity, surprise, and sympathy.

"You are Joseph Haydn! I thought that your services were long since engaged. I have heard much of you. How could Count Morzin part with such a Kapellmeister?"

"He was forced by his own embarrassments to do so."

"Ah! then he is really bankrupt! And now?"

"For months I have been out of employment. No one wants my services. Perhaps," he added, with a touch of bitterness, "what I call my talent is nothing more than bungling. The low estimate in which I am held almost forces me to think so."

"Haydn, now you have said what you yourself do not believe to be true. You well know your own worth, even though there are few that can appreciate it. So far, I have had the pleasure of hearing only a few of your compositions, but these few reveal the master, in whom only a single want can be discovered."

Haydn's look was one of anxious questioning.

"That the sun may shine brightly, no cloud must darken it; and if the spirit is to soar aloft to heaven, cares must not hold it down to earth. You want rest that is void of care, without which nothing great can be produced."

"And is there no one on the face of the wide earth that will give me a quiet arbor, through the green branches of which the sunlight can penetrate, but which will exclude anxiety for daily bread?"

Haydn had unconsciously joined his hands as he uttered these words. Esterhazy smiled.

"My dear Haydn, would you wish that, in order to serve you, I should dismiss the old and faithful director of my orchestra?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Haydn, energetically.

"You see, therefore, my dear sir," concluded the prince, "how little it is in my power to help you."

He looked at his watch, which was set with diamonds. "Father Prior, can you spare me a quarter of an hour more?"

The monk bowed. Haydn took this as a signal to withdraw.

"One word more, my dear Haydn. It may be well for us not to lose sight of each other. Be of good cheer now; go home, provide yourself with a warm room, and compose something beautiful. Here, this will inspire your talent."

Haydn blushed, and hesitated to accept the proffered purse.

"Your Highness," he stammered, "I do not wish to—"

He could not utter the word "beg."

"It seems that you do not understand me. You are to compose, and this is your fee. If I pay you beforehand, that is my affair, and you need not argue with me about it."

Haydn accepted the delicately offered present; the tears in his eyes were a more eloquent thanks to the noble donor than words.

Esterhazy followed the departing form with kindly eyes.

"Father," he said, when they were again alone, "I hesitated for a moment this evening whether or not to defer until to-morrow my visit to my sick valet in your hospital. Thank God that I did not put off the performance of my duty! I should have missed the opportunity of making an interesting acquaintance. You seem to be quite a friend of Haydn's; tell me what you know about him, but"—and he raised his finger in warning—"do not pile on the gold too thick."

The monk in warm and simple words praised Haydn's blameless character, his humility, piety, and especially his eminent musical talents. "Were I a prince," he concluded, "I would bind Haydn to me with chains of gold; I should thus secure to myself pure joys and be certain to make my name imperishable."

Esterhazy had arisen.

"You are a warm advocate of your friend's interest. My Kapellmeister is old and feeble; should he die, your friend Haydn, and no other, shall take his place."

"And should he live long?"

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

"We monks are practical people," continued the prior, smiling. "When one of us is charged with the government of a monastery, no matter how young and strong he may be, an assistant is given him, who is capable of representing him and taking his place; were we musicians instead of being monks, we should call this assistant vice-Kapellmeister."

The prince turned his head suddenly towards the prior. His look was almost angry, but immediately it softened again.

"You monks are strange beings. Everything sounds peculiar in your mouths. It is impossible to be angry with you. But now, good-night! Take good care of my valet, and I will also think of your Haydn."

Haydn had gone rapidly from the monastery. He was anxious to get home, for one bears sorrow alone more readily than joy. The former, like a gnawing worm, hides itself within; the latter is like a young butterfly, which, having escaped the chrysalis, spreads its many-colored wings and flies away in the sunny air.

Wet with perspiration, for the snow impeded his rapid steps, Haydn entered his residence. His wife opened the door for him, and a reproach was on her lips for his long absence, when, looking into his excited countenance, she thought better of it and was silent.

In the solitary room the oil-lamp burned on the table; the old grey cat lay asleep in Father Keller's chair; Anna, who for some time past had been in ill health, had retired to her room.

Haydn dropped the snow-covered cloak from his shoulders, kissed his wife, and said, in a voice full of emotion: "Lina, our trust in God must never falter." He placed the purse in her hand and related to her the events of the last hour. Lina, smiling and weeping at the same time, listened breathlessly. She loosened the string of the silk purse, and twenty ducats rolled on the table.

"Gold!" she exclaimed; "gold!" and her eyes sparkled.

"It is gold!" said Haydn; "but every noble man has still better in his breast."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Water-Lily in July.

UPON the bosoms of our silver ponds,
Near whose green banks grow purple *fleur-de-lis*,
And waving reeds, and dainty tinted fronds,
Now in July a water-flower I see,
Fairer than snow, and with a heart of gold—
In Egypt it's the Lotos—here we say
"The water-lily." It seems to have no hold
On Heaven or earth, but through the sultry day
And breezeful night, it floats with wind and tide.
Who guides the flower? Who holds it in its place?
That to the river, running far and wide,
It is not driven into hopeless space?

A stem it has, that holds it fast and true,—
A stem which God holds in His gracious Hand,
Though hidden by the water. He to you
And me, awake, asleep, on sea, or land—
And, though we seem to float with tide or wind,
On our small pond the earth—holds strong and well:
Like water-lilies are all human kind,
Held by an unseen stem to earth, 'twixt Heaven and Hell.

M. F. E., IN *The Catholic Fireside.*

THE effect of example is one of the most terrible things in life. No one can possibly tell how far it extends. One man's life or one man's thought—influencing in turn multitudes of others—may go down through ages, gathering its tremendous harvest of good or evil.—*Christian Reid.*

A Heroine of Faith.

BY M. L. MEANY.

Numerous as conversions from the Church of England have been for some years past, what a sensation each new case creates among the deserted brethren! The first thought always seems to be one of terrified incredulity that any one possessing rank, intellect, education and a life-long reputation for probity, could be recreant to the venerable church of his or her baptism.

It is easy, then, to imagine the consternation excited by such a conversion one hundred years ago, when it had comparatively few precedents to palliate its enormity. Every circumstance connected with it rendered the case more exasperating. That Miss Elizabeth Pitt, a kinswoman of the distinguished Prime-Minister, should become a Papist was sufficiently appalling; that she should do so through a dream, a vision, a revelation, was an additional disgrace; that she should crown her apostacy by becoming a nun was simply intolerable. Society was overwhelmed by such perfidy and imbecility in one of its petted favorites.

The innocent cause of all this commotion in high life was born at London in the year 1754. Her parents dying in her infancy, she became the adopted child of a great-aunt who was in every respect qualified to supply their place. Through her judicious and faithful guardianship, the orphan's estate was largely augmented during the long period of minority, and the tenderest mother could not excel her in solicitude and indulgence. Elizabeth was most carefully educated, according to a solid rather than brilliant system; her moral principles were correct even to austerity, her religious training as complete as Protestantism could impart. Miss Pitt was herself a lady of rare endowments and singular purity of character. While her life was, to outward seeming, one of almost unclouded happiness, she secretly bore a heavy cross in the intellectual aspirations and spiritual yearnings which her religion could not satisfy. To none but the young Elizabeth was this revealed. She would have considered it treason to the church by law established to hint that there was an imperfection or want in its system of ethics;

but with the child of her heart she felt no scruples, and many were the conversations they had on the subject. The young girl listened with natural curiosity to her aunt's description of the Roman ceremonials and customs of which she had been an attentive observer during her travels on the continent; but her mind, like her guardian's, was less impressed by these striking characteristics than by the inner life of the Mother Church. They spoke more particularly of the monastic life, with the externals of which Miss Pitt was quite familiar, having spent some years in abstruse studies at a Flemish convent. She never wearied of recalling it, although she had no personal attraction to that state. Not so her interested listener. From a craving to witness such things she soon passed on to an intense desire to mingle therein, and on this point she could fully enter into the feelings of her aunt about the deficiencies of their own religion.

These yearnings for a convent life, however, ceased to trouble her after the death of her aunt. Elizabeth, who was then in her twenty-third year, felt this bereavement with all the intense agony which belongs to strong characters. To alleviate her affliction, friends pressed their different methods of consolation upon her; and she, with an amiable pliancy of disposition that was the result of Christian training, rather than a natural endowment, consented to their suggestions. She went into gay company with one set, and took up ecclesiastical matters with another; was now at a court ball, and again at a diocesan dinner; to-day consulting with *modistes* on the latest style in dress, as earnestly as she yesterday consulted with the patrons of the poor on practical modes of almsgiving; equally enthusiastic over the latest novel and the newest preacher,—at home everywhere, and finding good in everything, with that happy facility of the intellectual temperament which has its root in self-denial and self-sacrifice little imagined by either its admirers or censurers.

Eight years passed thus. Sickness came, and during the tedious convalescence, while yet scarcely out of danger of death—as a relapse was dreaded from the extreme frailty of her constitution—it is probable that her early attraction for a conventual life revived. The serious and elevated ideas she entertained on this subject are so well depicted in a letter written after her conversion to the Superior of a community of English Benedictines, that an extract is here introduced, as showing how gradually He who doeth all things in order was leading her onward. She writes:

"Having considered that man is composed of a body and a soul, I weighed attentively, in the scale of reason, the value of these two parts of ourselves, and easily perceived that the soul, which is immortal, infinitely surpasses the body, which must perish: whence I concluded that the soul was more deserving of our attention than the body. I afterwards reflected on what the greatest part of mankind do for their body and soul, both susceptible of a perfection which they do not enjoy, and can only acquire by the utmost diligence. That we do very little for the soul, and a great deal for the body, is what I could easily remark; and the view of this almost general disorder enabling me to return to order, I cast my eyes around me everywhere and said: 'Where shall I find an asylum? where discover a society in which more attention is paid to the soul than to the body? a place where the sublime qualities of the soul are cultivated in preference to those of the body, which is of so very little importance?' At that instant the idea of the convents so much spoken of by my great-aunt presented itself to my mind; from all I could recollect of her conversations, I deduced this consequence,—that, as in these holy retreats they labored with indefatigable pains to bring the soul to perfection, very little was done for the body. I wanted to learn effectually the merit of a kind of life so reasonable, and nevertheless so diametrically opposite to what passes in the world. I visited one of those retreats, and the opinion I entertained was soon confirmed by my own experience. From the Superioress, who addressed me in my own language, I met with the most gracious reception. The beauty of her countenance corresponded with the amiability of her soul, though she did everything for the latter, and little or nothing for the former. She ordered an assistant Sister to attend me, whose least quality was an interesting figure, on which she never reflected, her thoughts being entirely occupied with the embellishment of her mind with all the virtues of her state. Although under no obligation to me, this good lady rendered me every kind of service with as much attention as if it were the most sacred of her duties. I tasted there how sweet it is to walk in that salutary way, where people despise and neglect as much this corruptible body of earth, which is decaying every day, as they esteem and labor to perfect this soul, made after the image of God, which is immortal, and shall exist as long as Himself."

How different from the common idea of the monastic life!

As the invalid's recovery progressed, her serious musings were put to flight by the intrusion of the world into her pleasant apartment. Friends came to congratulate her, to tell her the news, and cheer her with anticipations of coming enjoyments for which she must hasten to regain her health. "The sublime qual-

ities of the soul" were little thought of in these plans and arrangements. Pious visitors brought their budgets of parish news, scarcely less in harmony with serious considerations. As formerly Elizabeth sailed placidly along the two channels by turns; and was so forgetful of her former aspirations as to relate, to the great amusement of herself and friends, a marvellous dream, plainly indicating a religious vocation, with which she was favored on New Year's night, 1785 Was it a dream, a vision from on high? Three years and a half later she wrote to her confessor, by his desire, an account of the dream and its results, from which we quote the following passages:

"I imagined that I was entering a convent, in which all the nuns wore silver crosses on the breast. Being conducted to the choir, where I saw them all seated in order, I perceived at their head one who bore an exact resemblance to my great-aunt. I was thrice invited to enter, with these words: *Be not afraid: in this person you will find a true friend. You will have some difficulty in expressing your sentiments to her, but be not uneasy on that account.* Accordingly, I went in. From the choir I was led to a room prepared for my reception. The staircase leading to it was so bad that in order to keep myself from falling I was obliged to take hold on a rope which was placed there as a support. I then heard again a voice which told me *I should die in this house.* These words made a deep impression on my mind, and the attention I had to give them displeased me exceedingly. The same dream was repeated the two following nights.

"Eight months after this dream, I conceived a strong desire of visiting France, with a resolution of spending some time in that country, in order to learn the language. My intention I communicated to one of my countrymen, who, by means of his correspondents in France, could easily assist me in the execution of my project. This gentleman seconded my views; and as he knew a respectable merchant of St. Valery sur Somme, to whom he offered to direct me, I accepted the proposal, and embarked on board a vessel belonging to Captain Lancy. I arrived shortly afterwards at the house of the merchant of St. Valery, on whose friendly aid I placed my hopes of accomplishing the object that drew me to France. As two of his children had been educated in the Convent of the Visitation, Abbeyville, and as, in consequence, he was perfectly well acquainted with this house, he recommended me to the Superioress as an English lady who wished to spend some time there with the parlor boarders. Although he knew nothing of my dream, and myself had almost forgotten it, nevertheless it was there it was verified in all points.

"On my arrival at the convent (the 27th of September, 1785,) I there beheld the nuns with their silver crosses; and being presented to the Superioress (Madame de Maison), I discovered in her face the very features of my great-aunt. I confess that, though I was so excessively struck by this extraordinary likeness as to be on the very point of fainting away, yet I paid no regard to my dream, being then as incredulous as St. Thomas. The monastic life I was to embrace, as intimated in my dream, appeared so diametrically opposite to the English freedom in which I had till then been accustomed to live that, far from thinking I was to die in that house, many circumstances, even on the first day, made me wish to quit it as soon as possible,—above all, the sight of the winding staircase through which I was led to the room prepared for my reception.

"At first I conceived so utter an aversion for my place of abode, the poor and plain room of which they had put me in possession, as not to be able to conceal my discontent. My first resolution was to set out immediately, which I frankly told them; but having entreated me to stop a while longer, I at length acquiesced. My aversion now began gradually to subside, till after some time it entirely vanished; and at the end of the second day, I made up my mind to remain, with the intent simply of learning the French language; but being then only a lodger in the house, and needing a person capable of teaching me to speak it, the Superioress recommended me to a nun, who became my tutoress for this purpose.

"Our first conversations were principally confined to the object of teaching me French, but it was not long before religion became the topic. The prejudices I had received in favor of mine were so deeply rooted that I could not bear to hear anyone suggest the least doubt of its truth: in a word, I believed it to be the most conformable to reason and the Gospel. Being always convinced that the Roman Church had fallen into error and superstition, I thence concluded that a reformation had become necessary. I did not, however, refuse to discuss those articles which divide the Catholic Church from the Protestant, and I hope the latter will not consider my compliance a crime; for, since it acknowledges no infallible judge upon earth, it cannot blame any private person, even of our sex, who examines whether the doctrine it inculcates be or be not conformable to the Holy Scriptures and right reason. Therefore I consented to take into consideration some contested points, which I discussed with the nun who taught me the French language, and to confer with a clergyman, who spoke English sufficiently to answer my objections and to explain those motives of credibility which centre in the Catholic religion. Being sensibly struck by his manner of reasoning on the promises of Christ, 'I shall be with you to the consummation of ages,' 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against My Church,' I from that moment resolved to proceed to the most serious inquiry, which was very long.

"I had too firmly believed Scripture to be altogether sufficient to determine our faith; I was shown from the words of Scripture itself that it could not suffice, alleging the words of St. Peter, that in the writings of St. Paul there are obscure and difficult passages, which ignorant and superficial minds misinterpret, as well as other portions, to their own ruin. This argument, and many others, persuaded me that Jesus Christ had established a permanent authority as a rule of our faith, in order to determine the sense of the different texts which establish our dogmas, according to these words, 'He who hears you, hears Me; and he who despises you, despises Me.'

"I, moreover, conceived that if the Catholic Church, before the Reformation, had fallen into error and superstition, as I had always thought, from that moment no legitimate authority could have existed to guide the faithful in their belief,—a position which I was not able to reconcile with the promises of our Lord. Although this did not quite convince me, it caused me a great deal of anxiety. I wished to be still more and more instructed; and in order to discover the true Church, I wanted in particular to know where I could find the unity of faith. I perceived that it could not exist in the Protestant Church, as each member thereof claims for himself the indefeasible right of interpreting, in his own way, the several texts he quotes in proof of its different tenets; because such a system cannot fail to produce a great diversity in faith, particularly when the object in question is to interpret the difficult passages of which St. Peter speaks. But when I saw this inconvenience could not exist in the Roman Church, it was then I felt myself disposed to submit to its authority and decisions.

"I confess, however, I had still a great repugnance to believe the dogma of Transubstantiation, or change of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, as well as the article of purgatory; but being quite ready to do whatever God required from me, I prayed and looked for truth with a sincere faith. Wherefore, besides the authority of an infallible judge (of the necessity of which I began to be convinced), in order to clear my doubts, I was also desirous that some one should show me in Scripture some solid grounds of these two dogmas. In favor of the first, my instructors quoted the promises of Jesus Christ in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and the words of the institution, *This is My Body; this is My Blood*,—words which, taken in their natural sense, import nothing else but the Catholic doctrine. I reflected long upon these texts; and after having weighed them with great attention, in the presence of God, I could not resist the authority of the Universal Church, which, even before the Reformation, had determined their genuine sense, without having recourse to figurative and spiritual interpretations. As to the taking notice of our senses, they being liable to deceive us, I was very well convinced that they ought to yield to the word of God, which is always infallible when explained by His Church.

"I found more perplexity to admit the doctrine of purgatory; however, exclusive of the Book of the Machabees, which Protestants reject, although it records an ancient tenet very much spread among the Jews, I was deeply impressed by these words of St. Paul: 'If any man's work be burnt, he shall suffer loss; nevertheless he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.'

"I found no difficulty in discovering an ecclesiastical chief in the successor of St. Peter, distinguished from the temporal princes; as well as the necessity of 'confession and the rigors of penance.'

"As to the honors bestowed on images, I had some anxiety about them; but felt quite satisfied when I was assured that these honors did not refer to the matters of which they are composed, but were directed only to Jesus Christ or the saints who reign with Him in heaven; that the respect which we have for images was similar to that which a grateful and loyal people would express towards the statue or image of a prince distinguished for his virtues and beneficence. I discovered also that the invocation of saints cannot be injurious either to God or Jesus Christ, since what we ask of them is only to join their prayers to ours, in order to obtain from God, *through Jesus Christ*, the grace we stand in need of.

"At length, after many struggles and long perplexities, I was no longer able to resist the light, and the secret inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

"God demanded from me the sacrifice of my reason, and of whatever had attached me to the world till the moment of my voyage to France. I laid them prostrate at the feet of our Lord, and entered into the bosom of the Roman Church, the most ancient Catholic Church of Jesus Christ, in which I found, by my submission to her doctrine, and where I still find, a perfect serenity of conscience, together with the strongest conviction that I am in the way of salvation."

In this letter we are again impressed with the writer's practical good sense and singleness of purpose. She dwells at length on her mistakes, perplexities, and vacillations, and touches but briefly on what is most remarkable and calculated to do her credit. But is it not always such that find the truth? Her conduct, in fact, throughout the whole affair was in marked contrast to her usual deportment, thus giving unconsciously the clearest proof that it was the work of grace. Even in her dream she was exceedingly displeased with the words spoken by the voice which thrice invited her into a convent before she obeyed. When, eight months afterwards, the dream was strangely verified, even the emotion naturally caused by meeting a lady closely resembling her lamented aunt, was alloyed with irritation at the coincidence. "English freedom" raised its voice loudly in her perturbed soul against this monastic life which her dream had intimated she was to choose; pride and luxurious tastes alike revolted at the poor, plain room assigned her as a parlor boarder, and Protestant-like disgust triumphed over good-breeding, anger over habitual consideration for the feelings of others, and she frankly told the nuns she wished to leave them immediately.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE lights that have come down on you from Heaven all your life long are not more abundant than the graces of the Holy Spirit, which have been bestowed upon you to impart the knowledge of self and the knowledge of God. The showers that water the earth are not more exuberant than the graces of sanctity which God has poured into your hearts.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Apostle of Oregon.

The Most Rev. F. N. Blanchet, D. D., the first Bishop of Oregon, who died at Portland, Oregon, June the 18th, was born near Quebec, in 1795, was educated in the Petit Seminaire, Quebec, and was ordained July the 18, 1819, by Archbishop Plessis. At that time Oregon was simply the name given to a territory extending along the Pacific coast to a northern boundary which now includes British Columbia. In 1811 the Pacific Fur Company, of which John Jacob Astor was a leading member, established a trading-post, called Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Then came the Hudson Bay Company, employing many Canadians, most of whom were Catholics. Many of them settled and intermarried with the Indians of the territory. There was a demand for priests, and in 1838 Bishop Signay, then Archbishop of Quebec, sent Fathers Blanchet and Demers as the first missionaries to this far-off region. The first Mass celebrated in Oregon is thus described by the future Archbishop:

"It was on Saturday, the 13th of October, a day dedicated to the Immaculate Mother of God, that, being at the western foot of the most lofty mountains, the two missionaries began to tread beneath their feet the long desired land of Oregon—that portion of the vineyard alloted to them for cultivation. Filled with joy, they retired a short distance from the place where the caravan was resting on the bosom of a beautiful prairie, and there fell on their knees, embraced the soil, took possession of it, dedicated and consecrated their persons, soul and body, to whatever God would be pleased to require of them for the glory of His holy Name, the propagation of His kingdom, and the fulfilment of His holy will. . . . . The following day (October 14, 1838,) being Sunday, it was then that the Holy Sacrifice of Mass was offered for the first time in Oregon, at Big Bend, on the bank of the dangerous Columbia River. At this great act of religion, performed by the Rev. Father Demers, the two missionaries, being much moved, consecrated themselves to the Queen of Angels, imploring her special protection for the rest of their voyage. The boats being laden and ready, the last prayer made on the shore, the missionaries shook hands with their dear companions whom, alas! they were to see no more, and started at 1 p. m. on the turbulent waters of the upper Columbia."

Vancouver was at that time the only post of the Hudson Bay Company, and this the missionaries made their headquarters while for four years they toiled unaided up and down the wide domain of their mission. The well-known Father De Smet first visited the Oregon country in 1840, and returned in 1841 to found the Flathead mission at St. Mary. In September, 1842, two other Canadian priests joined the little band on the coast. In 1843 Father Blanchet was made Vicar-Apostolic, and received episcopal consecration in Montreal at the hands of the Archbishop of Quebec. Thence he went to Rome, which he reached in January, 1846, and set before the Holy Father the great wants of his vicariate. At his intercession, in July, 1846, after the accession of Pius IX, the vicariate of Oregon was erected into an ecclesiastical province with the three sees of Oregon City, Walla Walla (now Wallula), and Vancouver Island. The Rt. Rev. F. N. Blanchet was appointed to Oregon City; the Rt. Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, his brother, to Walla Walla; and the Rt. Rev. M. Demers to Vancouver Island. The necessity of this division may be judged from the result of the missionaries' labors at the end of 1844. Most of the Indian tribes of the sound, Caledonia, and several of the Rocky Mountains, and of Lower Oregon, had been won over to the faith. Nine missions had been founded—five in Lower Oregon, and four in the Rocky Mountains. Eleven churches and chapels had been erected—five in Lower Oregon, two in Caledonia, and four at the Rocky Mountains. There were two educational establishments—one for boys, and the other for girls. There were fifteen priests, secular and regular, besides Sisters. These figures may not look large to-day, but they were large at the time, and of great significance in a rapidly populating and growing region.

In 1878 Bishop Seghers was named coadjutor to Archbishop Blanchet, who, later, chose wholly to retire from active labors, and published in 1881 a touching farewell Pastoral, in which he said: "After sixty-two years of priesthood, after forty-three years of toilsome labor on this coast, after an episcopate of thirty-six years, after thirty-five years spent at the head of this ecclesiastical province, we may

say with the Apostle St. Paul: 'The time of my dissolution is at hand. I have finished my course.' We came to this country accompanied by the late Bishop Demers, the first Bishop of Vancouver Island, in 1838, to preach the true Gospel for the first time; and where then we saw nothing but 'darkness and the shadow of death,' we have now flourishing dioceses and vicariates, prosperous missions, a zealous clergy, fervent communities, and a Catholic people of whom we expect great works and noble deeds."

Catholic Notes.

The press throughout the world has published lengthy descriptions of the festivals at Moscow; but the presence of a representative of the Holy See at the court of the Czar was not dwelt upon. Whilst princes and ambassadors were everywhere loudly heralded, provided with special trains, officially received, etc., care seemed to have been taken to keep the passage of the Nuncio a profound secret. But the people at every station through which the Envoy of the Sovereign Pontiff was to pass came to know of his movements and of the exact hour of the arrival of his train. All the stopping places in Podlachia, in the territory of the Union, were crowded with peasants who had come to do honor to, and receive the blessing of, the representative of Leo XIII. The police had neither the time nor the means to check this manifestation. Wherever the train stopped there was always a number of Uniates—at one place a hundred, at another a thousand or more of those brave confessors of the Faith,—all pressing around the car containing the Nuncio, and crying: "For mercy's sake, O Father, assist us, protect us, bless us! For fifteen years we have been persecuted, deprived of the Sacraments and of spiritual assistance; and we have not strength to resist much longer, and to hold out under such sufferings."

Mgr. Vannutelli and his companions wept with emotion, not having seen, as the Nuncio declared, such faith even in Israel. At the stations of Lukow and Niredzyjetz the crowd of Uniates was very great. The conductor, uneasy as to the consequences of these demonstrations and the responsibility that might attach to himself, wished to shorten the usual time for stopping and to start off at once. Then a group of Uniates threw themselves on their knees on the track before the locomotive. "You will have to pass over our bodies," they cried, "or you will allow our brethren some few minutes to speak to the messenger of Rome." Their object was to place in the hands of Mgr. Vannutelli a petition to the Holy Father, laying before him the sufferings and the constancy of that martyr nation. The train was not allowed to proceed until the petition had been delivered to the Nuncio, and the latter by his blessing and his paternal words had infused some consolation into those simple but heroic souls. A severe inquest has been instituted at Warsaw in regard to this unforeseen movement, and the conductor is in danger of being severely punished for not having driven the cars over the bodies of the kneeling peasants.

The following notice has appeared of the martyr-priest, Abbé Béchet, lately decapitated in the province of Than Hoa, Tonkin:

The Abbé Béchet was only twenty-seven years of age; he was born at Lyons on Sept. 3, 1856. Having studied at the clerical school of Saint-Nizier, he afterwards passed successively through the seminaries of Largentière and Alix, and finally through that of Lyons. He was an only son, and when he made known his intention of consecrating himself to the foreign missions, he met with great opposition from his family. However, on the death of his father, his mother gave her consent, and he entered at once the Seminary of Foreign Missions. In 1880 the future martyr bade farewell to his country and his family, and set out for Tonkin, saying to those that would stop him even at the last moment: "No, let me go; I feel that I am called, and I ask of Heaven only one grace: to live at least a couple of years at Tonkin, so that I may be able to effect some good and thus deserve the title of missionary. This is the only glory for which I am ambitious."

Among recent converts to the Church in the United States is a daughter of Joaquin Miller, "the Poet of the Sierras." She had been sent to Loreto Convent, Guelph, Ontario, for her education; and the religion she there heard expounded and saw exemplified in the lives of her teachers and companions won her heart. Her distinguished father is not dissatisfied, as will be seen from the following letter which he has written to the *Star* of New York:

"As to the dread some Protestants have of their children becoming Catholics, I can only give my experience. I am not myself a Catholic, nor do I profess any particular creed; although I think I see some good in all. But, holding with that eminent Englishman that 'man is a religious animal,' and knowing in my own heart that religion is as strong an element for good and is as necessary to the perfection of a soul as is the sentiment of love, I desired that my daughter should be religious. And I desired, too, that, after some years of reflection, she should choose her own religion. After a year or so of observation and reflection, she chose to be a Catholic. But so far from her being persuaded or influenced to this, she was put on a long

probation; and even then I had to give my written permission before she could be accepted."

The poet's letter, besides being a proof of his fair-mindedness, shows the prudence of the Sisters in dealing with their young charge. There would probably be less opposition on the part of parents to young persons who desire to enter the Church, and fewer obstacles in the path of converts, and those whose vocation is for the priesthood or the religious life, if prudence were always exercised in such matters.

A letter received last week from Mrs. Mary Power Lalor (19 Molesworth street, Dublin,) acknowledges the receipt of £6 14s. 1d., contributed by readers of THE "AVE MARIA" towards the Donegal Children's Fund.

In one of the schools of Lille, France, two-thirds of the pupils of the first class declared to their professor some time ago, in a respectful but decided manner, that they would not study what is called *la morale civique*—that system of religious and moral instruction by which the infidel Government wishes to replace the teachings of faith. When the professor insisted, the children's reply was: "The Church forbids it, and we will not disobey her laws." Promises, threats, ridicule, insults, were employed in vain. The director of the school was called in, but failed to overcome the determination of the pupils; and the study of the *morale civique* has been suspended now for over a month.

The schools are closed for the summer. Catholic parents foolish enough to send their children to schools where God is ignored, might reflect every day until September on the words: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" In September, then, they will do their best for the souls of their children, and help the cause of Catholic education by their example. These things they can do by sending their children to a Catholic school, and showing interest in their progress.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Duke Paul Frederick de Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been expelled from the grand ducal château for having chosen, contrary to the orders of his brother, the reigning Grand Duke, to have his second child baptized a Catholic, although himself a Lutheran. This he did in compliance with the wishes of his wife, the Princess Windischgraetz. He will become a Catholic, and will take up his residence at Vienna.

The erection of a monument to Garibaldi on the Janiculum gives occasion to a remarkable article in the *Unità Cattolica* of Turin, which concludes with these eloquent words:

"Be it so, then! Men of the new civilization, who hold sway at Rome to-day, build your palaces of finance, your palaces of justice, your palaces of parliament. Erect monuments to the brothers Cairoli, to Victor Emanuel, to Garibaldi. The successor of St. Peter will not destroy these monuments when he returns to his city—and that day is not far off,—but he will sanctify them. On your palaces that cross will rise triumphantly which you have pulled down from the Coliseum, which you have overturned at the Capitol. The Name of Jesus, that sacred Name, which, almost as soon as you had set foot in Rome, you effaced from the Roman College, will be sculptured again. And your monuments will but serve to furnish a new demonstration of the invincible power of the Pope, and of the divinity of that Christ who triumphs, who reigns, who commands."

New Publications.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. With Theories upon Nerve Force, Fever, Contagion, etc. By C. A. Hardey, M. D., Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. New York: P. O'Shea, 35 Warren St. 1883.

"For over thirty years," says the author in his Preface, "I have entertained the belief that the nerve force was some form of electricity or magnetism; that there was more than muscular or mechanical action in the heart throbs; that nervous manifestations indicated some form of magnetic force besides the functional action of the organs. . . . My treatment of disease has been modified in accordance with my belief, and, I am happy to say, with success. These theories have unveiled to me many physiological facts heretofore mysterious."

The reasoning of the author on his theories seems to us to be solid, and we recommend the little volume to the attention of members of the profession. The present work is an introduction to a fuller treatise now in preparation.

UN TRIBUTO DI DIVOZIONE A S. MARIA MADDALENA DE PAZZI. Del Sacte. Antonio Isoleri, Miss. Ap., Parroco della Chiesa Italiana di S. M. M. De-P., Avv. On di S. Pietro. Philadelphia: William P. Kildare, 734 and 736 Sansom St. 1883.

This little volume consists of scenes from the life of the Saint of Pazzi, translated into Italian from the English of Alban Butler, together with some chapters from her Life, by the Rev. Placido Fabrini. It contains also select sayings of the Saint, with an account of some of the many miracles and graces accorded through her intercession, and prayers for a novena in her honor. The volume is neatly gotten up, and we recommend its perusal to those that can read the beautiful language of Italy.

Youth's Department.

Herr Meister's Chorister.

BY MARION A. TAGGART.



OUT on the clear, frosty air rang a childish voice singing sweetly. Herr Meister, going home from the church where he was choir-master, with his brain full of trouble and anxiety, paused to listen in the street below. The reason for his anxiety was simple enough: it lacked but one week of Palm Sunday; the boys had all been trained for the music of Holy Week, and just at the last moment the head soprano fell suddenly ill, and there was no one to take his place.

The reason for little Felix Weiner's singing was less evident: he had had very little to eat; there were only a few pennies in the family purse; his mother lay very ill; yet, going to the window and seeing the sky blue overhead—they were up high enough to see it easily,—and the flowers blooming on the window-sills opposite, he broke into song as the birds do. Higher and higher arose the sweet voice, a pure, boyish soprano, to which Herr Meister listened entranced. "Ah," he exclaimed, "if he would only come! I will inquire." He knocked at the door below; a woman, hard-featured, and with her sleeves rolled up, responded.

"Good-day, madam!" said Herr Meister; "I was just passing when I heard that sweet voice singing. Can you tell me who the child is?"

"He is Felix Weiner, who lives in the upper apartment," answered the woman, dryly.

"And is he young? has he any occupation?"

"Occupation! No," said the woman, with a low laugh. "Yes, he is young, about twelve years; but he is of no use to his mother, who has brought him up with her fine lady notions. He is always singing. How he can sing with his mother dying, and they liable to be turned out for not paying the rent, I cannot understand. Some children have hearts so cold!"

"Cold? No!" exclaimed Herr Meister, straightening his stooping shoulders. "You do not understand him. No child with such a voice can be cold. Do you think I may go up to see him?"

"It is likely; you seem to know more about him than I do," said the woman, turning away.

So saying, she disappeared within a room, leaving the street-door open and Herr Meister to find his way up as best he could. However, he was not to be dismayed by trifles, but started up the rickety stairs. He followed the sound of the voice up and up, till, when his foot was on the last flight, it ceased; evidently the child had paused to listen.

Herr Meister knocked. "Come in!" called the same sweet voice. He obeyed the summons, and opened the door. A room barren of nearly all furniture met his eye; on the bed lay a woman, whose flushed and hollow cheeks, glittering eyes, and restlessly moving head, told a pathetic tale. In the tiny window stood the slight figure of a boy who might be twelve, but looked even younger. His face was pale and thoughtful, the mouth sensitive, the forehead high and white, from which was pushed straight back his wealth of shining golden hair. His eyes were large, and dark as violets, with a wondering, far-off look, and an unchildlike earnestness. Evidently he had expected to see some one else, for he started forward when Herr Meister's tall and stooping form appeared in the doorway.

"Did you want me?" asked Felix, thinking the stranger had mistaken the place.

"Yes, my son: I have come on business," said Herr Meister. "May I enter?"

"Ah, yes. I beg your pardon. Pray be seated," answered Felix, motioning him to a broken chair, with old-fashioned politeness.

Herr Meister did not fail to notice that the slender white fingers rapidly clasped and unclasped each other, showing too plainly that the poor child's experience of strangers who "came on business" had not been pleasant.

"The business is of a kind agreeable for both of us, my child, if I can only persuade you to accept my proposal," said Herr Meister, cheerily. "But first tell me about your mother—what is the matter? You may trust me: I will be your friend."

"Ah, sir," said Felix, with starting tears, "we need one sorely—mother and I. Come, then, to the window, please, and I will tell you all."

Herr Meister drew his chair to the window, and heard a sorrowful tale. It was told simply and with no evidence of trying to arouse sympathy. The old story of a woman reared among luxuries, marrying a musician against her father's will; widowed by the sudden death of her husband; left to struggle for the maintenance of her boy and herself. For a while she had succeeded; then came illness, debt, more illness, till they were as Herr Meister found them,—she close at death's door, and hourly expecting to be turned out for unpaid rent.

"And now, my little Felix, there is no longer danger of that," said Herr Meister, tenderly. "Listen to me. I am the choir-master of the Church of St. Nicholas. I want a boy to sing soprano for me in the Holy Week services. I heard you singing; and so I have come to ask you if you would take the place, and thus earn for your mother the comforts she needs. She will recover, I am certain, if we take her from this place, and give her proper food. What do you say?"

"Most gladly!" exclaimed Felix. "What can I say of such heavenly kindness? And yet, though I starve, I would not offend God. I will speak frankly to you. The Church of St. Nicholas is a Catholic church. I am a Protestant, a Lutheran. Would it be right for me to go there?"

"May God reward you by showing you the truth, my little child!" cried Herr Meister. "I am a Catholic, so perhaps my answer would not satisfy you. Tell your mother what I have said, and ask her what to do."

Felix arose and went to his mother's bedside, and, bending over her, told her what Herr Meister had proposed. "Would it be right for me to sing in a Catholic church, mother?" Herr Meister heard him say at the end. "Go, my Felix," he heard the mother answer: "I do not fear to trust you with one so kind."

Felix returned to Herr Meister, and, laying his hand in his, said: "I will go with you, mein Herr, and try to please you. I cannot thank you, for you have saved my mother's life, and my tongue is too feeble for thanks like that."

"No, child," said Herr Meister: "it is I who should thank you, for you will do me a favor in coming. Now I must go, but will return soon. Do you know some kind person that will come to help you get ready to leave this place?"

"Ah, yes: we have one good neighbor below," answered the boy.

"Then call her," said Herr Meister; "and tell me where your landlord lives, that I may pay the rent without delay. In two hours, I will send for your mother; and do you stay here till I myself come back."

So saying, the choir-master went away, hastened to the landlord, then to the Sisters' Hospital, where he made arrangements for the admittance of poor Frau Weiner.

Two hours had hardly passed when a carriage came, the driver bringing a little basket of wine and fruit from Herr Meister for the sick woman before she started. After she had gone, a wagon came for their few things, and lastly Herr Meister himself for Felix. He took him to his own home to rest, then to the hospital to set his mind at ease about his mother, and finally to St. Nicholas's for the first rehearsal.

Frau Weiner improved steadily from the time she entered the hospital; and Felix threw himself heart and soul into the wonderful music and ceremonies of the greatest week of the year. He lived in another world: all the ceremonies, which to the Catholic children were ordinary occurrences, were to him living beauty, and he was too much of a poet and musician to be deaf to the lessons they taught. His voice poured forth with so much sweetness and feeling that everyone was talking of him, and the good Fathers of the church told Herr Meister that he must retain little Felix if all the others went. Felix afterwards came to know the Fathers; he heard from them the truths of the Catholic Faith; so it was not strange that in a year from the day when, for conscience' sake, he feared to sing in a Catholic church, though he was poor and hungry, he was himself received into her communion. Through him and their new friends, his mother, too, became a Catholic; and then who was so happy as Felix?

One may still see Felix Weiner wending his way through the quiet German city, between the church, the great music-school, and his own happy home,—a slender, thoughtful youth, with the same high, pale forehead, the same earnest eyes and angel voice as on the day when Herr Meister discovered him in his poverty and misery.

The Value of Sufferings.

A PRIEST was one day preaching on patience, and he insisted on the merit of sufferings, affirming that they often obtain for us graces that are not granted to our prayers. "You desire the conversion of a soul," he said: "pray for that soul, but also suffer for it." A little girl that had just made her First Communion heard these words and took them to heart. The poor child had often seen her mother in tears when her father came home drunk at night. When she returned from church that day she kissed her mother with unusual tenderness. "Mother," she said, "I hope not to see you crying any more: I know how to obtain father's conversion."

The family were very poor, so that they had only one real meal a day, which they took together at noon. At this meal, next day, the little girl eat only her soup and some bread.

"Are you ill?" asked her mother, in surprise.

"No, mamma."

"Why do you not eat, then?" said her father.

"I do not want any more."

He took it to be a childish whim, and thought the best punishment would be to let her have her own way.

At night the father came home drunk and swearing. The child, who had been asleep, was startled, and wept bitterly. Next day she took only bread and water for dinner. The mother was surprised, and the father vexed.

"You must eat your dinner," he said, angrily.

"No, no!" she answered, firmly; "as long as you get drunk and curse mamma and make her cry, I have promised God that I will suffer, so that He may not punish you."

The father made no answer, but that night he came home sober. The conduct of his little girl had evidently impressed him deeply.

Next day the child took her dinner as usual. It seems, however, that the man's passion for drink was deeply rooted, so that in a few days he returned again in a state of intoxication. The child, next day, resumed her fast. The father was moved, and a tear stole into his eye; the mother wept also; the child was quite tranquil. "Little one," said the father, rising and kissing her, "are you going to continue this course of life?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, "until I die, or you are converted."

Then she related what she had heard the priest say in his sermon, and how she was determined to suffer, that her beloved mother might not have such frequent cause to weep—that he might become converted.

"My darling child, you have conquered!" exclaimed the father, as the tears coursed freely down his cheeks; "and I will give your mother no more cause for tears. On Saturday we will all go to confession, and I trust that the grace of God, through the holy Sacraments, will enable me to keep my promise."

Need we add that the hope of the poor man was not in vain, and that he still continues to lead a sober and edifying life?

Letters of Columbus.

IN the library of the Cathedral of Seville we saw many interesting letters of Columbus. The old librarian kindly permitted me to read them. They were written in a bold, forcible hand; the style was terse and graphic. In one he described the eclipse of the sun in Jamaica, and the means by which he told the difference of time between the two hemispheres. There was a bright and cheerful spirit in his language, a firm energy and determination in his words, indicating clearly that indomitable will which soared above all obstacles. In some of the letters there were traces of sadness and sorrow at the unkindness of his countrymen; but, like a golden thread, through both triumph and disappointment, ran the deep and abiding trust in the goodness of God, and perfect submission to His wisdom. A fine portrait of Columbus hangs in the library, where also was the famous sword of Fernan Gonsalvo, the great captain in the Moorish wars. His hand must have possessed a giant's strength to have wielded it.—*Souvenirs of Travel.*

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THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Mystery.

BY D.

IN tasting the forbidden fruit,
If Adam had not joined with Eve,
We should not in this weary world
Be doomed in pain to sob and grieve,—
"O miserable sin of Eve!"

But in the Heaven of Mary's joy,
Her children, saved, in gladness weave,
Of thought and music, sacred songs
Whose beauty we cannot conceive,—
And sing: "O happy sin of Eve!"

The Church of God.

ITS EVIDENCES AND CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

BY THE VERY REV. JOSEPH SASIA, S. J.*

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—We have assembled here on this eventful day to witness a ceremony that will mark a new epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in the State of California and in the city of San Francisco. Our highest ecclesiastical authority, the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII, has just laid the corner-stone of a new structure sacred to the worship of the Most High under the invocation of the Queen of Heaven,

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY,

and of the glorious Patriarch St. Dominic. To realize, in some manner, the greatness of this noble undertaking, we need but call to mind the words addressed by the Royal Prophet, David, to the people of Israel when he exhorted them to contribute liberally to the building of the Lord's temple, saying, "The work is great; for a house is prepared not for man, but for God." (1 Paralipom., xxix, 1.) Here, within these sacred walls, within the narrow precincts of the Tabernacle, will dwell the Eternal and the Immense,—the Incarnate Son of God Himself, as really, as truly, and as substantially as He dwells at this very moment in the Kingdom of His Father and in the splendor of His glory. Here, through the instrumentality of His ministers, the Redeemer of the world will impart to men, for generations to come, the blessings of salvation, and communicate to them, through sacramental channels, the fruits of redeeming grace. Here, also, shall be fulfilled that consoling promise of Holy Scripture: "Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved." (Joel, ii, 32.) Hence I am certain that I rightly interpret the mind and the heart of all here present if, in your name, I express the earnest wish and prayer to God that the day may soon come when we shall again assemble on this spot, not under the canopy of heaven, but sheltered within the precincts of this majestic temple carried to a complete and successful termination,—when the glittering splendor of the rising and setting sun will illumine its lofty spires, and announce to the inhabitants of the Golden West that another sacred structure has been raised on this coast to the honor of the Almighty.

The impressive ceremonies of the Roman Ritual, the tenor of the prayers offered to God and His saints on such an occasion, and the grand object for whose accomplishment

* A sermon preached on Rosary Sunday, at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church for the Dominican Order, in San Francisco, under the Patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary and of St. Dominic.

these walls are being raised,—all forcibly remind us of another magnificent structure, not of human art, nor the result of human skill As a modern writer well remarks, all the pretended earthly architects that ever lived could not have fashioned the building I speak of, nor any part of it. From its foundation-stone, which shall never be moved, to the topmost pinnacles, reared so high above the clouds that they are bathed day and night in the pure light of heaven, all is the work of God. Man could no more make such a fabric as this than he could make a world. It is the last and most perfect conception of Omnipotent wisdom; it is the mirror in which God's uncreated beauty and attributes are most clearly reflected; it is the home of unruffled peace, unbroken unity, and greatest liberty that human creatures have ever known. Long ages ago, the Prophets of Judah saw it in a vision, and even that distant contemplation of its future glories filled them with rapture. Lest men should suppose that this temple was a thing of purely material beauty, which they were invited only to admire, and not a living power, which they were commanded to obey under pain of eternal reprobation, the sacred writer uttered, in God's name, this solemn warning: "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish. . . . No weapon that is formed against Thee shall prosper; and every tongue that resisteth Thee in judgment, Thou shalt condemn." (Isa., lx, 12; liv, 17.) And when at last the hour arrived (more than 1800 years ago) in which this Temple of the great King was to be set up among the nations, that its courts might be filled with human guests; when the same Omnipotent Power which called the universe into existence, and launched into space the mighty orbs that revolve in the starry firmament, issued on the plains of Palestine this solemn command,

"UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH,"

that Church, obedient to the voice of its Maker, sprang at once into being, so beautiful, so perfect in its loveliness, that even its Creator was enamored of it, and called it His Bride. And, as if all the magnificent promises that had been announced before too feebly shadowed forth the glory and triumphs to which this Bride was destined, He now added, by His own sacred lips, those assuring words: "The gates of hell shall never prevail against thee." This is the structure built by the wise man of the Gospel, nay, by Incarnate Wisdom Itself. "Wisdom hath built herself a house." (Prov., ix, 1.) Other works which God had made might be allowed to fall into decay, to crumble into dust, and to come to an end; but not *this*, for He would keep it always in the hollow of His hand. Like other structures, this building has also a name,—a name known in heaven and on earth, and which to us who dwell within its walls is as music on the ear. Men call it

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH;

and it is of this Church that I intend to speak to you on this memorable occasion, by briefly unfolding before you the divinity of her origin and institution as revealed and manifested to the eyes of all truth-seeking men in this threefold testimony: (1) She alone is the Church that reflects in herself the attributes of God. (2) She alone possesses for all men the means enabling them to carry out upon earth the designs of God. (3) She alone exhibits, in her unceasing vitality, the uninterrupted presence and power of God. Unless we are prepared to deny, with the infidel, the Providence of God furnishing man with all the means required for the attainment of the immortal, happy destiny for which he has been created and placed in this arena of probation, we must admit that there exists in this lower world an authority possessing those means,—

AN AUTHORITY WHICH REPRESENTS GOD,

and speaks in His name; and that authority or institution, whatever it be, ought to reflect, so far as the creature can, the mind, the action, and the attributes of God, and thus appear before the world with the imprint of Divine Truth stamped on its very face. If it fail to bear such an evidence of truth it is at once convicted of error, forgery, fraud, and imposture; for whatever religious institution, creed, or formula of faith, claiming its origin from God, and imposing submission and obedience on man, does not reflect God in its own measure and proportion, that institution, creed, or belief, is either a delusion or an abomination, or both at once. The whole of my argument, then, rests on this simple proposition, on this undeniable principle, which we cannot reject without renouncing reason itself, viz., that whatever professes to belong to God, to come from God, and to lead to God, must faithfully reflect Him. We may, then, ask this most

pertinent question: Is it in the Roman Catholic Church, or elsewhere, that the Divine Presence and attributes are reflected? As a recent convert to the Catholic Church well said, if we have any true conception of God, even as He may be known by the light of reason, it is this, that

HE IS ESSENTIAL UNITY, ETERNAL HARMONY, AND INVIOLABLE ORDER.

For if there is anything absolutely repugnant to the nature of God it is confusion and disorder. Hence His infinite hatred of sin, which is the negation of law and the violation of order. Examine the material creation that surrounds you, and find, if you can, a single department of it which is not under the inexorable reign of law. From the stately march of the planets in their orbits, with their bewildering movements, to the motions of the tiny insects invisible to the naked eye, in every part of the universe law and order assert their despotic and undisputed sway. Now, I ask, is it in the Catholic Church, or elsewhere, that harmony, unity, and order are found? The testimony of history, the voice of reason, the actual experience, authority, and consent of more than 250,000,000 of Catholics tell us, in a language that no man can mistake, that there is in this world one society, and one only, in which unity of doctrine and perfect harmony of faith have never been interrupted. In fact, three elements are required in the unity of the Church; and if any of these be wanting, I feel that you must at once agree with me in pronouncing that the idea of unity is utterly destroyed. There must be

UNITY IN FAITH, UNITY IN GOVERNMENT, AND UNITY IN WORSHIP.

Unity in faith, for truth is one, as one is the Lord that revealed it. Unity in government, for one and the same must be the human authority upon earth representing the Divine that rules in heaven. Lastly, unity in worship, as manifested and exemplified in the highest act of adoration due to God alone, which is the Sacrifice of the New Law, instituted by the Saviour of the world, and foretold ages ago by the Prophet Malachy in these remarkable words: "*From the rising of the sun, even to the going down .... in every place there is sacrifice; and there is offered to My name a clean oblation.*" (Malachias, i, 11.) Hence the Church in which these three elements are found is a living representative of God Himself—one in nature, and three in person—three in one, such as the Redeemer wished His Church to be when He said: "I pray that they may be one, as We also are." (John, xvii, 11.) This threefold unity we behold actually realized in the Roman Catholic Church, that society which is at once the most numerous and the most ancient of all Christian communities,—a society universal in its domain, because bounded by no political or geographical limits.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ALONE UNIVERSAL AS TO TIME, UNIVERSAL AS TO SPACE, AND ONE IN DOCTRINE.

Within its world-wide fold are gathered men of every race, tongue, and clime. In the civilized countries of Europe and America, in the heart of the semi-barbarous Chinese Empire, on the borders of the Caspian Sea, along the waters of the Ganges and the Euphrates, in the very centre of the African continent, on the burning sands of the Sahara, on the banks of the Zambesi, the Amazon, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence; on the shores of the Pacific,—everywhere in the whole habitable globe Roman Catholics are found in large, well organized, and consistent bodies. Hence it has been truly said that the sun never sets on the domain of the Roman Catholic Church, because she is, literally, everywhere. And such is the unity of belief, government, and worship binding them all into one compact body that if there could be, by any possibility, an edifice capacious enough to hold them all, they would find themselves there in perfect harmony, and a second temple would not be required. No section of the great human family, civilized or barbarian, is here unrepresented: the heroes among the buried dead who lived in it one thousand years ago, or the neophytes of yesterday; subjects of every form of civil government, from the extreme democracy of the United States, to the autocratic rule of the Russian Czar; millions of independent wills and intelligences all combined into a living whole, breathing the breath of life, having one heart and one mind, and proclaiming, with unbroken harmony, in every dialect of the earth, an indestructible unity of faith in all the precepts and in all the mysteries of Christian revelation. This is the wonder that the Roman Catholic Church is able to accomplish. Let those who refuse to recognize in this the fin-

ger of God, and to acknowledge the power of the Most High as the sole, efficient cause of this prodigy, suggest another, if they can. We have the right to ask the world for a satisfactory explanation of a miracle to which, in the whole range of human experience, there is no parallel. There is the fact—unique,

EVIDENT TO THE EYE OF THE WHOLE WORLD,

and worthy to arrest the attention of every intelligent being. Let modern thought account for it. Outside the Roman Catholic Church it has no existence. As the lamented Archbishop Vaughan well remarks, the Roman Catholic Church is not merely vast in numbers, but she represents, moreover, a picture of unity and harmony of government which is unsurpassed in the history of the human race. Dearly beloved brethren, look steadily on this stupendous fact, as it presents itself in this century of freethinking arrogance and rebellious pride. There, in the Vatican, sits in the Chair of Peter Leo XIII, the Sovereign and Chief Pastor of the Universal Church. With the same reverence does the Catholic world look upon him on this day as the first handful of Christians, on the day of Pentecost, looked upon Peter; and as the primitive disciples submitted to the teaching of the Prince of the Apostles, so at this very hour do hundreds of millions of Catholics submit to the *ex-cathedra* teaching of the successor of St. Peter. Behold this wonderful evidence of the power of God. Over a thousand Bishops subject to one Supreme Head; tens of thousands of priests subject to their Bishops, and millions of the faithful subject to their priests,—that is, to their spiritual teaching, so long as they are in communion with their Bishop, and their Bishop with the Holy See. Thus the members of the Catholic Church, cemented and bound together by the ties of the same authority, exhibit to the world a compact organization, thorough in its union, and energetic in its action,—a scheme of moral government which no human legislator would deem capable of accomplishment, and which is seen actually carried out at this very hour, as it has ever been since that day when the Saviour of the world uttered these words:

"THOU ART PETER, AND UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH."

What shall we say of the unity of worship as verified in the offering of the Great Sacrifice foretold by the Prophet Malachy when, in the Lord's name, he announced to the nations that "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, in every place there shall be offered to God a clean oblation"? Take away the Catholic Church from the face of Christendom, with her countless worshippers, and her Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered on innumerable altars, and the words of the prophet become an unmeaning and empty boast. Read them carefully, and then glance on the broad face of Christendom dotted over with Catholic altars, covered with Catholic priests and people, and they will at once fill the mind with awe, as being a sublime prophecy which is at this very hour being fulfilled by the Catholic Church spread throughout the world. Hence the unity of the Catholic Church is clearly manifested to the eyes of the world, whether we consider it in the *faith professed*, in the *authority obeyed*, or in the *Sacrifice offered*. In the whole history of the human race there is no record of any such miracle as this. Now, let me ask, where, outside the pale of the Catholic Church,—where shall we find a religion, church, or belief bearing upon its face, in the character of unity, government, and worship, the imprint of God's own handiwork? Shall we find it among the endless varieties of sectarians, pulling each other to pieces over the most vital questions of Christian faith, such as the Divinity of Christ, the necessity of baptism, or the interpretation of Holy Scripture? Certainly not. I am well aware of what has been put forward in behalf of sectarian Christianity, for which the twofold character of unity and Catholicity is sometimes claimed, because the dissenting sects also, they say, are everywhere. I reply to this pretended claim simply by quoting the words of a Catholic child, who, when once faced by this very difficulty, promptly answered: "The sects are everywhere, it is true, but everywhere *different;* while the Catholic Church is everywhere also, but everywhere *the same.*"

These sectarians know so well that the Divine characteristic of unity is beyond their reach that they have come to hate it, and call it an evil; so that they gravely assert that religion gains by ceasing to be one, and that Christianity derives its chief vitality from the very divisions which make it contemptible in the sight of unbelievers, and have often provoked the scorn and derision even of the pagan world. Yet still they will not deny that it was the unity of the first Christians that con-

quered the heathen world; and when the victory was achieved, and the surviving pagans had only strength enough to beat themselves against the ground on which they had fallen, they also cried out in their impotent rage: *Execranda est ista consensio*,—"Cursed be this unity of Christians." They had found it invincible, and were soon compelled to acknowledge that it was divine. Jesus Christ, the Supreme Judge of the living and the dead, before departing from this world, entreated His Eternal Father, saying:

"I PRAY THAT THEY MAY BE ONE."

His Apostle expressed the same Divine will in those striking words: "Be careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; one body and one spirit, one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." Hence the alternative offered to the Christian's choice is simply this: either to abide by Jesus Christ and live in unity with His Church, or to surrender the eternal interests of his soul into the hands of self-appointed human guides, and adopt the skeleton creed of dissenting sects, in which the only pretence to unity lies in a common resolve to suppress the truth. But this very fact that the sects, though at variance among themselves, yet are all united together in their common hatred of the Catholic Church—this fact, I say, is a most convincing argument in her favor, for

TRUTH IS ONE, AND ERROR IS MANIFOLD.

We mention, moreover, that the Catholic Church alone possesses in herself all the means for carrying out upon earth the designs of God in regard to men, by applying to them the blessings of Redemption; for she alone has been entrusted with the power of remedying their evils, and removing the obstacles to the attainment of their first noble end, which is holiness of life upon earth, and the possession of eternal happiness in the kingdom of heaven. Yes, our chief, nay, our only hope for the future destiny of men, lies in the recollection that that Church which sanctified the generations of the past, and peopled the heavens with millions of souls, yet survives in unaltered majesty, yet lives to behold the auspicious birth of a new age of faith, when the deluded votaries of the world, having sought in vain for peace in the barren fields of unbelief, heresy and schism, shall fly to the bosom of that mother who alone can restore to humanity the living faith and purity of heart which make men acceptable in the sight of God, and impart to repentant sinners the forfeited peace of heart, by wiping off the stain of guilt. She alone possesses the treasures of sacramental grace, the source of eternal life. Beyond her pale there may be seeming energy, but there can be no true vitality; and this is so true that the activity of the sectaries is to the vigor of her children as the contortions of the galvanized corpse to the healthy movement of the living frame. It belonged to the all-seeing Providence of God so to arrange the order of the material universe that no fatal shock should ever disturb its equilibrium, or prevent the attainment of its end. The sun shall never be allowed to quit its allotted space, nor the planets to wander from their appointed paths. If such provisions have been made by God's wisdom for the stability of the kingdom of nature, with stronger reason must we find the same providential care displayed in the realm of grace. I say, *with stronger reason*, for it were better a whole solar system should be shattered to pieces than a single soul lost; for the salvation of a single soul is in the sight of God of greater moment than the conquest of a world or the creation of the universe. Now, in the kingdom of souls there are two possible evils—corruption of doctrine, and corruption of morals. For both these evils, whose consequences are as awful as they are lasting, God has provided in the Catholic Church remedies so divinely efficacious, a power of healing so mighty, so wonderful, that only the direct co-operation of God can explain its actions. Millions of souls are at large in heaven this day, who, without the remedy of sacramental absolution in the tribunal of Penance, would at this very moment be suffering the punishment of their rebellion in irreparable ruin. Hence our great need, nay, our only need, is to have our sins forgiven; for this is the only thing that makes man tremble on the portals of eternity, when he is about to stand before that Supreme Judge whose piercing eye nothing can escape, from whose sentence there lies no appeal. Now, I ask, what similar provisions for sick, wounded and dead souls exist outside the Catholic Church?

The experience of thousands of unhappy victims compels us to affirm that there is none. Therefore, the common case of those who sin mortally outside the Catholic Church is this, that when the hour of awakening arrives—and for some it never comes, or comes too late—

they either embrace some new heresy or fall into rash presumption or deadly despair. Who, without shedding tears, can witness at times the heart-rending death-bed scenes, in which unconsecrated hands with counterfeit rites and spurious sacraments strive to hide the mortal wounds of the souls which they are unable to heal, and disguise the ruin which they are powerless to avert? And as to the other source of spiritual evils, the corruption of doctrine, we know how admirably the divine Redeemer has protected His Spouse by conferring upon her the gift of infallibility in everything that concerns the salvation of the souls entrusted to her care. We know, and history stands there as our monument and our testimony, how in every age she alone has baffled all the arts of the wicked one, and preserved intact the deposit of faith confided to her keeping. From the first Council, held more than 1800 years ago in the city of Jerusalem, and presided over by St. Peter himself (the first Vicar of Christ) even to the last *ex-cathedra* utterance of his two hundred and sixty-second successor, Leo XIII, not a single instance can be adduced of any dissenting voice or contradictory teaching on any subject that falls within the sphere of Christian morality or dogmatic belief. Hence the argument proclaimed in unison both by the Greek and the Latin Fathers from the earliest times:

UBI PETRUS, IBI ECCLESIA;

that is, where the living trunk is, there is the tree of life: where the foundation is, there stands immovable the edifice: where the throne is, there exists the empire: where the Church is, there is Christ: and where Christ is, there we find light, truth, and eternal life. Yes, beloved brethren: the Faith of the Roman Catholic Church, identical with that preached by the Incarnate Son of God, proclaimed by the Apostles and sealed by the blood of millions of martyrs,—that Faith, I say, is a splendor amidst the conflicting errors and darkness of the world. Outside her walls men are groping in the mist. She is the beacon of light and truth to all generations. May God, in His infinite mercy, enlighten those that know her not, and bring them from the shadow of error into the living reality of truth, that there may be one fold, as there is but Shepherd!

There is one more character or evidence of divine power verified in the Catholic Church, to which I will briefly refer before I conclude, and that is the fulfilment of the promise made by the Redeemer to His first Vicar, and in his person to all his successors even to the end of time. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Yes:

THE STABILITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS A FACT UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Like an immovable rock, she survives every tempest, and the light which beams from her summits, is never eclipsed. She is the only institution that has preserved her life, her vigor, and her autonomy unimpared.

For nearly 1,900 years kingdoms, empires, republics and time-honored dynasties are swept away by the irresistible current of time, and this society remains a monument of enduring firmness, whose equal the world has never seen. Yet, wonderful to tell, this society has never for a single day ceased to maintain a mortal conflict with both the visible and invisible enemies that combine against her. Other religious institutions, doomed to dissolution and ruin, because they are the work of man, vainly endeavor to preserve their precarious existence only by avoiding all share in the struggle with the enemies of the Christian name; they are allowed to live undisturbed, because they are useless and forgotten. Here, on the contrary, with the Catholic Church the law of existence is entirely reversed. Being, as she is, and has ever been, the only embodiment of Christianity feared by the infidels, atheists and materialists of every age, she is compelled to measure her strength with every competitor, to meet every foe on his own terms. She has to receive the fire of every new discovery, every new system, every new opinion on philosophy, history and science. She has to give battle to all comers. Any knight, who may please to wind his horn at her castle, can summon her out to maintain her cause; and it is necessary for her to win in every contest, for a single defeat would be her death. Again and again the world has proclaimed her decay, ruin and destruction; but lo! she is at this very hour as vigorous, as mighty as ever, and as eager for future conflicts as if she had never known the agonies of martyrdom or the treacheries of domestic foes. In the whole range of human phenomena and facts, this is the only instance in which the principles of the so-called Darwinian theory

are found for once to be true; for here indeed, in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, we have the *struggle for existence*, and the *survival of the fittest.*

THIS FACT ALONE STAMPS THE WORK OF DIVINITY ON HER BROW.

When the tyrant is gone to the dust, and the proud voices which predicted her downfall are hushed and forgotten, she lives to teach and save the nations; she lives, and shall live to the end of time, leaning on the Almighty arm of Him who built her; for she is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth, the masterpiece of the divine Redeemer, of whom it is said in the Gospel that "He built His house upon a rock; and the rain fell and the floods came, and the winds blew and they beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock." She repeats to her followers the consoling assurance of St. Paul: "If God is for us, who can stand against us?" She repeats on this day to her opponents what the wise Gamaliel once said in Jerusalem to the first enemies of the Christian name: "If this work be of man, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it." Now the experience of nearly 1900 years of unceasing conflicts and victories authorizes us to complete the argument by adding: That work has *not* been overthrown, therefore it *is* of God.

And this triumph and ever-progressing expansion of the Catholic Church throughout the world is admirably illustrated and exemplified in our midst, in this country, in this State, nay, in this very city. It is now ninety-three years since Bishop Carroll was appointed to the See of Baltimore by Pius VI, and down to the year 1808 he remained the only Bishop of the American Church, whose hierarchy is now composed of 1 Cardinal, 12 Archbishops, 59 Bishops, and more than 5,000 priests. Ninety-three years ago the same Bishop Carroll set down the Catholic population of the United States at 25,900, which is reckoned now to be not less than 7 000,000. This astonishing growth of the Church in this land must indeed be attributed to various causes; but by far the most important of them is, beyond all doubt, the influence of the Irish Catholics. In the words of Bishop Spalding, whose sentiments I fully endorse, no other people could have done for the Catholic Faith in the United States what the Irish people have done. They are pre-eminently a church-building people, as it is proved by the stern argument of facts apparent in the religious monuments they raised in every land where the English language is spoken and the Faith of St. Patrick is preached. Their unalterable attachment to their Bishops and priests; their deep Catholic instinct, always in harmony with their ardent patriotism, as manifested in the love of their native soil and of American institutions; the unworldly and spiritual temper of their national character; their indifference to ridicule and contempt, and their unfailing generosity,—all fitted them for the work which was to be done here; and, in spite of strong prejudices against their race, which Americans had inherited from England, they were able to accomplish what the Catholic world witnesses and admires in this great and free Republic. All honor to the descendants of this noble race! And as to our own Archdiocese, which now numbers a Catholic population of 150,000, I think I am not far from the truth if I assert that from 1849, when the little wooden chapel was erected on Vallejo street, more than one hundred churches have been raised to the honor of God Almighty under the prudent, zealous and wise administration of the venerable prelate who honors this vaste assemblage with his presence. To him and to his co-laborer in the vineyard of Christ, the venerable Bishop of Grass Valley, here present, the Catholic clergy and laity of Upper California owe a debt of gratitude which they shall never be able fully to pay; and to crown the apostolic works of our zealous Archbishop, let us earnestly hope and pray that the day may soon come when besides this church, and the other places of worship already consecrated to the cause of religion in this Queen City of the Pacific, the Catholics of San Francisco shall witness the erection of a Cathedral worthy of their generosity, and equal, if not superior, to any similar structure built in this land by their fellow-members in the Faith. The sanctuary whose corner-stone has just been laid will offer to

THE DEVOTED SONS OF ST. DOMINIC

a wider sphere in the exercise of their apostolic zeal, and will enable them to renew in our times and in our own city the wonders of other ages and of other climes. They are the worthy successors of innumerable champions of Catholic truth; of those sturdy veterans in the bat-

tles of the Lord, who, without once shrinking from the contest, without a stain on their brilliant record for the last 600 years, have stood the brunt of the fight, maintained their post in the front ranks of the Catholic Hierarchy, and illustrated the Church by their learning, holiness, and zeal. In company with the children of St. Francis, they are the successors of those enterprising missionaries who, following in the footsteps of the immortal Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this new world, brought the tidings of salvation to a conquered savage race, and have won from posterity the well-deserved title of pioneers of Catholic Faith in this land. Wherever we gaze upon these children of St. Dominic, we see one motive animating all their actions—the desire to spread the kingdom of Jesus Christ upon earth, to promote the glory of God, to defend the Faith and honor of the Catholic Church, to increase the happiness of man by bettering his condition upon earth and preparing him for a never-ending bliss in the kingdom of heaven. In prosperity and in affliction they remain unchanged; overwhelmed by adversity, or wending their holy way in tranquil joy, they are ever the humble, self-denying servants of God, seeking refuge from the strife and temptations of the world beneath the habit of religion, only that they may become ministering angels of love to their fellow-men, and illustrating in their lives the noble truth, which is graven indelibly in their hearts: *Laborare est orare:* To labor to make God's creatures happy both in this life and in the next is the noblest way of praising God. These sons of St. Dominic, whose self-sacrificing zeal is well known to you all, trusting in the never-failing succor of Divine Providence, and relying on the liberality of those on whose behalf they cheerfully consecrate the days of their life and the labors of their ministry, have commenced this great work with the most favorable auspices, under the protection of the ever glorious Mother of God, in whose honor we celebrate on this day the solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary. Whilst relying upon the divine assistance to see this work soon brought to a perfect consummation, for it is written, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," they appeal to the Christian generosity of the people of this city. Let us encourage these good Fathers with our sympathies, with our prayers, with our contributions, and enable them to raise this majestic structure to the glory of the Almighty, to the honor of the Queen of Heaven, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, to the honor of the great Patriarch St. Dominic, as a new witness of the ever-increasing triumph of the Catholic Church in California, and as an imperishable monument of the piety and generosity of the citizens of San Francisco; and that merciful God who promised a reward to whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in His name, will not refuse a place in heaven to the zealous hearts and loving hands that have contributed to build for Him another beautiful mansion upon earth.

Only a Hawthorn Blossom.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

It was a lovely evening in the treasured month of May,—of Mary. The sun had set behind the hill of Ballybawn, and a purple light filled the beauteous valley that lay in the lap of the fern-caressed mountains overshadowing far-famed, sweet, sad Glendalough. The air was laden with the perfume of the hawthorn-blossomed hedges. Yellow primroses and deep blue violets nestled in protecting mosses. The corn-crake gave forth his grating note of warning from the vividly green meadows, and the laughter-loving Laragh River gaily warbled its rippling serenade to "gray-hooded eve."

A handsome, sunburnt young fellow, in the attire of the farming classes, leant in an attitude of easy grace against a moss-covered granite boulder. In his hand he carried a sally switch, using it ever and anon to flip off the blossom of a buttercup or daisy, while with his heel he burrowed a hole in the white, sandy road.

This was Hugh, the third son of Dan O'Byrne, of Glenmahue, direct descendant of Phelim O'Byrne, who "held the gap" against a score of the O'Tooles when every man in the Wicklow passes went forth with his life in his hand. Hugh was a strapping fellow, six foot in his stockings, and the best wrestler in the barony. As a shot he was unsurpassed, and the 20th of August found his grouse-bag full, when Lord Carysfort's entire party failed to "pot" a dozen brace to as many guns. There was not a spot on the neighboring lakes and

rivers with which he was not on the most familiar terms; and the late Archdeacon Redmond, of Arklow, used to tell a most amusing story of Hugh's coming to the rescue upon a certain Friday when fish was not to be had for love or money,—Cardinal Cullen being on a visitation. "I sent for Hugh O'Byrne and gave him the hard word," the worthy Archdeacon used to narrate; "and, sure enough, a finer dish of trout never smoked on a board than the lad sent me, in the very nick of time."

Hugh's eldest brother was a farmer; his second, a doctor; while he himself held a sort of roving commission, taking fat cattle to the Dublin or Liverpool markets, attending certain fairs, and breaking in young horses.

"So you're off to America, Hugh?" exclaimed a voice from the other side of the boulder.

Hugh looked round and perceived a young man, in the uniform of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who had approached across the bog from the little whitewashed, slated house, dignified by the title of barracks, that stood in utter isolation beneath the heather-clad mountain.

"Yes, Andy: I'm off, sure enough," said Hugh.

"When do you start?"

"I leave Rathdrum by the eight train, that reaches Harcourt street at eleven; and I'll have three-quarters of an hour to drive across Dublin to the King's Bridge station, to catch the train that leaves at a quarter to twelve for Queenstown."

"Is it by the Cunard line you're goin'?"

"Yes."

"It's well for you," observed the constable, with a sigh. "I wish I were in your place."

"Faith you'd be better off than getting one-and-sixpence a day for doing all sorts of dirty work, Andy."

"It *is* dirty work, Hugh, an' sorra' a lie in it. Maintainin' the law is well enough, but I never 'listed to go searchin' honest people's houses in the middle of the night. 'Pon me conscience, Hugh O'Byrne," added the constable, bringing a clenched fist down with a thud on the granite boulder, "I was near flingin' me rifle on the ground last night when we were ordered to search Jim Darcy's, an' tellin' Sub-Inspector Crackenbury to go and do his dirty work himself."

"You'll be coming out after me, Andy, as sure as there's a bill on a crow."

"What are you going to do, Hugh?"

"Well, I go to New York first, and I'll stop with Mike Flynn; and then I'll— But here come Miss Darcy and her mother, Andy; and —and—"

"I'll be over in the morning to say 'God speed,' Hugh. More power to ye!" And the honest constable hurried away in the direction of the barracks.

"I *must* say good-bye to her!" exclaimed Hugh, half aloud. "Little does she imagine that it's she that's driving me across the wild Atlantic. Her beauty, her goodness! I could never hope to win her as Hugh the—the cowboy" (this savagely). "Perhaps I might come back one of these days like Paddy Byrne, of Inchagonnel, with a thousand pounds in the bank at Rathdrum just for pocket money."

It must, in the interests of truth, be told that Hugh O'Byrne was what in the country parts of Ireland is termed "a little *con*trairey." He loved sport better than work, and would lose a chance of making £10 on a "lump of a baste" for the pleasure of landing a two-pound trout, or bagging a brace of grouse or a hare. There was nothing bad in the young man, but he was careless to recklessness; and the very largeness of his heart brought him into scrapes out of which his head rarely succeeded in extracting him with credit. He earned a "light" name in the valley of Glendalough, the reputation of a ne'er-do-weel; and had he presumed to aspire to the hand of Mary Darcy, he would have been rejected by her parents with severity, if not with contumely.

Mr. Darcy had been in the corn trade in Dublin, and had amassed a handsome competence. Loving the beautiful County Wicklow, he purchased a handsome house, surrounded by some fifty acres, in the exquisite valley of Glendalough; and being a "dab" in archæology, and exceedingly desirous of becoming a member of the Royal Irish Academy, he spent the most of his time in prowling amongst the ruins of the Seven Churches, in search of further evidences of St. Kevin, and was engaged in preparing a pamphlet on the subject of the origin of the famous Round Tower.

Hugh loved Mary Darcy, worshipping at a distance; but feeling how utterly hopeless was his passion, he suddenly resolved upon dragging the anchors of his heart and putting out to sea.

"Yes," he bitterly sighed, as he prepared to

advance into the road, "the cowboy has never a chance against the castle swells that visit at her father's. Kid gloves and lavender water. Bah!"

By this time the two ladies had arrived to where Hugh was lounging against the gray granite boulder. The elder was fat, fair and forty; a fine, healthy, buxom dame, with a red cheek, a merry eye, and a form innocent of angles. The younger, her daughter, was in the "sweet seventeens." Her chestnut hair, gray, lustrous eyes, dainty nose and mouth, and exquisitely moulded yet girlish figure brought her within range of that hackneyed word "beauty." But

"O there was something more exquisite still"

in the purity of her glance, in the maiden modesty that visibly enclosed her as a veil.

Poor Hugh flung one concentrated love-gaze at her, then dropped his eyes, then lifted them to her mother, as he said: "Good evening, Mrs. Darcy! I'm off to-morrow."

"To Dublin, Hugh?"

"Farther than that, ma'am."

"Liverpool?"

"Farther still. Didn't you hear that I was going to America?"

"To America, Hugh!" And Mrs. Darcy opened her eyes to their widest capacity.

"Yes, Mrs. Darcy."

"Why, I never heard a word of it. Did you, Mary?" turning to her daughter as she spoke.

"Yes—mamma,"—the two words coming slowly across quivering lips."

"And why in the world didn't you tell me? Dear me, this *is* news! Going to make your fortune, I hope, Hugh?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Darcy," said Hugh, fervently. "Anyhow, there's a chance."

"You are right. There is no chance for you in this lonely, out-of-the-world valley. I'm sure I can't imagine what Mr. Darcy sees in it. I won't stop another winter, I promise you. I mean to have a house in Dublin, and go to the Castle, and see life and society. Mary will make her *début* next season. Walk on with us, won't you? We are going to visit the Blessed Virgin's altar at Aunamoe. Father Dunne holds devotions there every evening. Now tell me what are your plans?"

What a walk that was, by the rippling river in the perfumed evening air! What if Mary Darcy said never a word? Was she not there, beside him, her dainty feet scarce pressing the cowslip-dappled grass that grew by the edge of the sometimes brawling Laragh?

Too soon the Gothic church at Aunamoe came in sight; too soon the sweet-toned bell disputed the delicious evening silence with the persistent corn-crake and the brawling brooklet.

"Won't you come and beseech our Blessed Lady's protection on the wild ocean?" said Mary Darcy.

"Indeed, *indeed* I will!" cried Hugh. "Won't you say a prayer for *me*, Miss Darcy?"

"Yes,"—this in a low and reverential tone.

The lights shone brilliantly on the little altar that was a very bouquet of wild flowers. There were no hot-house blossoms, no forced freaks of nature, no priceless buds or shrubs from lordly gardens. The hawthorn blossom, in its pure whiteness, hung in a perfumed cloud over our Lady's head; the delicate primrose formed a carpet at her feet; the odoriferous violet wafted heavenward nature's own incense.

The devotions concluded, Mrs. Darcy entered the vestry for the purpose of inviting Father Dunne to dinner for the following Sunday.

"I will say the '*Ave Maria*' now," whispered Miss Darcy, "and you will say it with me."

Hugh knelt beside her at the altar-rails, and uttered the beautiful prayer word for word, and half aloud, with the pure, bright being at his side.

As they arose from their knees a sprig of hawthorn blossom became detached from above the Madonna's head, and fell to the carpet within reach. Miss Darcy stretched forth her hand between the altar-rails, and, lifting the snowy, fragrant blossom, gave it to him, then passed rapidly from the church.

"I will keep it always," said Hugh; "and if ever I should be tempted to go on the wrong road, this little flower will warn me back to the right one."

Father Dunne gave Hugh his blessing and wished him "God-speed," adding a few solemn words of admonition, and a few gracious ones of encouragement.

"Will you take a seat back to the cross-roads, Hugh?" asked Mrs. Darcy, the springs of the outside car wheezing as she mounted.

"Thank you, ma'am. I think I should prefer to walk."

"Well, good-bye, and good luck, Hugh!"

laughed the jovial lady. "Come back an oilman, or a mining man, or a cattle man; but come back a *man*, and a *monied* man."

Mary Darcy gave Hugh her hand. The gloaming had arrived. It was neither day nor dark, yet he saw a light in her beautiful gray eyes that set beating the pulses of Hope.

"Good-bye," she murmured; "and may the Mother of God protect you!"

The car drove away. Mrs. Darcy waved her hand. Miss Darcy set her face towards Glendalough. This Hugh could see, though his eyes were dimmed with mist.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

"Miseremini Mei!"

BY A. B. O'N, C. S. C.

"MISEREMINI MEI!" Whence comes this wail,
That is freighting the night-wind's wings?
"Have mercy! have mercy!"—it thrills the soul
Like no song that this world e'er sings;
And the heart throbs quick and the pulse beats fast
While we list to its mournful strain,
For the tone of the voice is a plaintive tone,
Full of sorrow and trouble and pain.

"*Miseremini mei!*" the wail floats up
From an unseen world below,
Where departed saints their deliverance wait
In a dungeon of silent woe;—
From a wide, wide ocean of billowy flame,
Where endurance no merit can win,—
God's crucible fierce, where charity's gold
Is cleansed from the dross of sin.

"*Miseremini mei!*" Hark! listen well:
Hear ye not some familiar voice,
That in years agone oft has blended with thine,
And with thine would weep or rejoice?
By the love thou once bore for that friend of yore,
Let him not call in vain upon thee;
In thy charity's might, grant him endless delight,
Strike off all his chains,—set him free.

"*Miseremini mei!*" Ah, Christian soul,
One day, from that joyless clime,
Thy wail shall float back, 'cross the gulf of Death,
To thy friends on the shores of Time.
Be generous, now, to those holy souls,
And, then, shall you reap your reward;
For the measure of mercy you deal unto them,
Shall be dealt unto you by the Lord.

Episodes of Lourdes.

BY HENRY LASSERRE.

THE MIRACLE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

XX.

On returning to the sacristy with the celebrant, the Abbé Antoine noticed that the Abbé de Musy was kneeling and immovable, with his head resting in his hands. He was deeply affected at the sight. But even in the hearts of the most believing there is such a tendency to doubt, that oftentimes fear overrules faith; and so it was with the Abbé Antoine. He thought to himself: "He must have made some extraordinary effort. My God! he will weaken and fall!" And under the influence of this fear he ran to the side of his friend, and extended his hands to support him, as if he were about to fall. In this manner they remained for some time, and at length the Abbé de Musy made a movement and arose. Trembling with joyful emotion, his faithful friend hurried to bring the little carriage, that the paralytic might seat himself; but the Abbé made a gesture of refusal, and said: "The Blessed Virgin has cured me." Then, with calm and firm step, he moved towards the gate.

The Abbé Antoine was speechless, and certainly *his* steps were neither calm nor firm. During his whole life he had never known his benefactor other than as an invalid. The cold sweat of fear stood in great drops upon his forehead as he followed the Abbé de Musy. In his anxiety, and as though this illusion would be suddenly dissipated, he was determined to bring with him the rolling-chair.

The coachman was waiting on the seat of his carriage. When he perceived the Abbé Antoine he came down to assist him in lifting his crippled companion into the vehicle. But when he saw him coming with the empty carriage, he said, in amazement: "Where is your sick friend?"

"I am here," said the priest himself, as he appeared, with his majestic and imposing figure, at the same time as the Abbé Antoine, where the carriage was waiting. "The Blessed Virgin has cured me. I shall not need your carriage: we are going on foot to the Grotto."

The coachman, in astonishment, turned his eyes upon the speaker, and at once recognized

in that man full of life, health and strength, the motionless paralytic of a few moments before. He believed himself the victim of some illusion. The words died out on his lips. His look met that of the Abbé Antoine, and they understood each other. He took the little chair and placed it in his carriage. The two priests embraced each other, weeping.

"Father! Father! you are cured!" said the Abbé Antoine.

"I believe it is so, my son," replied the Abbé de Musy.

These were the only words exchanged. There are emotions in the heart which, between fellow-creatures, can be expressed only in tears; and between man and God, only by prayer. They began to pray, and as they walked along the road leading to the Grotto they recited their beads. *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*

XXI.

It was about nine o'clock when they reached the Grotto. The crowd pressed around the blessed rocks; young and old, women and children, believers of every age,—all were there in the silence of prayer and recollection. Some were prostrate on the ground; others were drinking at the miraculous spring. Some were saying their beads, or reciting the *Hours;* others, nearer the Gave, were conversing in a low voice. Behind stood a man of tall stature and marked feature, towering above all the bent heads, who, with a sad smile of incredulity, contemplated the kneeling throng, as it appeared *to him*, kneeling and in adoration before nothing.

Such was the spectacle presented before the eyes of our two friends as they approached. They passed through the crowd, which, however, paid no attention to the two priests, and entered the Grotto, where the Abbé de Musy knelt on one of the *prie-dieux* always to be found there.

But suddenly a murmur arose, which gradually increased, and a loud cry succeeded to the calm prayer and silence of the multitude. Some had recognized one of the ecclesiastics who had entered the Grotto as the invalid priest, whom, during the past week, they had remarked seated in his rolling-chair, and pushed by the hand of his friend. Every one hastened to see him. The surging throng bore towards the door. The Brother Guardian of the Grotto, frightened, closed the double iron grating. A thousand cries arose:

"Is it he?"

"Is he cured?"

"What was his malady?"

"Where is he?"

"It is a miracle!"

"It cannot be!"

"Vive Marie! Vive Marie!"

"It must be another priest!"

Then, suddenly, as if obeying some command, the tumult subsided, and a solemn silence fell upon the multitude.

Behind the grating of the Grotto, the cured man arose. He turned towards the people, his noble countenance all radiant with the reflection of the miracle, and made a sign as though about to speak. "My dear brethren," he said, "it is indeed I, myself. It is I, whom you have seen here since my arrival with paralyzed body and sightless eyes. I am a priest of the diocese of Autun. Twenty years have passed since I was able to read. It is twelve years since I was totally paralyzed, and unable to approach the altar to say the only Mass which I knew by heart. Our Lady of Lourdes has restored me all! Ah! may this great miracle make the good better, and convert sinners! Help me to thank God and to obtain the grace to be a good priest."

The *"Magnificat"* was intoned, and all the people glorified the Lord.

They had heard the recital: now they wished to prove the miracle.

"Walk! walk!" cried out voices from the throng.

The paralytic obeyed.

"Read! read!"

A little volume, printed in the finest characters, was placed before his eyes. And he who for twenty years had not been able to distinguish the largest letters of the Missal, now read fluently and without the least hesitation.

"Your signature! your signature! On this book—on this picture—on this card!" And hundreds of hands passed, through the grating, to the Abbé de Musy, prayer-books, "Imitations," pious images, visiting cards, etc. With a firm and beautiful hand he wrote innumerable autographs on the thousand-and-one articles presented to him.

XXII.

All at once, and out of breath from running, a workman breaks through the crowd. His rough, honest features revealed his great agitation. The grating of the Grotto was opened

for him, and with tears of joy he threw himself into the arms of the Abbé de Musy. It was the father of little Peter.

"And little Peter,—is he cured, too?" asked the priest, anxiously.

"No, Monsieur l'Abbé. It was not the will of God."

The priest made a gesture of sympathy, as if he were tempted to reproach Heaven for not having done more, or for not having bestowed its favor upon another."

"As for me," he said, with an apparent tone of sadness, "the Blessed Virgin has granted me this great favor."

The workman divined the thoughts of the Abbé de Musy, and understood the tones of his voice. "Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé," he replied, "the Blessed Virgin does well whatever she does. I am quite happy as it is."

And, in truth, in his countenance there appeared no sign of pain or regret, no mark of that envy which but too often rankles in the human heart at the sight of another's happiness; no murmur against the distinction made between creatures here upon earth. And yet for three long years this poor father had brought his child regularly, each year, to Lourdes, to implore the intervention of Heaven in his behalf.

"Where is little Peter?" asked the priest.

"There he is, outside the crowd, in a quiet little place by himself. When the sound of the "*Magnificat*" reached our ears, he trembled with joy. 'Father,' he cried, 'our friend is cured! Run! run and see him!' And I ran. I must go now and tell him the good news."

"No, no!" said the Abbé; "let me go myself and tell him."

Together they left the Grotto. The crowd parted, and a double line was drawn down, with a narrow passage, through which the man of the miracle passed.

Just outside the crowd stood a carriage, on the seat of which was an invalid-chair. The Abbé Antoine made a sign to the coachman, and instantly the chair was passed from hand to hand over the heads of the people and placed within the Grotto, as a memorial of this miraculous event. The Abbé de Musy met this triumphal *ex-voto* as he passed through the lines. He had already wept much, but his eyes were again suffused with tears as he encountered this expressive souvenir of his former malady,—that malady which now, by a strange illusion, seemed like something of the distant past.

When he came to the Piscina he saw the angelic little Peter stretched upon his rude little wagon. Tenderly pressing him to his bosom, he exclaimed: "Ah, my dear child! how I wish that Our Lady of Lourdes had granted you the same favor as she has to me!"

But little Peter, lifting towards him his large, pure eyes, beaming with heavenly brightness, answered, as his father had done: "The Blessed Virgin knows what is good for me. There are so many boys of my age who offend God and blaspheme His Holy Name! If I had my health, perhaps, alas! I should be like them. Now I do not offend Him; I love Him with my whole heart; I receive Him in Holy Communion, and I am content. Ah! I should much rather remain as I am, weak and crippled, and not offend God, than to possess health, if I should abuse it and become wicked. The Blessed Virgin knows well what she is doing." And again, extending his innocent arms, he embraced the Abbé, as though he would console him in the sadness which his countenance displayed. And this child was scarcely fifteen years old, the son of a poor village shoemaker!

O God of all power! is it possible for the heart not to be moved in the presence of such a spectacle,—for Thy creature not to turn towards Thee, and, prostrate before Thee, address Thee in the words of our Lord Jesus Christ: "I give thanks to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so hath it seemed good in Thy sight."

XXIII.

The Abbé de Musy continued on his way to the Home of the Missionaries, to give testimony of his cure. The crowd continued to press after him, eager to see him walking. With agile step he ascended the hill: there was no lameness, no suffering, no inconvenience, no fatigue.

As soon as the cured paralytic had made his declaration to the guardians of the sanctuary, he turned towards his companion, and, thinking of those who were then so far away from him in body, but so near to his heart, he said: "Make haste and send a dispatch! What a happiness for my mother, my father, and all at home! Then go yourself and carry the news to the Curé of Lourdes. My first visit will be to him."

It was then about one o'clock. All the

Masses were said, and each one had returned to the town to take his repast. The nave was entirely empty, save the Abbé de Musy, who was there thanking God. He was like one who has exhausted his strength, and needs to rest and recuperate. And hence, after all the crowd, and noise and agitation, he enjoyed, to his great delight, a deep retreat, an absolute silence, and that refreshing peace which is to be found only at the foot of the altar and under the roof of the church. He was alone,—alone with God. He could kneel, without a thousand curious eyes following the least movements of his body. He could weep unseen by men; he could now, in that intimate converse of prayer, open his heart to his Lord and to Mary, without being disturbed at every moment by the simple egotism of indiscreet piety, and asked to "Say a little prayer for me."

He crossed the silent aisles of the sacred place, and knelt within the sanctuary. There he remained before the Tabernacle. His whole life of suffering, now suddenly transformed into a life of health and strength, passed before his mind. The prophecy of the Curé d'Ars; the Banner of the Sacred Heart; the pilgrimage to Paray; the presentiment of the Marseilles priest; the almost forcible persistence of Madame de Pomey; the dream of the poor man; the words of the Curé of Lourdes,—all seemed to him like so many luminous landmarks along the road which led to his cure. And on each was written the name of the Lord.

The thought of his mother was ever present to his mind, and, after God, he attributed to her sanctity the wonderful grace which he had received. Like St. Ambrose, who, speaking of the sorrow of St. Monica, exclaimed: "The child of so many tears cannot be lost!" so, too, he said in his heart: "The child of so many prayers could not but be cured." He understood that God willed that he should remain so long in his infirmity that he might be near his mother, and be formed to the virtues of a priest by the constant and beautiful example of that soul inflamed with the love of Jesus Christ.

"Three times has she given birth to me," he thought to himself: "in the life of nature; in the sacerdotal life, by my vocation, the seeds of which she sowed within me; in the miraculous life, by my cure, which her fervent prayers have contributed so much to obtain. Oh, my mother! my mother!"

And this cry of gratitude served to unite in his filial affection both that earthly mother and that Mother of all, who diffuses her blessings from her throne in heaven.

And now, in his new life, what was he to do? During the thirty years of his priesthood he had never exercised any active ministry. Should he be a religious, a missionary, or a parish priest? How much light did he not need! Looking towards the Tabernacle, like the Jews leaving the desert and looking towards the Land of Promise, he said: "There, to-morrow, whilst offering the Holy Victim for the first time in so many years, I shall ask for the graces I need;—to-morrow—Saturday,—the day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin; to-morrow, the 16th of August, my mother's patronal festival."

The time passed by, and the chapel gradually began to be filled with the faithful. The Abbé de Musy returned to Lourdes, where the news of the miracle had already caused great commotion. It was the hour for Vespers in the parish church when he arrived, and the Abbé Peyramale was recounting to the people the great event of the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Letter from Paris.

DEAR "AVE MARIA":—At the end of nine days everything is an old story in Paris. The death of the Comte de Chambord, which held the country in breathless suspense while it was impending, is already practically forgotten; and the Comte de Paris has taken in politics the place of the chivalrous Henri V. He is, however, not likely to take his place in the hearts of royalists, who have tendered their allegiance to him rather in principle than from any personal sense of loyalty. The Comte de Paris is a respectable man, and, as far as we may judge, a sincere Catholic; but the Orleans have a trick of compromising matters,—of trying to run with the hare, and cry with the hounds,—which has shaken confidence in them. They have not the prestige of the Bourbons, nor the gift of winning popularity.

The outrageous violence of the mob to the King of Spain has created a feeling of alarm, for Bismark is pretty sure to turn the affair to account; and a French navy officer, who is well informed, said to me a few days before the hubbub, "Germany is biding her time to be down upon us. The alarmists who talk of a war with China *are wrong;* the danger lies across the Rhine; and there is very imminent danger from that quarter."

How one does get sick of this atmosphere of strife and disorder, and hatred of all holy and loving things! I will say no more about it, but turn to a more congenial subject. You have heard of the death of Louise Lateau, the saintly stigmata of Bois d'Haine, who was called to her rest the day after the demise of Henri V. Her sufferings had been greater than ever, of late; so intense were they, that for three weeks before her release came she may be said to have entered into her agony. She never spoke throughout that time, even to address her sisters, who were so lovingly ministering to her. On Saturday, the 25th of August, the Feast of St. Louis (her patron), her power of speech returned, and she begged that she might be buried beside her mother. Her mind then wandered; during her delirium, if such it were, she was heard to murmur: "To-morrow! . . . St. Louis! . . . O what lovely flowers!" Her last audible words were the names of Jesus and Mary. In spite of the prudence of the ecclesiastical authorities in discountenancing any kind of manifestation, enormous crowds assembled to gaze upon the dead body of the humble girl whom the popular voice proclaimed a highly favored servant of God. On the Friday before her death, the usual hemorrhage did not take place; had it done so, it would have been the eight hundred and first recurrence of the marvellous phenomenon. Louise was in her 33d year when she died, having been born on the 29th of January, 1850. She had been favored with the stigmata for twelve years. Medical men of high repute and skill had gone from many countries to examine her case, and had applied every possible test within their scope; but one and all were forced to admit that the secret was beyond the reach of science. Her humility, holiness, and love of retirement were in themselves a testimony of the divine character of the supernatural manifestations of which she was the subject, and went as far to inspire feelings of faith and reverence, in those who witnessed them, as the mystery of the stigmata, and her wonderful ecstasies and long fast.

In my summer wanderings this year I came upon a shrine of our Lady that has a beautiful legend attached to its miraculous statue. I at once took a note of it for THE "AVE MARIA."

Once upon a time, nearly 800 years ago, a shepherd boy was watching his flock on pastures in Normandy. He noticed one day a certain lamb, of extraordinary whiteness, always lying on a particular spot, and that it eat nothing, though perfectly healthy in appearance. The fact at last struck him as so peculiar that he called attention to it; and some one suggested that they should dig into the earth and see what was under the place where the lamb lay. This was done, and lo! they discovered a statue of our Lady. The people had faith in those days, so there was great rejoicing and ringing of bells at the strange news. The Bishop of Bayeux, however, claimed the statue for his Cathedral, as the most worthy place to shelter it. It was carried with all pomp from Douvres to Bayeux, and placed upon an altar in the church; but when the Bishop went to officiate next morning, lo! the statue was gone. A search was made, and it was found on the spot under which it had been discovered in the field. The Bishop and the people, with one voice, cried out that here a shrine must be built for our Lady, since she had chosen the place for her abode. Accordingly, Baudouin des Iles, a rich nobleman of the neighborhood, offered to erect a chapel for the statue. The chapel was called the Délivrande, and became a famous pilgrimage, and it still continues to be so. The original chapel was pulled down by the Revolution, but it has been beautifully rebuilt, and our Lady is enthroned in an elaborate niche, before which lights are kept constantly burning by the pilgrims who go to pray at the foot of the worn, quaint, and most unæsthetic statue.

There is an excellent convent school kept by nuns of the Faithful Virgin at La Délivrande, which I visited and admired. My wanderings took me on from La Délivrande to Caen, the most picturesque of old Norman towns, where I saw, amongst other curious relics of the eleventh century, a portrait of William the Conqueror, taken from one in fresco painted by a Benedictine monk of the period, and in which the doughty monarch is attired in the doublet and hose particular to Henry VIII! This striking anachronism is accounted for by the fact of the picture having been destroyed by damp, only the head remaining intact; and the good Benedictine of the sixteenth century, who restored it, thought, one costume being as good as another, he could do no better than clothe the Conqueror in the fashion of the day. This curious work of art is preserved in the Church of Saint Etienne, the most majestic of the old Norman piles, which has stood witness to the faith of the people through succeeding centuries, and was spared even by the Red Mob of '93. Though the various parts of the edifice differ in style, according to the period of their restoration, the effect of the whole is wonderfully harmonious. Attached to the church is the monastery, now the Lyceum, and used as such since 1804. It is a noble building of the grand monastic type, and in marvellous preservation. The pupils (eleven hundred in number, including the externs,) were all absent, but some of the masters were still in the house, and at dinner in the magnificent refectory; their table making a scarcely perceptible spot at the extremity of the noble room, with its dark oak wainscoting, and arched ceiling, —all suggesting, as did the entire place, the prayerful silence and austere discipline of the grand Benedictine days.

The Lyceum is not open to the public, but the porter allowed us to visit it all through, "for a

consideration." It broke one's heart to think of such a relic of the past being turned from its original purpose, and filled with the racket of boys and pedagogues. There was some comfort, however, in learning from good authority that the Lycée of Caen is an exception to the general run of the public schools under this atheistic government; that the masters there are Christians, and that the pupils are taught to believe in God, and worship Him.

The old Abbaye aux Dames, now a hospital, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of the Romanesque, or as it is commonly styled Norman, architecture to be seen in France. It was built also in the 11th century, by Mathilda, the pious wife of William the Conqueror. She is buried there, and is daily prayed for by the Augustinian Nuns who serve the hospital.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Catholic Notes.

For eight years past, Agnes Balter, of Lafayette, Indiana, now aged 18 years, had been paralyzed from her hips down. The best medical skill had been invoked, but without success. During her years of suffering Miss Balter had been a devout Catholic. Recently she commenced praying that she might be relieved of her sufferings; and as the Forty Hours' Devotion commenced in St. Bonafacius', she prevailed upon her parents, Saturday evening, to take her to Mass next morning. She was lifted out of her carriage and taken in the church, where she at once commenced praying, and so continued during the entire service. Then her parents and friends were astonished to see her arise from the floor and walk out to the carriage. The remarkable occurrence created a profound impression in this city, and especially among the members of St. Bonafacius' Church.—*Secular Journals.*

The Rev. Father Walters, of Lafayette, of whom we made inquiries concerning this statement, assures us that it is correct. "The girl not only could not walk, but could not see, and during the past year had excruciating convulsions, all of which have disappeared. The case had, some time previously, been reported to Dr. Hamilton (who attended President Garfield); and, after careful study, his opinion was that it was entirely hopeless. This occurrence has made quite a stir among the dry-bones of Lafayette, and is the subject matter of much comment upon all sides." From a more detailed account, which we shall publish next week, we learn that the cure was effected by the instrumentality of the Water of Lourdes.

The marble block which Pius IX sent from Rome in 1854 for the Washington monument, and which the Know-Nothings of the time stole, and pitched into the Potomac, is likely to be recovered by the dredgers now at work in deepening the river. One of the three survivors of the nine who committed the act of vandalism states that the marble was sunk near the Long Bridge draw. The block is described as being about four feet by a foot and a half in size, of a peculiar whitish color, having a Latin inscription in gilt letters.

The Holy Father's recommendation to have processions in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary during the month of October was not lost sight of by the Rev. Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind. On the Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin the Catholics of that place, headed by their zealous pastor, came in procession to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. The distance is about six miles, which the pilgrims travelled on foot, reciting the Rosary and singing hymns to the Blessed Virgin. They arrived at Notre Dame about 11 o'clock, and filled the large church to overflowing. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Oechtering, and Fitté, C. S. C., as deacon and subdeacon. At the Gospel, one of the resident priests preached an appropriate sermon, in which he welcomed the pilgrims to Notre Dame, and expressed the joy that all felt at witnessing such an unusual manifestation of faith and fervor. At two o'clock the pilgrims again assembled in the church, and, after the recitation of the Rosary, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, united their voices in a grand *Te Deum.* The procession then returned to Mishawaka, the bells of Notre Dame pealing forth a sweet farewell.

The death is announced of the Rev. Alban Stolz, a well-known German writer. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood on the 16th of August last.

An organ which has just been built in Germany is believed to be the largest in existence. It counts 174 registers, and is worked automatically by an Otto gas motor of four-horse power. Its height is 20 meters, its width 11, and its depth 10. Its largest wooden pipe is 10 meters long and of a cubical capacity of 2,000 liters. The instrument is to be set up in the Cathedral of Riga. For the St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, the same builders are soon to construct a still larger organ.

The anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated with great spirit in Madrid, where a statue of Columbus was unveiled.

We are indebted to the Rev. Father Sasia, S. J., President of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, Cal., for a revised copy of his eloquent discourse on "The Church, etc," which we publish this week. Seldom has it been our good fortune to meet with so clear an exposition of the evidences of the true

Church, and in so brief a compass as in Rev. Father Sasia's discourse. We are sure the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" will peruse it with much pleasure.

Mr. Mantey, the agent of THE "AVE MARIA" in Denver, Colorado, has at his store two books of devotion that were specially gotten up—composition, illustrations and binding—for one of the former crowned heads of Europe, Isabella I, of Spain. The larger and more important of the two books is entitled:

Devocionario Regio
Para el Uso de S. M. C. Dona Isabel I,
Reina de Espana.
Compuestro por el Presbytero Don Juan Diaz de Baeza,
Familiar de S.S. su Notario y de la Silla.
Apostolica y Catedratico de Filosofia
Moral y Fundamentos de Religion
In los Estudios de San Isidor
de esta Corte.
Madrid:
Imprenta de Don Ignacio Boix,
Calle de Carretas, Num. 27.
1846.

This book contains 296 pages, each page encircled with an engraved and illuminated border, differing from the others in design, from which it would appear that the book was gotten up regardless of expense. There are thirty engravings, representing the queen in various devotional acts. The engravings, in nowise pretentious, bear the imprint of Lopez as delineator, and Gabriel as engraver.

The second and smaller book is entitled:

La Estrella del Christiana.
Nuevo Devocionario Completo, etc.
Barcelona:
A Pons y Ca., Editores.
1845.

The border of this book is printed in plain carmine, but there are many illuminated pages, containing respectively the Lord's Prayer, Angelical Salutation, *Salve Regina*, etc., besides numerous colored engravings.

Both books are bound in satin velvet, and are kept in morocco cases. The velvet binding bears traces of gold or other precious ornaments, of which it has been despoiled. When we consider the value attached to royal appurtenances in Europe, it seems strange that such books should find their way to this side of the Atlantic.

Antonio M. Vicente, editor of the excellent Portuguese Catholic newspaper *O Jornal de Noticias*, has been united in the sacred bonds of matrimony to Miss Maria Rose. The marriage took place on the 11th ult., in St. Andrew's Church, Erie, Pa. Our best wishes attend the newly married couple.

The Archdiocese of Philadelphia mourns the death of the Rev. Francis McNamee, who breathed his last on the 8th ult., after a long illness. The diocese of Pittsburgh has lost one of its pioneer priests by the demise of the Rev. Thomas Ryan, of Altoona, which took place in that city on the 17th ult.

May they rest in peace!

New Publications.

SHORT SERMONS for the Low Masses of Sunday. Comprising, in Four Series, a Methodical Exposition of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S. J. Translated from the French by the Rev. Edward Th. McGinley. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Rev. Father Schouppe, the author of the above work, has already become distinguished by the number of excellent manuals of religious instruction which he has written. "Theologia Dogmatica" and "Adjumenta Oratoris Sacri" are well known to the clergy, and have proved invaluable aids to the work of the ministry. In the "Short Sermons" now given to the public, the learned Jesuit has concentrated his deep knowledge of the truths of our holy religion, and, with admirable tact, presents them clearly and concisely expressed, and in a manner calculated to impress them upon the minds of those for whom they are intended. Father Schouppe recognizes the prevailing condition of things among the masses of the faithful, when, engrossed as they are, for the most part, with the busy cares of life, many think only of satisfying the strict precept of the Church, and content themselves with the hearing of a low Mass on Sunday. In this way, except in those churches where short instructions are regularly given at the early Mass, numbers of the faithful never or seldom have an opportunity to hear the word of God and become better acquainted with the beautiful truths of religion. These series of sermons are well adapted for the purpose in view, namely, to impart instruction which is solid and practical, and at the same time short, and easily understood. For the clergy they are excellent models upon which to prepare similar sermons, and for the laity they are good and useful reading at all times.

——Messrs. Benziger Brothers have sent us the first issue of their *Catholic Home Almanac*. We find it so complete and excellent in every way that we hope it has "come to remain." Besides the calendars, and other matter proper to almanacs, there are fifty or more pages of entertaining reading, with numerous bright pictures. The calendar pages are printed in red and black, and there is a very pretty chromo frontispiece of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus. By the way, the calendar given is not the one approved for the United States; and we think it should have been stated that in some dioceses the Fridays in Advent are not fasting days. Price, 25 cts.

Youth's Department.

The Scapulars.

A TRUE STORY OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

BLESS my heart, Tillie! Why can you not be satisfied to be a devotee yourself, without expecting everybody else to be one? You can never make me believe it is necessary to say prayers the livelong day and night, too. I am just as good a Catholic as you are. I would die for my religion any day; and you, with all your fraternities and confraternities, your *Agnus Deis*, and medals, and scapulars, and the good Lord only knows what, for I cannot keep count of them, —you can do no more nor better than die for your religion."

Lottie Payson paused here, simply because she was out breath. Her impetuous remonstrance, however, seemed to have but very little effect upon Tillie, as she stood beside Lottie with a pair of beautifully-embroidered scapulars in her hand. She made no reply to Lottie, who merely paused so breathe and begin again.

"If you had merely given me the scapulars, Tillie, I should have taken them with the greatest pleasure, just for their beauty; but when you say, with that peculiar air of yours, that you expect me to be enrolled in the Scapular Society, and to wear them, it is quite a different thing. Of course, I should not touch them unless I had made up my mind to wear them; but I assure you, Tillie, I but just get through the prayers I have to say now, and I never can find time to say the scapular prayers. Therefore, my dear" (and Lottie grew coaxing in her tone), "I let you keep the very pretty scapulars. Do not pray yourself to death over my wilfulness, now!" called out Lottie, as she danced out of the room.

Tillie folded her lovely scapulars together, with a mild sigh, then turned to the window and watched her gay friend as she passed down the street.

Not half an hour after, the street-door opened, and Lottie rushed into the room, white with terror. "O Tillie, Tillie! have you heard that the *Lady Elgin* has been run into by another steamer, and almost everybody lost? And, you know, Emma Tracy was to come home on that boat! It is dreadful, Tillie! What shall I do? what shall I do?" and she wrung her hands with terror and grief.

"Do not feel so sure that Emma is lost," said Tillie. "It is dreadful to think how many precious lives will be lost, but Emma may be among the saved. She is a most devout child of Mary, and, I know, places the most unbounded confidence in the Blessed Virgin; besides, she has worn her scapular from a little child; and I have often heard her say that if anything should happen to her the Blessed Virgin would be sure to know her by her uniform, as she called the scapular; but let us go to Mrs. Tracy's, Lottie."

The two girls, hurrying along the streets on their way to Mrs. Tracy's, found themselves in a crowd which seemed to be pressing in the same direction, and following a carriage that moved very slowly. The carriage stopped at Mrs. Tracy's door, and Tillie and Lottie both saw the white face of their friend Emma as she was borne into the house. They knew themselves to be privileged to pass in at the door, in spite of the crowd.

In an instant after, Tillie was busy helping Mrs. Tracy chafe the temple and hands of her daughter, who, though still living, seemed to have scarcely strength enough to breathe. Lottie stood close beside her, sobbing as if her heart would break, but utterly powerless to help any one. Father Hennessy, the doctor, and the family were already there, and other friends had come to assist Mrs. Tracy, but the two girls kept their places. At last Emma opened her eyes languidly, smiled, and laid her hands on her scapulars, which still hung around her neck; then, in a faint voice, but distinct enough for both Tillie and Lottie to hear, she said: "You see, our Blessed Mother knew her child by her uniform." This was all she could then say; but afterwards she told Tillie and Lottie, as they stayed with her hour after hour, that the last thing she remembered doing before she was washed off the boat was to lay her hand on her scapulars. When she found herself among the crowd gathered on the beach to pick up the bodies thrown high on the shore, all the faces were strange to her. She knew, too, that the greater part of her clothing had been torn from her by the water; "but," she said, "I found my scapulars still on

my neck, and knew I was clothed in the eyes of God and of His Blessed Mother. I then shut my eyes, and my soul was in perfect peace."

After this conversation, Tillie and Lottie walked away together. Both were silent; but when they came to Tillie's gate, Lottie said: "Tillie, will you give me now, not the beautiful scapulars you offered me the other day, but some plain ones, made of wool, with red woolen tapes for strings? I shall go to confession this afternoon, and ask Father Hennessy to give me the scapulars to-morrow morning, after I have received Holy Communion. I am shocked when I remember what I said to you only a few mornings ago. It was all a piece of wilfulness and vanity. I thought the strings would be in the way, under my nice dresses; I should be obliged to say more prayers; that I should be making a sort of promise to be very good, and I did not want the trouble of being pious; but dear Emma has cured me of all this. I shudder when I think, 'What if I, instead of Emma, had been on the *Lady Elgin* that awful night!'"

The Adventures of a Spoon.

BY M. L. M.

There was once a wooden spoon that was so smooth, so prettily shaped, and neatly carved along the edges, that every one who took it up exclaimed, "How very pretty!" "There really never was so handsome a wooden spoon!"

The little spoon, hearing these and such like praises often uttered, grew vain and ambitious, saying to itself: "Ah, if I could only be like a silver spoon! If I were a silver spoon, it might chance that the king or queen would use me to eat rice-milk with, out of a golden plate; whereas, being merely a wooden spoon, I only serve common people with meal-porridge. I positively cannot abide such a life any longer."

Accordingly, one day when the lady of the house and her young daughter were in the kitchen, the wooden spoon watched her opportunity, and when the mistress picked her up to measure some cordial by, she said: "Dear lady, how pleasant it is to be touched by so delicate a hand. I shudder when huge, rough hands clutch me in their clumsy way. Alas, I was not intended for such a life! I feel within myself that my place is not in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great tables. Beautiful lady, contrive that I shall be like the silver spoons!"

The little girl laughed at the spoon's foolishness, but the lady was one of those who admired her fine make, and being also not displeased at her flattery, acceded to her request. The wooden spoon was, therefore, taken to a silversmith to be plated with silver; the process burnt her a good deal, and the fine carving on her edges was hidden beneath the plating; but yet she was satisfied with the result, for her delicate form was uninjured, and she shone like the sun. When her mistress brought her home and laid her in the plate basket, she was beside herself with pride. She desired the teaspoons to call her aunt, and claimed to be first cousin to the silver forks; as for her sisters, the tablespoons, she considered herself far superior to them, being so much more brilliant than they, whose first gloss was worn off in honorable service, and was so condescending to these old-fashioned gentle-spoons that they were quite abashed.

Soon, however, she discovered a new cause of discontent. When her companions were taken out for daily use, she remained in the basket unnoticed, although she took much pains to attract attention, even rudely jostling the others aside, in a manner quite unbecoming to a silver spoon. Still she was slighted all the same; even when there was a large company, and some of the spoons had to do double service, as she knew from the servants' talk, the silvered wooden spoon was left idle in the basket. So she made another complaint to her mistress.

"Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more brightly than others, and cannot comprehend why I should be thus neglected."

Her tone was as insolent and arrogant as her language; but the lady was amused by her "airs," and said: "Oh, well! the servants do not regard your beautiful polish, for they know by your weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" repeated the complainant. "How comes that? Is it not by the brightness that one knows a silver spoon from one of wood?"

"No: silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the

spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest; I will not be slighted, nor kept down by saucy servants from the position I was meant to fill, as your ladyship so quickly recognized."

Once more the mistress took her discontented spoon to the silversmith, desiring him to make it as heavy as a real silver one.

"To do that," said he, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

"Ah," thought the spoon, "then he will bore straight into my heart; but one must bear everything for honor. Yes: he may even put a bit of lead into my poor heart, if thus I shall pass for a heavy silver spoon. I cannot submit to be kept in an inferior position, when I know my just deserts."

A deep hole was bored into what she called her heart, and filled with melted lead, which soon hardened. Finally, the spoon was returned to the plate basket, all silvered again. Now the servants felt no difference of weight, but placed her with the others on the great dining-table, where she passed for a genuine silver spoon, beautifully made, and of fine brilliancy, and would have been perfectly happy but for the lump of lead in her heart, which caused a distressing heaviness there. In course of time the lady of the house died. On learning this, the silvered spoon rejoiced instead of grieving for so indulgent a mistress, who was indeed her only friend. "Now," she said, "I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly, for no one will ever know that I am not what I seem. The secret has died with her."

But the ungrateful spoon was disappointed in her hope. There was a sale, and all the household goods found new owners, and the family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it, in order to work it into new articles. The false spoon was with the rest, and when she saw the furnace ready, and heard that they were all to be cast therein, she was dreadfully alarmed, cried out against the cruelty shown to the friendless orphans who had but just lost their beloved protectress, and berated her companions, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace, as if still reposing on the dinner table.

"How quietly you submit to such inhuman treatment! Are you stocks or stones or dolts? They will burn us up—they will reduce us to ashes—oh, oh!"

"Oh, no! they will not harm us at all," replied at once an old silver spoon and fork, who lay tranquilly side by side. "They may melt us, for all we mind. The furnace will do us more good than evil; we have gone through it more times than I can count, for we are very old—at least the silver in us is—and we come out always handsomer than we went in,—that is (I should explain), we melt, but do not burn, and are made over in newer shapes."

The false silver spoon listened, scarcely understanding or believing this statement, but it mattered little to her; for she knew that even though silver would not burn to ashes, wood must when once put in the great fire, and she said to herself, very sadly: "So, after all, it seems that it is not by brightness only, nor by weight only, nor by both together, that real silver is known."

She thought now of nothing but saving her life, and when the goldsmith took her up to cast her into the furnace with the rest, she cried out, in a trembling voice: "Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon, as can be easily known both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as these other spoons, but of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire."

"Indeed! What are you then?—tin?"

"Tin! Can the dear master think so meanly of one so beautiful as I?"

"Well, are you made of lead, then?"

"Lead!" repeated the pretender, in a rage; but she checked herself, and said, in plaintive tones: "Ah, the dear master can easily see if I am of lead."

"That will I, and end the matter." And thus speaking he began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two pieces, and out fell the lump of lead. "So!" cried the man, laughing coarsely, "my fine spoon is only a common wooden thing, filled with lead, and silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the spoon, for all her pride and dignity deserted her in terror lest he should throw her into the fire in his disappointment at finding she was not genuine; "yes, I am only a poor wooden spoon, not worthy of your anger; for what could I be but what I was made? Take away the silvering, good master; it is worth something to you, and I never want to be silver again. Only let me be mended and put in the kitchen table-drawer, to serve out meal-porridge for the rest of my life. Now that the lead is out of my heart, I feel quite light and happy."

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, 1, 48.

VOL. XIX. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 10, 1883. No. 45.

[Copyright:—Rev. D. E. Hudson, C S.C.]

All Souls.

BY MARION MUIR.

FOR all the cold and silent clay
That once, alive with youth and hope,
Rushed proudly to the western slope,—
Oh, brothers, pray!

For all who saw the orient day
Rise on the plain, the camp, the flood,
The sudden discord drowned in blood,—
Oh, brothers, pray!

For all the lives that ebbed away
In darkness down the gulf of tears;
For all the gray departed years,—
Oh, brothers, pray!

For all the souls that went astray
In deserts hung with double gloom;
For all the dead without a tomb,—
Oh, brothers, pray!

For we have household peace; but they,
Who led the way, and held the land,
Are homeless as the heaving sand.
Oh, let us pray!

Only a Hawthorn Blossom.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

ON board the ocean steamer, Hugh O'Byrne made the acquaintance of an English baronet, Sir Henry Melville, who was *en rôute* for Texas, with a view to the purchase of a cattle-ranche. One day while Hugh was leaning over the bulwarks, and gazing at Mary Darcy's beautiful face in the deep blue billows, a hat flew past him, which he caught with the clutch of a true cricketer.

"Well fielded, sir!" exclaimed a voice behind him. "You are a cricketer?"

"Yes," said Hugh, handing the speaker the hat: "I'm pretty good at wicket keep."

"A post requiring the quickest eye and most nimble fingers in the field, sir."

The two men talked cricket, and from cricket they merged into cattle. Here Hugh was equally at home. Sir Henry sought his company each day, and all day; and when the steamer was entering New York Bay, the baronet invited the young Irishman to accompany him to Texas as his guest, adding that if a suitable ranche could be found the superintendentship was at Hugh's refusal.

Here, indeed, was a stroke of luck. The pair travelled to Texas, a ranche of several thousand acres was negotiated for, and three months from the young Wicklow farmer's arrival in the United States found him superintendent, at a salary of $3,000 a year, and splendid prospects.

For two long years Hugh O'Byrne worked like a beaver, and the speculation having proved an unqualified success, his salary was raised to $5 000.

"I guess I owe myself a spree," observed Hugh to an acquaintance; "and I'll take off a week and spend it in Austin. Besides," he added, with a laugh, "I want to see that bank that my spondulicks are in."

He repaired to Austin, and fell into bad hands. A noted desperado and gambler had just set up a gaming hell. This fiend in human shape boasted of having killed three men in a drunken brawl. The wild and the dissolute were for shaking the blood-stained hands of this uncaged murderer. He was a curiosity, *the* lion of the

place; and Hugh was brought to see this ruffian hero. Drinks were "set up." Champagne, Burgundy, brandy, and then cards were introduced.

I shall not dwell upon O'Byrne's headlong rush along the road to ruin. The details are too painful, too sickening. The pace was fearful, and the end of the week found him penniless. The savings of two long years of honest labor melted in this hell-furnace in a few hours; and, broken by remorse, with the mad hunger for play gnawing at his heart, Hugh O'Byrne sat at the card-table, a haggard, hideous-looking old man.

"While money holds, luck will turn," observed one of the rascal confederates, winking upon his triumphant pals.

"I have no more money," said Hugh, in a hoarse whisper.

"Try your pocket-book. Gold lies mighty close."

Hugh mechanically took out his pocket-book and searched every compartment. He then turned it face downwards and rapped it on the table. Not a coin! On the table lay a withered blossom which had fallen from the purse. The young man's bloodshot eyes glanced at it. A strange light came into them, a holy and a beautiful light. With trembling and reverent fingers he replaced the yellow, withered blossom in the empty pocket-book; then, murmuring the single word, "Saved," he rose from the table and stalked out of the den.

That faded blossom was the sprig of hawthorn which had fallen from the head of the Madonna on that evening in the month of Mary, Hugh's last evening in dear old Ireland.

. . . . . .

"Faix it's a long road, sir; an' I have for to humor the road as well as the baste," observed the driver of an outside car to his fare, as the vehicle spun along the romantic road leading from Rathdrum to Glendalough.

"That's so," was the remark of the fare, who, although desirous of pressing on to his journey's end, was rapturously enjoying the beauties of the scenery as they unveiled themselves at every turn of the mountain causeway. How lovely! how exquisite! what color! how verdant!" were the exclamations that ever and anon exploded on his lips.

"Are ye goin' to stop at the Seven Churches, sir?" asked the driver, during a pause.

"Near them."

"At Jordan's Hotel, I'll go bail! All the quollity goes there."

"I'm going to Mr. Dan O'Byrne's, of Glenmahue."

"Be the mortial that's a rale ould-times house, sir. An illigant billet. Lashin's and lavin's. I seen ould Misther O'Byrne Frida', comin' from Dublin on the seven thrain."

"And how was he looking?" eagerly demanded the fare.

"Bould as a ram. There's great joy beyant at Glenmahue be raison av the return av the the son Hugh, that wint to Amerrikay about this time five year, an' med a crock o' money. Hugh was a regular clip, a rale rover, but a daycint boy. Faix there 'll be bonfires on the hills, no less; for he sint home hapes o' money, and ped off a mortgage that Lord Fitzwilliam—the curse o' Crummel on him—had on the farm, and done all soarts av good turns for the poor people in the valley."

I need hardly tell the reader that in that elegantly dressed, sun-kissed, handsome man, who is leaning over the cushion of the outside car, and drinking in every word that falls from the driver's lips, we have the Hugh O'Byrne who, in the same month—the month of Mary—five years before, had left the valley of sweet, sad Glendalough to seek his fortune.

"Do you know the—Darcy family?" asked Hugh, his heart beating fast.

"Do I know me '*Pather*' an' '*Ave*'! Bedad I do, sir. We passed Miss Mary's intinded as we turned the road below at Croneybyrne—Hould on, sir: the road is cruel bad here; an', to thim that's not accustomed to cars, it's aisier to rowl off nor to hould on."

This intelligence had struck O'Byrne like a bullet. All the hopes of five long years were spilt upon the dead ashes of this grim reality. In an instant, the light which had burned so brightly in his heart was quenched, and by the rudest of blasts. By a supreme effort he pulled himself together, and asked the name of Miss Darcy's *fiancé*.

"Crackenbury, the County Inspector. He was the Sub,—a good-for-nothing crayture, only fit for the dirty work av Dublin Castle."

"When does this—this marriage take place?"

"Thursda'. He was dhrivin' into Rathdrum for his weddin' shuit. It's lyin' at the station, an' come from London, no less,—from a tailor be the quare name av Smalpage."

Hugh O'Byrne became silent. He wanted

to learn no more. It was a beautiful evening in the month of Mary, and as the car reached Aunamoe, the peasants from the neighboring hills and valleys were hieing from the little church after the May devotions.

"Here it was I last saw her," thought Hugh "At the Blessed Virgin's altar she gave me the hawthorn blossom that saved me when I was on the brink of hell. Stop!" he cried to the driver; "wait for me." And, leaping off the car, he entered the church and approached the altar of the Madonna, brilliantly lighted as on that night five years before, a cloud of hawthorn blossoms over the head of the Mother of God.

His heart gave one great leap as his eyes rested on a kneeling figure in front of the altar-rails.

"Mary Darcey!"

Yes, it was Mary Darcey, who was making her final reverence after her "*Ave Maria.*" Stouter, more womanly, more lovely,—but the Mary Darcey of five years before.

She turned. The light was full upon his face. She started, grew deadly pale, placed her hand on her heart.

"Hugh!"

Then she fainted away.

He gently bore her out to the little churchyard. The young May moon showered liquid pearl on her, imparting the hue of marble to her lovely face. Oh, how lovely she looked!"

Hugh ran to a brawling streamlet, and, filling his hat with water, returned, to find her conscious.

"Oh—I am so glad—to—to see you!" she stammered, growing rosy-red as she extended both hands.

Hugh's manner was reserved, cold. Master of himself, he respected himself in respecting her as betrothed to another.

"I shall be here, Miss Darcey," he said, "for a few days. I have come to see my dear father and mother and the boys, and then to go back to work, and to forget—"

This last word escaped from him unawares.

"To forget!" echoed Mary.

"Yes," he cried: "to forget *you.*"

"But why should you wish to forget *me?*"

"As the betrothed of—"

"Who is betrothed? I am not," interposed Mary.

A wild, tumultuous joy was seeking admittance at the portals of Hugh's heart.

"Are you not to be married to Mr. Crackenbury on Thursday?"

"There is some mistake," said Miss Darcey, gravely. "Mr. Crackenbury is to be married on Thursday to Miss Darcey of Clonacoovey."

. . . . . .

As Hugh and Mary walked back to sweet, sad Glendalough,—Mrs. Darcey having graciously given permission,—he told her all that had happened since he had seen her: of his yielding to temptation, and of being saved by the sprig of hawthorn gathered from the altar of the Madonna.

"I went out of that den a new man. I felt that the Mother of God had graciously come to my rescue. Everything I have done since has been of some use to somebody. I have won you, darling, and I owe all to the '*Ave Maria*' uttered in the Month of Mary five years ago."

Episodes of Lourdes.

BY HENRY LASSERRE.

The Miracle of the Assumption.

XXIV.

Who can describe the affectionate meeting between the servant of Our Lady of Lourdes and the Abbé de Musy, which took place immediately after the Offices of the Church?

"Well! now you will not quarrel with the Blessed Virgin!" said the Abbé Antoine, with the gaiety of a child.

"I was already reconciled with her," replied the rough but joyful voice of the Priest of the Apparitions.

"To-morrow I shall celebrate my second *first* Mass," said the Abbé de Musy.

"I will be your server—your altar-boy," said the Curé of Lourdes.

But something occurred which had not been foreseen. It was eleven years since the Abbé de Musy had consecrated the Body of the Lord; and now, when he took the Missal to assure himself that he remembered everything, he discovered that he had forgotten many little details in the ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice. These had to be studied again, and it became necessary to postpone for another day the celebration of Mass.

Saturday was passed in this necessary study,

under the direction of the Abbé Antoine. The pupil taught his master.

Towards evening a visitor appeared, a man of tall stature and well-defined features. The Abbé de Musy thought that he had remarked him at the Grotto on the evening before, standing with head erect, and smiling incredulously.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said the stranger, in a voice full of emotion, "you are my benefactor. Oh, how can I ever thank you!"

"And for what, my dear sir? I do not know you."

"It is to you I owe my faith. My name is Emile Pellegrin. I live at Luc, in the department of Var. My life has been passed in complete infidelity. I came a few days ago to Lourdes, bringing my sister here. I saw you before your cure helped along on your rolling-chair, and I saw you afterwards. I heard you at the Grotto. What more can I say? The Hand which naught can resist was laïd upon me: I went to confession,—something which I had not done since I was a child, almost forty years ago. I ask of you the favor to give me Holy Communion to-morrow."

The minister of God opened his arms to receive this wanderer, now so happily returned to his true country. He began to understand that his cure was an apostolate, and that God intended through its instrumentality to lead back to truth many souls groping in darkness, and wandering from the true path.

"Let us bless Our Lady of Lourdes!" he exclaimed. "What a great grace has been yours! Yes, certainly, I will give you Communion; and there will be more joy in heaven over this sinner doing penance than over a hundred just who persevere in good."

XXV.

Very early next morning (Sunday) the Curé Peyramale knocked at the door.

"I have come for you," he said. "I shall serve your Mass first, then I shall celebrate; and after that it will be the turn of the Abbé Antoine. Three priests and three Masses will not be too many to return thanks to God and to Our Lady of Lourdes for so brilliant a miracle."

"I am ready," replied the Abbé de Musy.

"Let us go, then. You do not need an amice," added the Curé of Lourdes, on seeing the Abbé de Musy take from the table a small piece of folded cloth: "we have them always ready in the sacristy of the chapel."

"I have my reasons for taking this one," replied the cured priest.

The day was the eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. The Abbé de Musy, clothed with the sacred vestments, crossed the nave and entered the choir. At his right was the Curé Peyramale, whom he called his advocate with the Blessed Virgin; at his left was the Abbé Antoine. A large throng filled the Crypt. The Abbé Sire, M. Pellegrin, little Peter and his father were present.

The celebrant pronounced the first words of the Holy Sacrifice: *Introibo ad altare Dei*,—"I will go in to the altar of God."

"*Ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam*," answered the strong voice of the Curé de Peyramale from the foot of the altar.

Those who understood the immortal language of the Church found no difficulty in applying to the extraordinary circumstances in which they were then placed the mysterious significance of the various Lessons and Prayers of the Mass.

In the midst of all these souls united with him, the celebrant read the text of the Introit: "God is in His holy place,—God who maketh men of one manner to dwell in a house." *

The first prayer expressed, with truly literal exactness, the sentiments of gratitude which burned within the breast of the Abbé de Musy: *Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui abundantia pietatis tuæ et merita supplicum excedis et vota; effunde super nos misericordiam tuam ut dimittas*, etc.,—"O almighty and eternal God, who, in the abundance of Thy goodness, exceedest both the merits and the requests of Thy supplicants; pour forth Thy mercy upon us," etc.

When the Abbé de Musy came to these words he was unable to proceed further, and stopped. His voice sank suddenly, and his eyes became so weak he could not read the letters of the Missal.

The Curé of Lourdes was greatly affected, but controlled himself, and to all appearances was as cold and unmoved as a bronze statue. He went immediately to the side of the celebrant, and pronounced, one by one, the words of the liturgy, which the Abbé de Musy re-

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* Deus in loco sancto suo: Deus qui inhabitare facit unanimes in domo.—(*Mass for the 11th Sunday after Pentecost.*)

peated, or rather stammered, after him. Thus they continued with the prayers, and said the Epistle and the Gradual.

Who can tell the anguish in the souls of all present? A kind of agitation passed through the recollected throng. Had the cure been only temporary? Had this wonderful grace from Heaven vanished all at once? Was the miracle only an illusion?

It is well known that after the *Credo* the celebrant addresses the faithful, to wish the blessing of the Lord with them: *Dominus vobiscum.*

After the recitation of the Creed the Abbé de Musy turned towards the people. Then, as his countenance became visible to all, it was seen to be suffused and illumined by a sweet and radiant emotion. His lips, trembling and scarcely able to move, his eyes filled with sacred tears, expressed the interior joy with which his soul was filled. The people trembled, as if moved by some sublime spectacle; they understood at once that it was the tears of joy that had troubled his sight, and the sighs of happiness that had choked his voice; the prisoner set free had been overpowered by happiness.

The Holy Sacrifice now continued quickly and without interruption. "I shall exalt Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast raised me up. Lord, I have cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me," said the Abbé de Musy in the words of the Offertory.*

The Communion began. The first to receive the Bread of Life was the converted infidel, M. Pellegrin; after him was the woman miraculously cured on the 14th of August; and next the angelical little Peter, and the crowd of faithful that thronged the Crypt.

The Communion lasted almost a half hour. The Abbé Antoine followed the steps of the celebrant, and every now and then wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead and the tears that bathed his cheeks.

When he returned to the sacristy, the Abbé de Musy was covered with perspiration, and in many places the vestments were completely saturated, so much had he been affected during the celebration of "his second *first Mass.*"

He removed the vestments, which the Curé Peyramale immediately put on and proceeded to say Mass at the same altar. The amice which had encircled the neck of the celebrant was ringing wet; but the three priests were too deeply absorbed in spiritual things to attend to such a detail of earth. Though there were other amices, perfectly clean and dry, yet the Curé of Lourdes put on the one used by the Abbé de Musy. After Mass the latter remarked: "It was through inattention that I left you that amice, all soaked with my perspiration."

"What does it matter?" said the Abbé Peyramale. "I was just as comfortable; and who knows what it has done for me?"

"After all," replied the Abbé de Musy, "I only half regret my distraction. That old amice is a relic: it was the amice of the Curé d'Ars."

And he said to himself: "The Curé of Lourdes had a right to wear it."

But this thought was not expressed aloud; it might have provoked some harsh reply from this soul, so humble and yet so rude. The Curé Peyramale did not like to receive praises, and looked with no favor upon those who bestowed them.

XXVI.

But while all this was taking place at Lourdes, what was going on at Digoine?

As we have already related, Madame de Musy, on the Feast of the Assumption, awaited, with a certainty which was almost terrifying, the dispatch which would announce the cure of her son. The morning, however, passed, and no dispatch came. The messenger brought a letter from Lourdes, written by the Abbé Antoine on the evening before; but it contained nothing more than some lines regarding the pilgrimage and the "same state" of the invalid.

The long hours of the afternoon followed one another, and still no news. At the least noise, at every step heard at the door, Madame de Musy would start, with a joyful feeling; but soon the joy would be dissipated. Nothing! ever nothing! Still her faith remained undisturbed; her hope never faltered. The sun went down below the horizon: evening came on, as unfruitful in good tidings as the day; and night gathered within its dark folds the Castle of Digoine.

The early closing of a telegraph office on the 15th of August at a station between Lourdes and Epinac had been the cause of the unusual

* Exaltabo te Domine, quoniam suscepisti me. Domine clamavi ad te, et sanasti me. (*Offertory of the Mass for the 11th Sunday after Pentecost.*)

delay in receiving the dispatch, which, our readers will remember, was sent immediately after the occurrence of the miracle. Some unknown accident, a wrong address, or the breaking of a wire, or something of the kind, unfortunately caused a still longer delay.

Nox nocet. Sleeplessness but too frequently begets gloomy thoughts. The mind, like nature itself, assumes the shades of the silent darkness during which the eyes remain unclosed. When Madame de Musy left her room next morning, every one remarked her sadness and melancholy. About eleven o'clock, the postman came as usual. He brought a letter from the Abbé Antoine, dated Thursday, the vigil of the Assumption, which contained only a few unimportant lines.

That day (the 16th of August) was the feast-day of Madame de Musy. Many families have some special and traditional saint, under whose protection all the members, without regard to sex, are placed. And so it was in the house of Costa de Beauregard, to which Madame de Musy belonged. She was named Armance Genevieve Marie *Roche;* and though in familiar friendship called Armance, her festival was celebrated on the day of St. Roche.

The archpriest of Couches-les-Mines and his curate had been invited to dinner on the occasion. The poor mother had counted—we know with what certainty—on celebrating at the same time the cure of her son Victor. Alas! all hope was dying out within her heart. What before had seemed a message from heaven, now dwindled down to a mere possibility, and, to all appearances, an improbability. In place of her tranquil faith now succeeded cruel doubt, and an uncertainty the more sad and painful, because apparently the only result of so many prayers. That interior voice, which she had judged infallible, had deceived her; and what was there now to revivify her dying hope? She wished still to believe, and her hands, clasped at every moment, bore witness to the struggle within her to keep alive that unhesitating faith which the Saviour of the world promised to reward by miracles. But vain were all her efforts: that confidence which was hers on the evening before, she tried in vain to preserve within her. Yesterday she stood on dry land; to-day she was struggling with the angry waves of a sea of anguish; and her stricken heart sent forth the cry of Jesus dying on the Cross: "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

But, accustomed as she was to forget self, she aroused herself to receive and entertain her guests; and, after dinner, she remained in the parlor with M. de Musy, Humbert, Genevieve, the archpriest of Couche and his curate.

After the repast, Symphorien went out through the neighborhood; little Mary ran to play in the park; and the Abbé Bourbonne walked in the grove of lindens, reciting his office.

XXVII.

About three o'clock, Genevieve went to join the Abbé Bourbonne, with whom she wished to speak about her brother and the Grotto of Lourdes, which were continually in her thoughts. She did not dare to broach the subject in the parlor, on account of the sadness of her mother. At the foot of the stairway, which led to the linden walk, she perceived a strange woman coming up the avenue. Genevieve advanced to her, to learn her business. She proved to be a messenger from the railroad station, and held a sealed dispatch in her hands. Genevieve felt the blood rushing to her heart, which began to palpitate audibly. She took the dispatch. It was sent from Lourdes, and bore the address: *To Madame de Musy.*

She turned towards the castle, and, meeting the Abbé Bourbonne, said, in a voice trembling with emotion: "It may be that my brother is cured. This is the dispatch my mother has been expecting for the last two days. I must hasten with it to her."

The Abbé Bourbonne looked at the address, raised his eyes to heaven, and resumed his reflections.

Genevieve bounded up the steps to bring the message to her mother. But suddenly a great fear seized her: What if the dispatch brought bad news! She thought to herself: "All the dispatches we have ever received here, have brought only the announcements of deaths." She slackened her steps. She was greatly tempted to break the seal, but respect for her mother restrained her. "If it should be the news of a miracle," she said, "she should be the first to learn it. Dear mother! she has well deserved it. But will she be able to bear the news?" These opposing sentiments took possession of her soul. She opened the door of the vestibule, and then that of the drawing-room. She tried to control her voice and appear calm.

"Mother," she said, "some one wishes to see you."

It often happened that some poor persons, who were unable to come in the morning, used to present themselves at that hour at the house of the "Good Lady." Like the Curé of Lourdes, Madame de Musy had her clients, and she now thought it was one of them that called for her.

"I will be there in a moment," she said, not wishing to interrupt the conversation of one of her guests.

She, therefore, delayed a few minutes before leaving. Genevieve waited in the vestibule, in a state of feverish anxiety. Fearing lest her mother should faint at the shock, which the sight alone of the telegram might cause, she concealed it in the sleeve of her dress.

At length the door of the *salon* opened. Madame de Musy was surprised to find her daughter alone in the vestibule.

"Who is asking for me? I do not see any one."

"There is a woman here. She is in the kitchen," said Genevieve, at the same time bringing forward an arm-chair. "Sit down there a moment."

"Sit down?" replied Madame de Musy, astonished, and not noticing anything strange in the appearance and voice of her daughter.

"I beg of you, mamma, sit down!" insisted Genevieve, imploringly.

"But what is the matter? What do you want?" said Madame de Musy, yielding to the gentle pressure and seating herself.

"Here is a dispatch for you. It is from Lourdes."

The mother seized it, but did not break the seal. She pressed it convulsively in her hands. Gasping for breath, and scarcely able to speak, she uttered the words: "Victor is cured! O my God! what a favor! He is cured! he is cured!"

"Mother! dear mother! I beg of you open the dispatch," cried Genevieve.

The trembling fingers at last opened the envelope. She looked at it, she read; and, by a wonderful effort, her voice became calm.

"LOURDES, Aug. 15.

"*Vive Marie!* M. de Musy was cured at eight o'clock this morning.

"ANTOINE."

She arose and re-entered the *salon*, holding the telegram in her right hand, raised towards heaven. An incomparable majesty shone forth in her countenance: she appeared as one transfigured. The most sublime chords of the human heart—adoration, gratitude, maternal love,—vibrated in the tones of her voice, as she exclaimed: "Victor is cured! It is the deliverance of my son! It is the triumph of the Mother of God!"

The father, mute with happiness, made a gesture of blessing towards Heaven, while tears of joy coursed down his cheeks. Exclamations of delight broke forth from Humbert, and the two priests were quite overcome. Little Mary, who had so often amused her afflicted uncle, came running in, and danced and leaped for joy, like David of old before the Ark of the Covenant. The Abbé Bourbonne entered, and all these souls were as one, united in the possession of the same happiness.

Madame de Musy remained standing. But suddenly her countenance changed, she became deathly pale.

"Mother! what is the matter?" cried Genevieve.

"Oh, it is nothing. It is joy," she said, smiling. "It is my heart that beats with happiness. Oh, how quickly it beats! What a favor! Twenty years of infirmity, a whole life of suffering, all removed by a single word of Our Lady of Lourdes! Let us thank God! Let us thank the Blessed Virgin! Kneel down." M. Humbert then intoned the "*Magnificat.*"

Madame de Musy wished herself to communicate the glad tidings to her servants. She embraced the aged Claudine, and all the women of her household, from the highest to the lowest. Then she went out to the gardener, exclaiming: "My son is cured!" Her joy knew no bounds; she could not restrain it: she must needs let it overflow from her heart upon others.

In the evening, the little chapel at Digoine could not contain the crowd that had begun to fill the castle. The whole country around now knew of the great blessing from God. To the universal cry of gratitude the Abbé Bourbonne lent the voice of the Church in the sublime hymn, *Te Deum laudamus! Te Dominum confitemur!*

On leaving the chapel, Madame de Musy was again attacked with the weakness she had experienced in the *salon* a few hours before. The same deathlike paleness overspread her features; but to all anxious inquiries she kept ever repeating: "It is nothing. It is joy. It is my heart palpitating with happiness. It is nothing."

It is nothing. Ah, poor mother! joy is something; and, alas! like sorrow, it can shatter the fragile vessel of our poor weak life. The heart that beats too fast may break under the weight of sudden happiness.

Madame de Musy now felt the first attacks of a malady which was, not immediately, but after a time, to open to her the gates of heaven. A messenger was sent for the doctor, M. Bidault.

"Alas!" he said, "she will never again leave her bed, except for her arm-chair."

"The Feast of the Assumption found me prepared," said Madame de Musy. "Then I expected the dispatch. To-day I no longer hoped for it."

She would not permit that Victor should be informed of the stroke that had followed the news of his cure.

"I wish," she said, "that there be nothing to trouble him at the feet of Our Lady of Lourdes. I wish him to be undisturbed in his happiness and his thanksgiving."

XXVIII.

The Abbé de Musy and his faithful Achates left the blessed city on Thursday, the 21st of August, after bidding good-bye to the Curé Peyramale, M. Pellegrin, the Abbé Sire, and little Peter,—friends whom it might be said they had received from Our Lady of Lourdes.

Great as was his desire to return to Digoine and its dear inmates, it was not without abundant tears that he concluded his last prayers before the Rocks of Massabielle. Mindful of his promise, he purchased for the family chapel the magnificent statue of Our Lady of Lourdes which had attracted his attention at the time of his entrance into the house on Rue de la Grotte.

"May Our Lady of Lourdes," he said, "be evermore the patroness of our home!"

The two pilgrims started about six o'clock in the morning, and travelled the whole day as far as Cette, where they stopped for the night.

We shall not relate here the amazement of the railroad men, and the employees of the hotel, as they recognized in this noble-looking, strong, and active priest the suffering and motionless cripple whom, two weeks before, they had carried in their arms; nor shall we speak of the sensation in the pious congregation of the Church of St. Joseph, at Cette, when, as he celebrated Mass before taking the train, the news spread that he was the man so miraculously cured by the Blessed Virgin. With difficulty he escaped from the city, and avoided a popular ovation. Like the Abbé de Musy himself, we shall not delay upon any incidents along the route; like him, we are anxious to return as soon as possible to Digoine.

XXIX.

On Friday, Humbert de Musy, although suffering more than usual, and able to move only with great difficulty, left Digoine in the evening, and reached the station at Chagny some time before the arrival of the train. It seemed to him as if he had just awakened from some extraordinary dream. Notwithstanding the letters from Lourdes, and every moral evidence, he felt, in spite of himself, inclined to that unbelief from which even the Apostle St. Thomas was not free when he refused all other testimony but that of his senses.

"To see him walk! to see him walk! Oh, no! It is impossible! No doubt, when he sees me, he will make some great effort. Ah! if I could conceal myself from him, and see for myself all his natural movements!"

With this end in view, he resolved to remain in the office of the station-master, and from an obscure corner watch the passengers as they came from the cars.

The distant rumbling of the train was heard; the bell sounded; the employees rushed forward; and, breaking through the darkness of night, appeared the head-light of the locomotive, which soon stopped quietly in front of the brilliantly-lighted station.

Humbert's resolution was soon broken by his impatience and anxiety, and with hurried steps, made painful on account of his infirmities, he reached the platform of the depot. But already, from the end of the train, the quick eye of his brother had perceived him, and running, full of life and strength, the Abbé de Musy pressed his brother in a fond embrace.

"Humbert!" "Victor!" was all they could say amid their tears.

"What happiness! What happiness to see you cured!"

"Oh, my poor Humbert, how I wish it were you!"

"No, no! Oh, certainly not! God, my dear brother, has done what is best. Your life is a thousand times more precious than mine. How much good can you not do!"

While the baggage was being removed, the two brothers sat on a bench outside the waiting room.

"And father, mother, my sister, your little ones! How are they? I am, then, to see you all again! We must drive fast."

"But, dear Victor, we could not reach Digoine before one o'clock in the morning," replied Humbert.

"Well, what matters it?"

"But—mother is suffering a little," said Humbert. Victor started.

"Do not be troubled," added Humbert, hastily. "It is only a slight indisposition. The news of your cure and return have agitated her, and she has had but little rest. She needs sleep, and our arrival to-night would disturb her. We shall stop here at the hotel, and set out at break of day."

The words of Humbert reassured the Abbé de Musy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Nightingales of Waltham.*

A LEGEND OF ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

I WOT ye'll pore
Scrolled legends o'er
In vain, to find in Saxon lore
A sweeter thing
Of marvelling
Than this of England's saintly King.

The nightingales
Through Waltham's vales
At midnight tell their amorous tales,
And all the shades
Of Waltham's glades
Are vocal with their serenades.

The while they croon
Their lovesick tune
In rapture to the Lady-moon,
Sweet Dian gloats
To hear their notes,
The song that round her cloud-couch floats.

Then creeps and peeps
From sweet'st of sleeps,
And dewy tears from glad eyes weeps
Whose brilliances,
Like Topazes,
Pierce Waltham's leafy lattices.

But on the air
A voice of prayer
Breaks suddenly, from whom? from where?
Knows priest nor page,
Nor woodman sage,
Yon secret forest hermitage.

Edward alone
Hath made his own
This sweet retreat from court and throne,
And night by night
His secret flight
To hither take is his delight.

That nature's calm
And midnight's balm
To solace of each matin psalm,
And subtle chords
That peace affords
Lend music to the daystar's lauds.

But from the dark
Enlivened, hark!
The King Confessor fain must mark
The plaintive notes,
The chant that floats
From myriad sylvan minstrel throats.

Such lovesick plaints
Are discord's taints,
Commingling with pure hymns of saints;
The Kingly hand,
In grave command,
Is raised towards the feathery band.

"Be silent all:
Your ill-timed call
Doth my devotion's spirit thrall;
For birdlings' lays,
In woodland ways,
Must ne'er forestall man's nobler praise."

The cross's sign,
With wave benign,
The King exerts in power divine;
And at his word
No more is heard
The music of each minstrel bird.

But silence reigns,
Save psalter strains,
Where unperturbed the King remains,
The grave birds all,
Like monks in stall,
Noting each nocturn's rise and fall.

* It is probably in allusion to the above legend that the posthumous coat of arms of Edward the Confessor blazoned with a cross surrounded by birds.

And nevermore
Shall night-bird pour
A song the vales of Waltham o'er,
Since those blest days
Its woodland ways
Were vocal with a saint's sweet praise.

Montfleury.

In the environs of the ancient city of Grenoble, the traveller finds many places full of interesting studies and themes for meditation. Among these is the Convent of Montfleury. This famous monastic retreat stands about midway between the summit and base of that peak of the Alps of Dauphiné from which it takes its name. Humbert II, the last King of Dauphiné, built it for a Chateau de Plaisance; and, lavishing upon it all that princely authority and princely means could bestow, he made of it one of those splendid monuments of mediæval architecture, in which Christian genius produced memorials as lofty and durable as the heathen pyramids of old, but surpassing them infinitely in grace, beauty, and grandeur of intention; for, although the castle was founded as a retreat from the burdensome cares of monarchy, the largest share of Humbert's magnificent bounty was lavished upon the Gothic church adjoining it. Ere long adversity showed the pious prince the emptiness of worldly greatness, and he gave his favorite chateau, with all its lordly manor lands, to a community of Dominican nuns. It remained in their possession until the vandals of the great French Revolution drove out the religious, confiscated their property, and reduced the ancient and splendid abbey to a heap of mutilated ruins.

When the fury of that awful storm had subsided, a college was erected on the ancient site, and its plain, unadorned walls were based on the ancient portions of the first story of the monastery, and found a solid support in the lofty towers and massive buttresses that remained as sad tokens of the fierce rage of revolutionists. The non-success of the projected college caused the new owners to sell the property to a community of Dames de St. Pierre; and these, in 1847, disposed of it to the religious of the Sacred Heart.

Relying on our title of "Pupils of the Sacred Heart," a few days after our arrival at Grenoble my companion and I resolved to visit far-famed Montfleury, believing we should be right cordially received. When the carriage that had been ordered appeared, we were a little surprised to see it drawn by two well-groomed mules. We were informed that very few horses could endure the fatigue of ascending the mountain; and when half-way up the winding road, we found it would be necessary to alight, and allow our mules to breathe. We had not the least objection to a little halt on the Alps, and were richly rewarded for our consideration for the poor animals by a collection of the most delicate ferns and sweet-scented violets. The latter seemed to be almost as numerous as the blades of grass.

As we had anticipated, we received a most cordial welcome from the Lady Superior, who, after a short conversation, confided us to the care of a younger religious, who most amiably consented to show us the house and grounds. Noticing our rapturous expressions over the woodland beauties we had collected, Mme. —— told us that the peak of Montfleury took its name from the wonderful profusion of wild flowers, of delicate forms, tints and fragrance, which, from the early sunlit days of February to the latest days of frosty November, abound all over its hills, plains and valleys. As soon as the snows that always cover its summit begin to melt, the water falls in perpendicular rills on the rocky sides, and, gliding onward, tumbles over the smaller elevations in gentle cascades, forming miniature lakes amid the stones, and, by its fertilizing influence, favoring the growth of these beautifiers of the landscape. Even in midwinter, when the convent garden is covered with two or three inches of snow, by pushing aside the snow one may often cull the hellebore, or Christmas Rose. A brilliant flower, with a drooping red corolla, our guide told us, was called in the environs the Lily of St. Bruno, in honor of the saintly founder of La Grande Chartreuse; hence we considered our specimens of it a real treasure. A walk on the terrace showed us that this favored peak is sheltered by two higher peaks,—Mount St. Egnard, dominating on the northern, and Mount St. Regis, on the southern side; and from our airy height we looked down upon the Valley of the Graisivaudan, often styled the Garden of France. In the depth of that charming vale flows the calmly gliding Isère, looking from our giddy height like a

broad white ribbon laid on a carpet of rich green velvet.

It was on the 10th of August, 186–, that we paid our first visit to Montfleury, and, after being surprised by a *régal* of tiniest mountain strawberries, we gratefully accepted a pressing invitation to come again.

At our second visit we were attracted by a very large oil-painting that adorns the reception room. We were told that it commemorates a donation of remarkable relics given to the Dominicanesses by Humbert II and his Queen. In the foreground, the king and queen are represented, with an attendant page, who offers to the abbess, kneeling with her counsellors, two silver coffers containing the relics; and these are borne on a salver, covered with crimson velvet, heavily fringed with bullion. It is a well-executed picture, the figures being nearly life-size. An invitation to the sacristy, and permission to hold the veritable original coffers, was gladly accepted; and our pious delight was complete when allowed to enter the sanctuary of the convent church and behold the relics in their beautiful shrines. There are twelve of them, and each one has a golden candelabra projecting from its base, to be filled with tapers on the Festival of the Holy Relics. Among the numerous relics is one of the Holy Lance, and a piece of a stone on which tradition says our Lord sat down a few moments to rest when on His weary way to Calvary. The most valued relic is a thorn from the Sacred Crown. A separate Gothic chapel was built in its honor, and a noble lady of France provided for it a superb reliquary. It consists of the golden statue of a seraph, mounted on a pedestal of the same precious metal, holding in the hands a triangular prism of solid crystal, in which the Holy Thorn is imbedded. On each Friday of Lent the religious and their pupils go in procession to obtain an indulgence by kissing the relic, which is presented at the altar railing, just as the crucifix is presented in churches on Good Friday.

At the period of the Revolution of '93, twenty-four Dominicanesses still occupied the ancient Royal Abbey of Montfleury. As all their efforts to retain possession of their beloved and venerable home proved fruitless, they endeavored to save the sacred vessels of the altar, the statues of solid silver, and the precious relics mentioned above, with their anthentics, which were the object of special attention. The two former were confided to a friend believed to be trustworthy, but who, as they afterwards learned, had them basely run into coin. The silver coffers were saved by a more prudent stratagem. It was solemnly agreed that Mme. Beauregard (the superior at the time) should keep them, and, in case of death, bequeath them to the senior religious; and so on, until such time as they could be handed over to a faithful priest, or to a regular community. Thus the treasures came into the possession of the Dames de St. Pierre, and were by them transferred to the Community of the Sacred Heart.

Another interesting relic in the sacristy of Montfleury is a chasuble of blue and white satin that was frequently worn by St. Francis de Sales, and is now used by the chaplain on the festival of that great Saint.

The Chapel of the Blessed Virgin at present occupies a tower that formed a portion of the ancient church of the abbey. It is still ornamented with mediæval figures of hounds, gargoyles, open-mouthed seraphs, etc. But what interested us greatly was that the materials of the mortar used in its construction had been cemented by the whites of eggs, contributed for the purpose by the neighboring peasantry.

Portions of the castle still standing are used for holding cannon for its defence, and a huge dogtower for the use of the royal hounds, etc. There is also a subterranean passage (for purposes of escape) that leads to Grenoble, nearly three miles away. As the modern convent and academy were erected in such a way as to embrace those portions of the ruins of the ancient monastery that had escaped destruction, at almost every step the visitor meets remarkable subjects of inquiry or contemplation; and clerical gentlemen frequently ask leave to wander at leisure over the interesting site.

Eighty Abbesses consecutively governed the spiritual and temporal affairs of the ancient monastery, and many of them lived beyond the age of seventy years, and a few to nearly ninety. In all the lengthy annals, but one of the religious ever renounced her sacred engagements. According to the Rule, no lady could be accepted as a choir nun unless she had four-quarters of nobility on the father's side; and no promised advantage that might accrue to the monastery, such as wealth or position, could ever induce the community to swerve from that regulation. Their choir mantle was bordered

with ermine, and was exchanged for a new one biennially, the used one being given to the poor.

Mme. I——, the Lady Superior, kindly introduced us to the venerable Bishop of Grenoble, Mgr. Philibert de Bruilhard. At the age of ninety his Lordship resigned his episcopal see, and lived in retreat at Montfleury, with the religious daughters of the Venerable Mme. Barat. From his consecrated hand the worthy foundress received her First Communion; he had always favored her institute, and was one of those prelates that petitioned the Sovereign Pontiff for its solemn approbation. On his arrival at Montfleury, strong arms had borne him from his carriage to the apartments destined for him, in a wing of the castle. Nearly six years had elapsed since his arrival there, though it had been thought that the saintly Bishop would scarcely survive six months.

His Lordship made many inquiries concerning the progress of our holy religion in America, and was delighted with all the particulars we laid before him. At his earnest request we repeated our visit several times, and always left him with a feeling of surprise at his wonderfully preserved health. However, early in February the inhabitants of Grenoble were startled one day, about noon, by the deep and prolonged tones of the *bourdon*. The faithful hastened to the cathedral, and a priest who was placing the Blessed Sacrament on the altar announced to them that Mgr. de Bruilhard was dying! Sobbing multitudes offered a prayer for the happy exit of their aged father and long-tried friend. His mortal amains were exposed in the chapel of the Children of Mary at Montfleury during four days, it having been his dying request. Three hundred tall wax-lights burned near the corpse day and night, and four seminarians, and some religious ladies aiding them, could scarcely suffice to gratify the wishes of the people who came to touch his person with beads and relics. On the morning of the fifth day after his Lordship's demise, the superior of the Seminary, with about a hundred of the clergy and seminarians, bore the loved remains of their Bishop on an uncovered catafalque, draped with purple velvet, to the gates of Grenoble, where Mgr. de Genouilhac and three of the neighboring Bishops, with a long procession of priests and acolytes, escorted them to the diocesan seminary, where they were exposed during three days more. On the day of interment, all places of business were closed, the streets through which the funeral procession was to pass were carpeted, and the deep vibration of the great bell of the cathedral found an echo in every heart.

On one of the closing days of February 186–, we paid a final visit to the religious of Montfleury, carrying with us as a sweet souvenir a bouquet of wild flowers gathered at the tomb of Mme. Aloysia Jouve, the memoirs of whose pious life and saintly death had in our childhood prompted us to many an act of self-conquest.

The Solitary Soul.

I died; but my soul did not wing its flight straight to the heaven-nest, and there repose in the bosom of Him who made it, as the minister who was with me said it would. Good old man! He had toiled among us, preaching, baptizing, marrying, and burying, until his hair had turned from nut-brown to frost-white; and he told me, as I lay dying, that the victory of the Cross was the only passport I needed to the joys of eternity; that a life like mine would meet its immediate reward. And it did; but, O my God! not as he had thought, and I had believed.

As he prayed, earth's sighs and sounds faded from me, and the strange, new life began. The wrench of agony with which soul and body parted left me breathless; and my spirit, like a lost child, turned frightened eyes towards home.

I stood in a dim, wind-swept space. No gates of pearl or walls of jacinth met my gaze; no streaming glory smote my eyes; no voice bade me enter and put on the wedding garment. Hosts of pale shapes circled by, but no one saw me. All had their faces uplifted, and their hands—such patient, pathetic hands—were clasped on their breasts; and the air was heavy with the whisper, "Christ! Christ!" that came unceasingly from their lips.

Above us, the clouds drifted and turned; about us, the horizon was blotted out; mist and greyness were everywhere. A voiceless wind swept by; and as I gazed, sore, dismayed and saddened, a rent opened in the driving mass, and I saw a man standing with arms upraised. He was strangely vestured; silver and gold gleamed in his raiment, and a large cross

was outlined upon his back. He held in his hands a chalice of gold, in which sparkled something too liquid for fire, too softly brilliant for water or wine.

As this sight broke on our vision, two figures near me uttered a cry, whose rapturous sweetness filled space with melody; and, like the upspringing lark, borne aloft by the beauty of their song, they vanished; and those about me bowed their heads, and ceased their moan for a moment.

"What is it?" I cried. "Who is the man? What was it he held in his hand?"

But there was none to answer me, and I drove along before the wind with the rest, helpless, bewildered.

How long this lasted I do not know; for there was neither night nor day in the sad place; and a fire of longing burnt in my breast, so keen, so strong, that all other sensation was swallowed up.

And, then, too, my grief! There were many deeds of my life to which I had given but casual regret. When the minister would counsel us to confess our sins to God, I had knelt in the church and had gone through the form; but here, where the height and breadth and depth of God's perfection dawned upon me, and grew hourly clearer, they seemed to rend my heart, and to far outweigh any little good I might have done. Oh, why did no one ever preach the justice of God to me, and the necessity of personal atonement! Why had they only taught me, "Believe, and you shall be saved"?

Time by time, the shapes about me rose and vanished with the same cry as the two I saw liberated in my first hour; and sometimes—like an echo—the sound of human voices would go through space,—some choked with tears, some low with sadness, some glad with hope.

"Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord."

"And let perpetual light shine upon them."

"May they rest in peace."

And the "Amen" tolled like a silver bell, and I would feel a respite.

But no one called *me* by name, no one prayed for *my* freedom. My mother's voice, my sister's dream, my father's belief,—all were that I was happy before the face of God. And friends forgot me, except in their pleasures.

At seasons, through the mist would loom an altar, at which a man, in black robes threaded with silver, bowed and bent. The chalice, with its always wonderful contents, would be raised, and a disc, in whose circle of whiteness I saw Christ crucified. From the thorn-wounds, the Hands, the Feet, the Side, shot rays of dazzling brightness; and my frozen soul, my tear-chilled eyes, were warmed and gladdened; for the man who held this wondrous image would humbly sigh: "For *all* the dead, sweet Lord." And to me, even me, would come hope and peace.

But, oh the agony, oh the desolateness, to be cut off from the sweet guerdon of immediate release! Oh, the pain of expiating every fault, measure for measure! Oh, the grief of knowing my own deeds were the chains of my captivity, and my unfulfilled duties the barrier that withheld me from beholding the beatific vision!

Sometimes a gracious face would gleam through the mist,—a face so tender, so human, so full of love that I yearned to hear it speak to *me*, to have those radiant eyes turned on *me*. My companions called her "Mary!" and I knew 'twas the Virgin of Nazareth. Often she would call them by name, and say: "My child, my Son bids thee come home."

Why had I never known this gentle Mother! Why could I not catch her mantle, and, clinging to it, pass from waiting to fulfilment!

Once when I had grown grief-bowed with waiting, worn with longing, I saw again the vision of the Church. At a long railing knelt many young girls, and they received at the hands of the priest what I had learned to discern as the Body of the Lord. One—God bless her tender heart!—whispered as she knelt: "O dearest Lord, I offer to Thee this Holy Communion for the soul *that has no one to pray for her.*"

And through the greyness rang at last *my* name, and straight to heaven I went, ransomed by that mighty price, freed by prayer from prison.

. . . . . .

O you who live, who have voices and hearts, for the sake of Christ and His Holy Mother; by the love you bear your living, and the grief you give your dead, pray, pray for those whose friends do not know how to help them; for the suddenly killed; for the executed criminal; and for those who, having suffered long in purgatory, need one more prayer to set them free.

Martyrs of 1883.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MGR. PUGINIER, V. A. OF TONQUIN, TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

HA-NOI, July 25, 1883.

. . . . At the end of the month of May I announced briefly to the Directors of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, in Paris, the massacre of a missionary, three catechists, and four Christians of western Tonquin; I also referred to the attack on our house at Ha-Noi. Amidst the solicitudes of our situation, I could not write to you on that day; besides, I was desirous of informing you at full length of the latest events, and of enabling you to understand the dangers that threaten us.

To avoid repeating what I have already written on the assassination of M. Béchet, I will merely add here some further information received. M. Gaspard Claude Béchet was a priest of the city of Lyons; he received Holy Orders in 1881, and was sent to the mission of western Tonquin, where he arrived in June of the same year. He set to work with ardor to learn the language of Anam, and after a few months he began to preach and hear the confessions of the natives. I sent him with an old missionary, M. Hébert, that he might acquire experience in the apostolic ministry, in the province of Thanh-hoa. M. Béchet labored there with zeal till the end of February of this year; but at that time he suffered much from a persistent cold, which turned into consumption. Obliged to give up all arduous work, he made short journeys for his health's sake; and it was whilst going from one parish to another that he was arrested, in the province of Nam-dinh, May 20th, the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, at about 9 o'clock in the morning.

The mandarin, after a short interrogatory, condemned the Father, his three catechists, and two Christians that accompanied him, to be beheaded, and they were at once led to the place of execution. M. Béchet, who had been bound at the time of his arrest, was afterwards freed from his bonds, and walked courageously to the place of execution. It is a solemn moment. The executioners are there with their swords; the last hour has come, and eternity is opening. O precious moments! God alone knows what was then passing in the heart of the missionary and of the other victims devoted to death. What lively sentiments of faith, contrition, charity, confidence in God and in Mary were sent up to Heaven! The soldiers wished to begin with the Father, but his catechists threw themselves on him to embrace him and protect him. The missionary asked for a moment's respite, collected his thoughts, made a last offering of the sacrifice of his life, and, full of hope, cast himself into the arms of his Lord. But he was the minister of God, and he had a last duty to fulfil; he told the catechists and Christians to prostrate themselves and excite themselves to contrition. They at once obey, and recite the act of contrition together in a loud voice, to the surprise of all the spectators. During this time, the priest, standing erect, and raising his right hand, gave them a last absolution. This solemn act being performed, the soldiers, contrary to their first intention, began by decapitating the companions of the Father; one or two strokes of the sword dispatched each of them. The missionary's turn came next. As they wished to bind him, he requested to be left free, and sat down quietly, presenting his head to the executioner. After several blows of the sword he fell, and they continued to hack at him. At last the head was severed from the body.

While the mandarin carried on this horrible work, a Christian, not belonging to the priest's company, was seized, and recognized by his scapular. To the first question, "Are you a Christian?" he unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; and when further questioned, he declared that he was collecting flowers to offer to the Blessed Virgin. The mandarin ordered him to be beheaded.

A fourth Christian, having learned that a missionary had been put to death, set out immediately for the place of execution; he wished to learn the particulars of the affair and to take away the martyr's body to bury it. Several persons tried in vain to dissuade him, but he started, praying on the way. As soon as he reached the place of execution he was seized by the soldiers of the mandarin, who said to him: "You are a Christian; will you abandon your religion?"

He answered: "I adore God in three Persons. It is God that has created us; I would not for anything in the world trample Him

underfoot. If the mandarin has no pity on me, and orders me to be put to death, I am ready to die."

At a second interrogatory he made the same courageous answer. He was then condemned to death; and whilst being led to execution, he was a third time called upon to apostatize, but he still refused. Arriving at the place of execution, he asked for a little while to prostrate himself in prayers. The soldier impatiently urged him to be done, but he went on with his prayer. Then he arose, and his head was cut off. This man of faith was thirty-seven years of age, and his father is still living. He was married, and God had given him two children,—a boy and a girl. He was a native of one of those villages which, during the persecution, were the glory of the Church and of the mission. This Christian village, the chief one of a large parish, had a little over nine hundred inhabitants; one hundred and fifty of its principal men were put to death for the faith. Our generous Soat had often been heard speaking of the persecution, and expressing the desire to shed his blood for his Saviour. God has heard his wish.

In the space of a few hours this ferocious mandarin, the enemy of God, who thirsts for Christian blood, had put eight victims to death. He sent the heads to a superior mandarin, who refused to receive them, and sent them to a pious Christian woman. The latter received them with veneration, and put the priest's head apart in a box, surrounding it with flowers. The other heads were placed together in two large baskets, and were also surrounded with flowers. After the lapse of five days, permission was given to remove the bodies; the heads were put back in their places, and the pastor, with all his flock, celebrated solemn obsequies.

Thoughts of Protestant Writers.

"The antagonism of reason and faith is not confined to hostile sects: it frequently operates in the same individuals, and they are the victims alternately of doubt and superstition; like Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, when he had finished a book against all revelation, actually prayed for some supernatural sign to know whether he should print it."—*Mosheim (Vol. III, p. 428).*

"Such a frame of mind," writes Woodhead, "has ever been found favorable to the adoption of Roman Catholic doctrines; and their effect on a candid mind has been admirably described by a great writer who says: 'It is not strange that wise men, weary of investigation, and longing to believe something, and yet seeing objections in everything, should submit themselves absolutely to teachers who, with firm, undoubting faith, lay claim to a supernatural commission. Thus we frequently see inquisitive and restless spirits take refuge from their own scepticism in the bosom of a Church which pretends to infallibility; and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves to worship a wafer."—*Macaulay's Hist. England (Vol. IV, p. 28).*

Thorndyke, Prebendary of Westminster, writes thus of the belief of Catholics in the Real Presence: "Will any Papist," he argues, "acknowledge that he honors the elements of the Eucharist for God?—will common sense charge him with honoring that in the Sacrament which he does not believe to be there?" —*Just Weights and Measures, p. 19.*

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, argues with equal fairness when he says: "The object of their [the Catholics'] adoration in the Sacrament is the only true and eternal God hypostatically united with His holy humanity, which humanity they believe to be actually present under the veil of the Sacrament. If they thought Him not present, they are so far from worshipping the bread, that they profess it idolatry to do so. This is demonstration that the soul has nothing in it idolatrical; the will has nothing in it but what is the greatest enemy to idolatry."—*Liberty of Prophesying, Sec. 20.*

The philosopher Lavater, finding himself in a Catholic church, was so impressed that he exclaimed: "He doth not know Thee, O Jesus Christ, who dishonoreth even Thy shadow! I honor all things where I find the intention of honoring Thee. I will love them because of Thee; I will love them, provided I find the least thing which makes me remember Thee! What, then, do I behold here? what do I hear in this place? Does nothing under these majestic arches speak to me of Thee? This cross, this golden image, is it not made in Thy honor? The censer that waves around the priest; the *Glorias* sung in choirs; the peaceful light of

the sacramental lamp; these lighted tapers,—all is done for Thee. Why is the Host elevated, if it be not to honor Thee, O Jesus Christ, who art dead for the love of us? *Because it is no more, and Thou art it,* the believing Church bends the knee. . . ."

Alban Stolz.

Rev. Alban Stolz, whose death we announced last week, was one of those writers whose name is known through the length and breadth of Germany, and wherever there are German Catholics. He was born on February 3, 1808, in Bühl, near Baden-Baden, and studied in the universities of Freiburg and Heidelberg. At the age of twenty-five he was ordained priest, and was several years assistant in a parish. In 1846, after having already had some experience as a teacher, he became Professor of Theology in the University of Freiburg. He was such an enemy of idleness that, besides the time which he devoted to his professorial duties, he wrote much. His name first became known as a writer by his famous *Kalender für Zeit und Ewigkeit.* The *Kalender* appeared during eight years, though not consecutively. He became still more favorably known through a larger work, *Spanisches für die gebildete Welt,* which is directed against modern pretended civilization. This work went through five editions. In 1855 Alban Stolz made the pilgrimage of the Holy Land, and described his impressions in his *Besuch bei Sem, Cham, und Japhet.* His *Legende der Heiligen* went through three editions. His principal work, "The Life of St. Elizabeth, Countess of Thuringia," is admirable, both in matter and form.

Besides these more important works, a great number of pamphlets issued from his fertile pen, which generally treated of the questions of the day, and some of which brought him into conflict with the Government of Baden, though he was never condemned. In some of his works he adopts the plain and simple style of the people, whilst in others, as in the Life of St. Elizabeth, he has most brilliant pen-pictures, and the grand style of the very best German writers.

As professor, Alban Stolz was in the very first rank. Though outwardly he was very plain, and his delivery was unadorned, his pupils were attached to him. As a priest he was a model. His life was as simple as his dress, and he spent hardly any of his considerable income on himself, using most of it for charitable purposes.

Several weeks ago the venerable priest celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination, on which occasion he received the highest marks of regard from his many friends. For several years past he was afflicted with blindness. Let us hope that he has gone to enjoy the sight of God in the company of those saints whose lives he so beautifully wrote, and whose virtues he copied in his own life.

Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory.

The Rev. Father James Mumford, S. J., born in England in 1605, and who labored for forty years for the cause of the Catholic Church in his native country, wrote a remarkable work on purgatory; and he mentions that the following incident was written to him by William Freysson, a publisher of Cologne. May it move many in their difficulties to have recourse to the holy souls!

One festival day, when my place of business was closed, I was occupying myself in reading a book which you had lent me, and which was on "The Souls in Purgatory." I was absorbed in my subject, when a messenger came and told me that my youngest child, aged four years, showed the first symptoms of a very grave disease. The child rapidly grew worse, and the physicians at length declared that there was no hope. The thought then occurred to me that perhaps I could save my child by making a vow to assist the suffering souls in purgatory. I accordingly repaired at once to a chapel and, with all fervor, supplicated God to have pity on me; and I vowed I would distribute gratuitously a hundred copies of the book that had moved me in behalf of the suffering souls, and give them to ecclesiastics and to religious to increase devotion to the holy souls. I had, I acknowledge, hardly any hope. As soon as I returned to the house I found the child much better. He asked for food, although for several days he had not been able to swallow anything but liquids. The next day he was perfectly well, got up, went out for a walk, and ate as if he had never had anything the matter with him. Filled with gratitude, I was only anxious to fulfil my promise. I went to the College of the Jesuit Fathers and begged them to accept as many copies of the work as they pleased, and to distribute them amongst themselves and other communities and ecclesiastics as they thought

fit, so that the suffering souls, my benefactors, should be assisted by further prayers.

Three weeks had not slipped away, however, when another accident not less serious befell me. My wife, on entering the house one day, was suddenly seized with a trembling in all her limbs, which threw her to the ground, and she remained insensible. Little by little, the illness increased until she was deprived of the power of speech. Remedies seemed to be in vain. The malady at length assumed such aggravated proportions that everyone was of opinion she had no chance of recovery. The priest who assisted her had already addressed words of consolation to me, exhorting me to Christian resignation. I turned again with confidence to the souls in purgatory, who had assisted me once before, and I went to the same church. There, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, I renewed my supplication with all the ardor with which affection for my family inspired me. "O my God!" I exclaimed, "Thy mercy is not exhausted: in the name of Thy infinite bounty, do not permit that the recovery of my son should be paid by the death of his mother." I made a vow, this time, to distribute 200 copies of the holy book, in order that a greater number of persons might be moved to intercede for the suffering souls. I besought those who had been already delivered from purgatory to unite with me on this occasion. After this prayer, as I was returning to the house, I saw my servants running towards me. They told me with delight that my wife had undergone a great change for the better; that the delirium had ceased, and she had recovered her power of speech. I at once ran on to assure myself of the fact: all was true. Very soon my wife was so perfectly recovered that she came with me into the holy place to make an act of thanksgiving to God for all His mercies.

The Cure of Miss Balter.

The circumstances of the cure of Miss Agnes Balter, of which we made mention last week, and which has created such a profound impression wherever it has been published, are thus related by the *Lafayette* (Ind.) *Leader* of Oct. 21st:

The days of miraculous occurrences have not yet departed. There are strange things daily taking place which seem to be unexplainable. Scarce a reader of the *Leader* but has read of miraculous cures being brought about by reason of faith, but very few persons in Lafayette have ever witnessed the practical illustration. The skeptical may shake their heads, and the unbelievers still hold out; but there is a little circle of friends on Spencer street, in Linnwood, which no earthly power can convince that the Almighty does not answer prayer, or that the days of miracles have passed away.

Eight years ago, Agnes Balter, then sixteen years of age, was stricken with that terrible disease, spinal meningitis. When finally the disease left her, she was pronounced a hopeless invalid. The lower limbs were paralyzed, and she was unable to walk a single step. During all these years she was the constant recipient of medical attention, first from one physician, and then from another; but no good results were noticeable. Only once was she out of the house, and that was about two months ago. For days she would be in violent convulsions, then in a state of complete unconsciousness,—there being as many as twelve days in succession in which neither food nor medicine passed her lips. So violent was the pain, and so great the contortion, that the poor girl would be twisted so out of shape that her feet would be drawn back until they touched her head. Dr. Yount was called a year ago last January. He gave the family no hope, but, becoming greatly interested in the case, he prepared and sent to Drs. Hamilton and Beard, two celebrated New York physicians for the treatment of nervous diseases, a complete diagnosis of her afflictions. The one said it was hopeless; the other thought she might recover. Thus matters have run along, year after year, until a few days ago, when Miss Agnes, who is a devout Catholic, decided to try the prayer and faith cure. The sacred ceremony began a week ago Thursday. On the return of Mrs. L B. Kinsman from the Old World, she brought with her a quantity of the water from the celebrated fountain of the Lady of Lourdes This Miss Balter took inwardly, and also applied externally. The devotional exercises were participated in by the Rev. Father Philibert, of Saint Bonifacius' Church, and members of the congregation.

During the nine days the patient continued in a greatly excited nervous condition; there were excruciating pains in the head and along the spine, and she could neither eat nor sleep. Saturday was the ninth day, and she insisted on being taken to church. She was wheeled there in a chair, though she lost consciousness on the way and for some time after she arrived at the church. Once or twice she sought to rise to her feet, but could not. Her faith, she said, never deserted her, and she tried once more to kneel and partake of the Sacrament. At this time the wheel-chair in which she was seated was moving so violently as to necessitate friends holding it to prevent it rolling away. Miss Agnes succeeded in getting upon her knees,—her lower limbs have been dead to feeling and use for years,—and having partaken of the Saerament, she suddenly rose to her feet and walked out of the church, to the amazement of those present.

The lady was visited last evening by a number of newspaper men, as well as by scores of neighbors. The *Leader* reporter found her seated in an easy chair, chatting merrily. When questioned, she said that while kneeling there all pain appeared suddenly to leave her, and she realized that she could walk. Her faith had never for a moment wavered, and she was not surprised when she found that she had regained the use of her limbs. In addition to her other afflictions, it should have been stated that the lady had almost completely lost her eyesight. She was unable to read, but could distinguish persons. Her sight came back with the re-

stored use of her limbs, and she now sees as well as ever.

To convince the reporter that there was no sham or mistake about it, Miss Agnes arose from her chair and took a number of steps. The gait was unsteady and trembling, of course, but she demonstrated her ability to walk. She met the priest during the day, and he was equally astounded at seeing her again able to walk, having long known her as a helpless invalid.

In response to the direct question, Miss Balter answered that she knew her remarkable recovery was due entirely to the direct interposition of the Almighty, in answer to faith and prayer; "for," she added, turning to Dr. Yount, "I must tell you now, Doctor, that during the last nine days I did not take a drop of your medicine; we had the prescriptions filled, but I did not touch the contents."

The reporters joked "Doc" pretty severely over the fact that the moment the patient stopped taking his medicine she began to improve; but he comforted himself with the reflection that this was not the first instance of the kind.

The doctor is as much amazed as any one. He never before saw anything of the kind, though frequently reading of them. "But having seen, you must now believe," remarked his former patient. The parents appear to be too much overjoyed to speak, and view in silence and awe the great change that a few moments have wrought. There has been as great change in personal appearance as there has been in physical condition. Miss Balter's face and hands, which were round and plump, now resemble those of a person who had been ill for weeks.

New Publications.

——The publications of Hickey & Co., No. 11 Barclay street, New York, deserve special commendation on account of the valuable service they are rendering to morality and religion. We have received from that firm, "Heroes, Saints and Sages—Biographical Sketches of Thirty-Five Typical Catholics," and "Questions of the Hour—A Series of Addresses, Sermons and Lectures by Eminent Catholics." Of the ordinary magazine size, well printed, and on good paper, they have a neat and attractive appearance. They are published biweekly, and deal with a vast variety of subjects calculated to prove interesting and helpful to Catholics. They are numbered consecutively, appear regularly every fortnight, and treat judiciously subjects instructive both to the young and the old. The publishers are by no means pretentious in naming their publications "The Vatican Library"; for, taken in the aggregate, they form a library of very practical utility. They range in price from 20 to 25 cents, when purchased from the publishers or booksellers; while the annual subscription for 26 numbers is $5. They average about 135 pages, and can be unreservedly commended to popular favor.

Youth's Department.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Charley's Victory.

ONE bright Sunday morning, towards the beginning of winter, a goodly number of college boarders were assembled in the chapel to hold their monthly meeting in honor of the Sacred Heart. Among the members, on this day, was one whose name had but recently been entered on the list of candidates. Charley Adams was just turned fifteen; and any one who has had dealings with students knows that it is between the fourteenth and eighteenth years that a boy makes or unmakes his character. Many a little lad, whose waywardness had cost his professor countless acts of patience, suddenly turns about at this period, and takes the path that leads to noble manhood; and—alas that it should be so!—many a child, whose face had been the mirror of angelic innocence, finds himself, at the age of fifteen, turning aside into that "broad way that leadeth unto perdition."

And which path had Charley chosen? Neither, as yet. He was standing almost irresolute at the crossroad, urged, on the one hand, by God's grace, and on the other, rudely impelled by the forces of developing passions. Charley was of a high temper, and many a bright day had been clouded to him by some strong ebullition of passion, produced by a real or fancied insult. If it be true, as spiritual writers tell us, that great sensitiveness characterizes the saints, then, surely, had Charley Adams the making of a great servant of God.

But now he was sitting in the chapel, feeling almost unconsciously that the grand light of a new life was shining upon his soul. It was the light of meekness, the light of love; that light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world,—the burning Heart of Jesus. He listened with intense interest to the words of the eloquent priest, who spoke of the unalterable meekness of the Divine Heart. But he was especially impressed when the Father spoke of the blow Jesus had received from the servant of the high-priest. So feelingly did the speaker express himself, that Charley

seemed to behold Jesus turning His mild but saddened eye, and requesting the servant to give testimony of the evil, if evil He had spoken.

The services were concluded with Benediction. Charley left the chapel with a new and noble purpose in his breast. Oftentimes he had bewailed his sensitiveness; but now he looked upon it as a precious gift. And Charley was determined to imitate the meekness of our Lord. That day (though he little knew it) was to afford his resolve a terrible test.

At six o'clock of that evening, all the boys were assembled in studies. Charley passed the hour in hard work, and when the bell rang for recess he hurried to the yard, and made straight for the gymnasium. The twilight was fast merging into darkness, and it was difficult to make out the faces of his companions at any distance. He had begun swinging up and down on the parallel bars, when another student, Mason by name, came up and began exercising at the other end. This boy had lately come to the school, and was of a surly, disagreeable temper. He and Charley had passed many a bitter word, and Mason, who was slow to forgive, was anxious, as boys say, "to have it out." Unconscious that any one was behind him, Charley made a long jump backward, alighting on the muscles of his arm. Unfortunately, in so doing, he gave Mason a sharp kick upon the shin.

"You done that a-purpose," sputtered out Mason, with more force than grammar. "I'll teach you something"; saying which he advanced upon Charley and dealt him a sharp blow in the face. In a moment, Charley, his countenance flushed with anger, rushed at his opponent, caught him by the throat, and was about to inflict summary vengeance, when the memory of our Lord struck by the servant flashed before him. Almost involuntarily he relaxed his grasp, and immediately his released aggressor began an impromptu war-dance about his person, inviting him to "come on." By this time quite a number of boys had gathered around, and were not a little surprised to find Charley, the pluckiest boy in the school, defied by a mere "new-comer."

"Mason," said Charley, mastering himself with an effort, "I kicked you by accident: I didn't mean it. Will that satisfy you?"

"Then, you don't want to fight?"

"No; I'll not fight now, nor at any other time."

"Then, just let me tell you this—you're a low coward!"

"Go for him, Charley," whispered a pugilistic youth; "you can get away with him easily."

Charley's lips trembled. To be called a coward, and in public! But grace was strong in him, and, in a voice trembling with agitation, he answered: "In good time, Mason, I hope you may find that I am *not* a coward." Saying this he walked away, and hastened to the chapel. Here, in the dim light that the lamp of the sanctuary cast, he prayed long and fervently. Tears of bitterness rushed from his eyes; for his struggle had been no ordinary one. But the Heart that beat so lovingly in the tabernacle went out to him; a holy peace took possession of his soul, and he felt, at length, that joy of the heart which not all the riches of the world can give or take.

In the mean time, there was great excitement in the yard. Knots of boys were scattered here and there, reviewing the situation. Some of the smaller and wilder students dubbed Adams as a coward. Others were unable to account for his conduct. But those who had seen him at the instruction of the morning fully understood and appreciated his position. Norton, the oldest of the students, on seeing Charley come out of the chapel, advanced and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Good for you, old fellow!" he said. "If some of the boys call you coward, don't mind. You showed more heroism to-day in withholding your arm, than ever you did in using it."

The next day Charley had to put up with an amount of disagreeable innuendoes. But he bore them bravely. Mason, the while, went around among his "set," and described in glowing terms how he had "taken down that Adams."

That night there was a hard frost. On the following morning, the ice was thick, and the President of the College kindly gave the boys a holiday for skating. About three miles from the school-building there were several large ponds connected together, and called by common consent "The Lakes." Thither the boys repaired early in the morning, each one carrying a basket that contained his dinner. The general rendezvous was established at the lake nearest the College; but many skated to the farthest, which was about a mile higher up.

After dinner, Charley, who was an excellent skater, resolved to make a tour of discovery. The air was cool and bracing, and he set out

alone at the top of his speed. He soon arrived at the highest lake, and, finding the ice there much smoother than any he had yet found, spent some hours on the glassy surface. The time seemed to keep speed with himself, so that on taking out his watch he found that the hour for returning to College had already expired. He was just starting to regain his companions, when he thought he heard a smothered cry as of some one in distress. He turned round quickly and hallooed with all his strength. Listening intently, he seemed to hear a still fainter cry borne upon the cold air. He made for the spot, which was near a thick grove of trees on the farther bank. Arriving there, he spied a small creek thoroughly frozen. He again shouted, and his doubts were cleared by hearing a feeble call for help, which seemed to proceed from some one farther up the creek. "It must be one of the boys in trouble," he thought, and immediately he glided along the crystal surface. On turning a bend, he perceived a boy lying flat on the bank, apparently helpless.

"Halloa! What's the trouble?" he exclaimed.

The reclining figure rose partially, and revealed the face of George Mason. A deep flush of shame tinged Mason's cheek as he saw his injured schoolmate at his side. Charley, breathing a prayer of thanks to the Sacred Heart that he now had an opportunity of returning good for evil, smiled kindly, and said: "What's the trouble, George?"

That word "*George*" was a speech in itself. Hitherto Charley had known him as Mason, and the poor fellow felt the sweetness of a kind word thrilling him.

"O Charley!" he cried, "God be thanked that you have come! I sprained my ankle, and had just strength enough to get off the ice and throw myself on the cold ground. I have been lying here for two hours, and am almost frozen."

"Poor fellow!" said Charley, in a tone of such feeling that George never forgot it; "I'll build a fire immediately, and when you are well warmed up, we'll start for home. In the mean time you must wrap yourself well. I am warm, and don't need my overcoat."

Saying this, he took it off.

"O don't, Charley," said George; "you are too good to me. So kind to *me!*

"Yes, but I will, George. I'm your doctor now, and you must obey." And Charley, with the tender hand of a mother, gently wrapped up the poor, benumbed boy in his coat. "Now for a fire!" And, suiting the action to the word, he quickly gathered some dead leaves and dry fagots. George gazed at him with intense shame, wonder, and gratitude, and, as Charley applied a match to the leaves, began to sob convulsively. "Why, what's the matter, George? Are you in pain?"

"O Charley, I have been so unkind to you! Will you forgive me?"

"With all my heart, George. I have forgiven you long ago. You have, instead of hurting me, done me a great benefit."

"How so?" asked George, as our young disciple of the Sacred Heart kindly drew him nearer the fire. Charley related, in a few simple words, why he had refused to fight. George listened with growing astonishment and admiration. "Ah!" he exclaimed at the conclusion, "*you* were the hero: *I* was the coward. But you must forgive me, Charley, and I will turn over a new leaf. I have been brought up among rude boys, and"—here his voice faltered—"I never knew what it was to have a mother."

It was now Charley's turn to be astonished. Never had a mother! Oh, what depths of sorrow are in these words! Think, dear boys, what you might have been, if there were no good, loving mother at your side to help you up the rugged steeps of life. "What should I have been!" thought Charley; and his heart warmed towards the poor orphan.

An hour passed on, and with it a conversation that will be sacred. Then, thoroughly warmed, George essayed to walk; but it was a difficult task. His former enemy, now his fast friend, was obliged to support him on one side. In this manner they slowly made their way, in the gathering darkness, towards the College. And what a change had come over George! The rough, rude boy had become a simple, heartfelt penitent. And the change was permanent. A few days later, George and Charley were known as Damon and Pythias.

Every vacation, George goes home with his friend Charley, and Mrs. Adams, who knows the whole story, is a mother to the reclaimed boy. It may be added, in conclusion, that among the many students whose names are inscribed on the roll of the members of the Sacred Heart Association, none are more devout, none more amiable, than George Mason and Charley Adams.

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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Notre Dame du Rosaire.

BY WM. D. KELLY.

MADONNA of the Rosary,
To whom our hearts are votive,
We sing the tender piety
Whereof thy beads are motive;
Their language is the sweetest prayers
Which lips have ever spoken;
Their graces, when the soul despairs,
Inspirit the heart-broken.

Oh, bounteous beads! whose poorest string
Possesses richer graces
Than all the jewels glittering
In mines or costly cases,
Words fail the tongue which would unfold
The opulence that lingers
Within your chaplet, which of old
Touched Mary's blessèd fingers.

There is no wounded heart which bleeds,
No soul that sighs in sorrow,
Which may not from these gracious beads
Sweet consolation borrow;
There are no favors, howe'er rare,
Denied to others stoutly,
They may not plenteously share
Who tell these beads devoutly.

Nor dwelt there ever saint on earth
Whose soul the body cumbered,
But won a crown of brighter worth
Their decades when he numbered;
For sin and sorrow to out-thrust
Is not their virtue solely:
They make the reprobate turn just,
The just become more holy.

Their burden is a constant prayer,
Which, from its lowly station,
Earth offers Mary everywhere
In praise and supplication:
Virtue and vice through them entreat
The grace of which she's donor,
And wealth and poverty repeat
Their chaplets in her honor.

Madonna of the Rosary,
To whom our hearts are votive,
'Tis thus we sing the piety
Whereof thy beads are votive;
Their language is the sweetest prayers
That lips have ever spoken;
Their graces, when the soul despairs,
Inspirit the heart-broken.

The Doctrine of Purgatory, or a Middle State, among the Pagan Nations of Antiquity.

BY THE REV. A. A. LAMBING, A. M.

THE attentive student of the mythology of the nations of antiquity cannot fail to discover many vestiges of a primitive revelation of some of the principal truths of religion, although in the lapse of time they have been so distorted and mingled with fiction that it requires careful study to sift the few remaining grains of truth from the great mass of superstition and error in which they are all but lost. Among these truths may be reckoned monotheism, or the belief in, and the worship of, one only God, which the learned Jesuit, the Rev. Aug. Thebaud, in his "Gentilism," has proved to have been the primitive belief of all nations. It may not, however, be so generally known that the doctrine of purgatory, or a future state of purification, was also held and taught in all the religious systems in the beginning. While a knowledge of this fact can-

not add anything to the grounds of our faith as Catholics, it will not be wholly without interest, and it will, besides, better enable us to give a reason for the faith that is in us. It was left to Martin Luther to found an ephemeral religious system that should deny this dogma, founded no less on revelation than on right reason; but, then, logic has never been one of the strong points of Protestants.

Before turning my attention to the nations of the pagan world, I shall briefly give the Jewish belief on this point. It may not generally be known that the doctrine of a middle state is not explicitly proposed to the belief of the Jews in any of the writings of the Old Testament, although it was firmly held by the people. We depend for our knowledge of this fact mainly on the celebrated passage of the Second Book of Machabees (xii, 43–46). The occasion on which the doctrine was stated was this: Some of the soldiers of Judas Machabeus, the leader of the Jewish armies, fell in a certain battle; and when their fellow-soldiers came to bury them, they discovered secreted in the folds of their garments some parts of the spoils of one of the pagan shrines, which it was not permitted them to keep. After praying devoutly, the sacred writer goes on to say that Judas, "Making a gathering, sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifices to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection [for if he had not hoped that they who were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead]. And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

The Catholic doctrine is thus briefly laid down in the Catechism: "Purgatory is a place of punishment in the other life where some souls suffer for a time, before they can go to heaven"; or, in the words of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, there is "the fire of purgatory, in which the souls of just men are cleansed by a temporary punishment, in order to be admitted into their eternal country, 'into which nothing defiled entereth.'"

How far the pagan notions of a middle state harmonize with the Christian doctrine the reader will be able to determine as we proceed.

I must premise by stating that almost all, if not all, the forms of paganism were twofold, containing a popular form of religion, believed and practised by the mass of the people, and a more recondite form that was known only to the initiated, whether this was the priestly caste, as was generally the case, or whether they were designated by some other name. It should also be observed that the forms of religion were constantly undergoing changes of greater or less importance. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that different nations embodied the same idea under different forms. The conception of the phlegmatic Norseman would be different from that of the imaginative Oriental, and the language of the refined Greek would be far other than that of the rude American savage. But yet the same truth may be found to underlie all, the outward garb alone differing.

Turning first to Egypt, which is, rightly or wrongly, commonly considered the cradle of civilization, we may sum up its teaching with regard to the lot of the dead, and the middle state, in these interesting remarks of a learned author: "The continuance of the soul after death, its judgment in another world, and its sentence according to its deserts, either to happiness or suffering, were undoubted parts both of the popular and of the more recondite religion. It was the universal belief that immediately after death the soul descended into a lower world, and was conducted to the Hall of Truth (or, 'of the Two Truths'), where it was judged in the presence of Osiris and the forty-two demons, the 'Lords of Truth' and judges of the dead. Anubis, 'the director of the weight,' brought forth a pair of scales, and, placing on one scale a figure or emblem of Truth, set on the other a vase containing the good actions of the deceased; Thoth standing by the while, with a tablet in his hand, whereon to record the result. According to the side on which the balance inclined, Osiris delivered the sentence. If the good deeds preponderated, the blessed soul was allowed to enter the 'boat of the sun,' and was conducted by good spirits to Aahlu (Elysium), to the 'pools of peace,' and the dwelling-place of Osiris. . . . The good soul, having first been freed from its infirmities by passing through the basin of purgatorial fire, guarded by the four ape-faced genii, and then made the companion of Osiris 3000 years, returned from Amenti, re-entered its former

body, rose from the dead, and lived once more a human life upon earth. This process was reiterated until a certain mystic cycle of years became complete, when finally the good and blessed attained the crowning joy of union with God, being absorbed into the Divine Essence, and thus attaining the true end and full perfection of their being." *

It may be remarked that all systems of religion which held the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, should be considered as believing in a middle state of purgation, since they maintained the necessity of the soul's further purification, after death, before it was permitted to enter into its final rest.

In the ever-varying phases through which Buddhism, the religion of all Southeastern Asia, has passed in its protracted existence, it is difficult to determine with any degree of certainty precisely what its disciples hold; but the belief in metempsychosis, which is one of its fundamental doctrines, must permit us to range it on the side of those who hold to the idea of a middle state. Certain it is they believe that the soul, by a series of new births, becomes, in process of time, better fitted for the final state in which it is destined forever to remain. The same may be said of the religion of the great body of the Chinese; for, although they have their lawgiver Confucius, their religion at present, as far as it merits the name, appears to be no more than a certain form of Buddhism.

Coming to the more western nations of Asia, we may remark that, as their religions were evidently a corruption of primitive revelation, less removed in point of time, they must, although they had already become idolatrous, have embodied the idea of a future state of purgation, notwithstanding that it is impossible to determine at this distant day the exact nature of their doctrines. If, however, we turn from these to the doctrine of Zoroaster, our means of forming an opinion are more ample.

Zoroaster, or, more correctly, Zarathrustra, the founder of the Persian religion, was born, according to some accounts, in the sixth century before our era, while others claim for him an antiquity dating at least from the thirteenth century before Christ. Be that as it may,—and it does not concern us to inquire into it,—this much is certain: he was a firm believer in a middle state, and he transmitted the same to his followers. But, going a step farther than some, he taught that the souls undergoing purification are helped by the prayers of their friends upon earth. "The Zoroastrians," says Mr. Rawlinson, "were devout believers in the immortality of the soul and a conscious future existence. They taught that immediately after death the souls of men, both good and bad, proceeded together along an appointed path to 'the bridge of the gatherer.' This was a narrow road conducting to heaven or paradise, over which the souls of the pious alone could pass, while the wicked fell from it into the gulf below, where they found themselves in the place of punishment. The good soul was assisted across the bridge by the Angel Serosh—'the happy, well-formed, swift, tall Serosh,'—who met the weary wayfarer, and sustained his steps as he effected the difficult passage. The prayers of his friends in this world were of much avail to the deceased, and greatly helped him on his journey." *

With regard to the opinions held by the Greeks,—and the same may, in general terms, be applied to the Romans, whose religious views coincided more or less closely with those of their more polished neighbors,—it is difficult to form a correct idea. Not that the classic writers and philosophers have permitted the subject to sink into oblivion,—on the contrary, they have treated it at considerable length, as all classic scholars well know,—but while, on the one hand, as I remarked above, there is a difference between the popular ideas and those of the learned, there is also here a great difference of opinion between the various schools of philosophy. Not only so, but it is difficult to determine how far the philosophers themselves were in earnest in the opinions they expressed, and how far, too, we understand them. The opinions of the people, and much more those of the learned, vary with the principal periods of Grecian and Roman history. This much, however, may be safely held, that, while they drew their origin from Central or Western Asia, their religion must, in the beginning, have been that of the countries from which they came. But truth only is immutable; error is ever changing.

I shall not tax the patience of the reader by asking him to pass in review the more striking periods of the history of these famous na-

* "History of Ancient Egypt," George Rawlinson. Vol. I, pp. 327–329.

* "Ancient Monarchies," Vol. II, p. 339.

tions, but shall content myself with giving the views of a celebrated writer on a part at least of the question. Speaking of the opinions held by the Greek philosophers regarding the future state of the soul, Dr. Döllinger says, "The old and universal tradition admitted, in general, that man continued to exist after death; but the Greeks of the Homeric age did not dream of a retribution appointed to all after death, or of purifying and penitential punishments. It is only some conspicuous offenders against the gods who, in Homer, are tormented in distant Erebus. In Hesiod, the earlier races of man continue to live on, sometimes as good demons, sometimes as souls of men in bliss, or as heroes; yet, though inculcating moral obligations, he does not point to a reward to be looked for beyond the grave, but only to the justice that dominates in this economy. . . . Plato expressly ascribes to the Orphic writers the dogma of the soul's finding herself in the body as in a sepulchre or prison, on the score of previously contracted guilt: a dogma indubitably ascending to a very high antiquity. . . . It is from this source that Pindar drew, who, of the old Greeks, generally has expressed notions the most precise and minutely distinct of trial and tribulation after death, and the circuits and lustrations of the soul. He assigns the island of the blest as for the everlasting enjoyment of those who, in a triple existence in the upper and lower world, have been able to keep their souls perfectly pure from all sin. On the other hand, the souls of sinners appear after death before the judgment-seat of a judge of the nether world, by whom they are sentenced to a heavy doom, and are ceaselessly dragged the world over, suffering bloody torments. But as for those whom Persephone has released from the old guilt of sin, their souls she sends in the ninth year back again to the upper sun; of them are born mighty kings, and men of power and wisdom, who come to be styled saintly heroes by their posterity." And, again: "Plato was the first of the Greeks to throw himself, in all sincerity, and with the whole depth of his intellect, upon the solution of the great question of immortality. . . . He was in truth the prophet of the doctrine of immortality for his time and for the Greek nation. . . . The metempsychosis which he taught under Orphic and Pythagorean inspiration is an essential ingredient of his theory of the world, and is therefore perpetually recurring in his more important works. He connects it with an idea sifted and taken from popular belief of a state of penance in Hades, though it can hardly be ascertained how large a portion of mystical ornament or poetical conjecture he throws into the particular delineation of 'the last things,' and of transmigration. He adopts ten grades of migration, each of a thousand years; so that the soul in each migration makes a selection of its life-destiny, and renews its penance ten times, until it is enabled to return to an incorporeal existence with God, and to the pure contemplation of Him and the ideal world. Philosophic souls only escape after a threefold migration, in each of which they choose again their first mode of life. All other souls are judged in the nether world after their first life, and there do penance for their guilt in different quarters; the incurable only are thrust down forever into Tartarus. He attaches eternal punishment to certain particularly abominable sins, while such as have lived justly repose blissfully in the dwelling of a kindred star until their entrance into a second life. Plato was clearly acquainted with the fact of the necessity of an intermediate state between eternal happiness and misery, a state of penance and purification after death." *

The popular notion of Charon, the ferryman of the lower world, refusing to carry over the river Acheron the souls of such as had not been buried, but leaving them to wander on the shores for a century before he would consent, or rather before he was permitted by the rulers of the Hades to do so, contains a vestige of the belief in a middle state, where some souls had to suffer for a time before they could enter into the abode of the blest. But when it is said that the friends of the deceased could, by interring his remains, secure his entry into the desired repose, we see a more striking resemblance to the doctrine that friends on earth are able to assist the souls undergoing purgation. A remarkable instance of the popular belief in this doctrine is furnished in Grecian history, where the soldiers were encouraged, on a certain occasion, to risk their lives in the service of their country by their being told to write their names on their arms, so that if any fell, his friends could have him properly interred, and thus secure him against all fear of

* "The Gentile and the Jew," Vol. I, pp. 301-320.

having to wander for a century on the bleak shores of the dividing river. Nothing could better show the hold which this idea had on the minds of the people.

Roman mythological ideas were, as has been said, nearly related to those of Greece; they underwent as great modifications, while the opinions of her philosophers were equally abstruse, varied, and difficult to understand. The author above quoted, treating of the notion of the soul and a future state entertained by the Roman philosophers, proves their ideas to have been extremely vague and ill-defined. Still, there were not wanting those who held to the belief in an existence after this life. Plutarch, a Greek, "has left us a view of the state of the departed. The souls of the dead, ascending through the air, and in part reaching the highest heaven, are either luminous and transparent, or dark and spotted, on account of sins adhering to them; and some have even scars upon them. The soul of man, he says elsewhere, comes from the moon; his νους—mind, intellect,—from the sun; the separation of the two is only completely effected after death. The soul wanders awhile between the moon and earth for purposes of punishment, or, if it be good, of purification, until it rises to the moon, where the νους leaves it, and returns to its home, the sun; while the soul is buried in the moon. Lucian, on the other hand, whose writings for the most part are a pretty faithful mirror of the notions in vogue among his contemporaries, bears testimony to a continuance of the old tradition of the good reaching the Elysian fields, and the great transgressors finding themselves given up to the Erinnys in a place of torment, where they are torn by vultures, crushed on the wheel, or otherwise tormented; while such as are neither great sinners nor distinguished by their virtues, stray about in meadows as bodiless shadows, and are fed on the libations and mortuary sacrifices offered at their sepulchres. An obolus for Charon was still placed in the mouth of every dead body." * Here, again, we have both the belief in the existence of a middle state and of the assistance afforded to those detained there.

The religion of the Druids is so wrapped in mystery that it is difficult to determine what they believed on any point, and much more on that of the future lot of the soul; but as they held the doctrine of metempsychosis, it is fair to class them among the adherents to the notion of a period of purgation between death and the soul's entrance into its final rest. Of the views of the sturdy Norsemen, on the contrary, there can be no two opinions; in their mythology the idea of a middle state is expressed in the clearest language. The following passage from Mr. Anderson places the matter beyond question. I may first remark, for the information of the general reader, that by Gimle is meant the abode of the righteous after the day of judgment; by Naastrand, the place of punishment after the same dread sentence; by Ragnarok, the last day; Valhal, the temporary place of happiness to which the god Odin invites those who have been slain in battle; and Hel, the goddess of death, whose abode is termed Helheim. With these explanations the reader will be able to understand the subjoined passage, which expresses the Norse idea of the future purgation of the soul.

After speaking of the lot of the departed, the writer says: "But it must be remembered that Gimle and Naastrand have reference to the state of things after Ragnarok, the Twilight of the gods; while Valhal and Hel have reference to the state of things between death and Ragnarok,—a time of existence corresponding somewhat to what is called *purgatory* by the Catholic Church." *

It would appear to be no exaggeration to claim the same belief in a middle state for the American Indians, in as far as it is possible for us to draw anything definite from their crude notions of religion. A good authority on subjects connected with Indian customs and beliefs says: "The belief respecting the land of souls varied greatly in different tribes and different individuals." And, again: "An endless variety of incoherent fancies is connected with the Indian idea of a future life. . . . At intervals of ten or twelve years, the Hurons, the Neutrals, and other kindred tribes, were accustomed to collect the bones of their dead, and deposit them, with great ceremony, in a common place of burial. The whole nation was sometimes assembled at this solemnity; and hundreds of corpses, brought from their temporary resting-places, were inhumed in one common pit. From this hour the immortality of their souls began." This evidently implies

* "The Gentile and the Jew," Vol. II, 146.

* "Norse Mythology," p. 393.

a period during which the souls were wandering at a distance from the place of their eternal repose. Does the following passage throw any light upon it? The reader must decide the point for himself. "Most of the traditions," continues the same writer, "agree, however, that the spirits, on their journey heavenward, were beset with difficulties and perils. There was a swift river which must be crossed on a log that shook beneath their feet, while a ferocious dog opposed their passage, and drove many into the abyss. This river was full of sturgeons and other fish, which the ghosts speared for their subsistence. Beyond was a narrow path between moving rocks which each instant crushed together, grinding to atoms the less nimble of the pilgrims who essayed to pass." *

A vestige of the same belief seems to crop out in a custom of some of the tribes of Central Africa, as appears from the remarks of a recent traveller. "When a death occurs," says Major Serpa Pinto, "the body is shrouded in a white cloth, and, being covered with an ox-hide, is carried to the grave, dug in a place selected for the purpose. The days following on an interment are days of high festival in the hut of the deceased. The native kings are buried with some ceremony, and their bodies, being arrayed in their best clothes, are conveyed to the tomb in a dressed hide. There is great feasting on these occasions, and an enormous sacrifice of cattle; for the heir of the deceased is bound to sacrifice his whole herd in order to regale his people, and give peace to the soul of the departed." †

Such a unity of sentiment on the part of so many nations differing in every other respect can only be attributed either to a natural feeling inherent in man, or to a primitive revelation, which, amid the vicissitudes of time, has left its impress on the minds of all nations. That the doctrine of a middle state of purification was a part of the primitive revelation cannot, I think, admit of reasonable doubt. To the true servant of God, this unanimity is another proof of the faith once revealed to the saints, and, at the same time, an additional motive for thanking God for the light vouchsafed him, while so many others are left to grope in the darkness of error.

* "The Jesuits in North America." Francis Parkman. Introduction, pp. 81, 92.

† "How I Crossed Africa," Vol. I, p. 63.

Le Bon Dieu.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

IN the dark days when fair, fair France
Bowed 'neath the scourge of war;
When men fought on the battle-field,
And women prayed afar,
Crowds gathered round the little church
In the village of Velars. †

"They come! the Prussians come!" they cried;
"Run for the good curé,
That he may hasten here to bear
Le bon Dieu safe away!
The Prussian horde will desecrate
Our little church to-day!

"They come! they come! *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*
The curé,—where is he?
Nearer the sound of tramping feet,—
Upon us they will be!"
Fear blanched each peasant face, and wrung
Each heart with agony.

Swift came the word: "The good curé
Is on a distant call."
"And who shall carry *le bon Dieu?*"
A voice spake: "Little Paul
His First Communion made this year,—
He is the best of all."

A lad of rare good sense was he;
Guileless of heart they knew;
And yet with trembling voice he cried:
"What would you have me do?
I'm not a priest, and how can I
Carry *le bon Dieu?*"

'Twas then with one accord they chose
A fair child, four years old,
With sweet, angelic face, his hair
An aureole of gold;
"His little hands are pure," said they:
"*Le bon Dieu* he may hold."

The troubled sea of human life
Lo! suddenly grew calm,
As tenderly the father raised
His child upon his arm,
And placed a snowy linen cloth
Within one rosy palm.

The little fingers slowly turned
The tabernacle key;

* The good God. † A small village near Dijon.

The father spake a whispered word,—
And oh! how tenderly
The pure hands of the child drew forth
The God of purity!

Upon his father's sturdy arm
Sat the little one amazed,
Bearing within his baby hands
The ciborium upraised;
With burning tapers followed all,
And soon—O God be praised!—

Le bon Dieu was secure from harm;
And while the Prussian horde
Made havoc in the holy place
With tender memories stored,
An humble peasant's lowly cot
Gave shelter to the Lord.

Episodes of Lourdes.

BY HENRY LASSERRE.

The Miracle of the Assumption.

XXX.

On Saturday morning, as they were passing through Couches-les-Mines, Doctor Bidault, who lived in that little town, and who was expecting the arrival of the travellers, came to congratulate his former patient and beg for a seat in the carriage—in order, he said, to have a share in the happiness of the family. The reader will understand that the old physician feared for Madame de Musy another shock from the overpowering joy with which her heart would be filled, and he wished to be present should anything happen.

The horses flew at full gallop along the road to Digoine. The carriage was well known throughout the country, and the news had spread that the cured paralytic, whom they called "Good Mr. Victor," was returning in it. All who met it, the laborers in the fields or in the vineyards along the road, on perceiving the radiant countenance of the priest, raised their arms to heaven, sent forth their *vivats*, their cries and shouts of joy. The Abbé de Musy, with smiles and bows in acknowledgment of their salutations, said: "Yes, my friends: it is I. I am perfectly cured." And they kept on. Everyone understood the haste of the travellers; and, besides, Humbert had given orders to make no stop, no matter whom they should meet, through fear lest some imprudent word might be dropped about the condition of Madame de Musy. He wished that his brother should taste in all its sweetness this universal joy.

Farmers, domestics, all the numerous laborers in these agricultural districts, were out to greet the travellers. Many among them, ill-informed as to the hour of their arrival, had remained all night on the look-out for them. They knelt on the road as the carriage passed, and received the Abbé's blessing.

Suddenly the outlines of the Castle of Digoine loomed up in the distance; the massive walls, the high tower, the aged oaks stood revealed. The Abbé de Musy and his faithful companion burst into tears.

"There is Digoine!"

They were at last returning after their miraculous odyssey. A long silence followed. On a sign from Humbert, the driver checked the speed of the horses. As they drew near, everything became more distinct.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the Abbé de Musy, quickly. "The shutters are closed in my mother's room."

Humbert caught his hand, and said: "Dear Victor, mother is suffering, as I told you, but a little more than I wished to say. She is obliged to keep her bed, and the shutters are closed to keep out all noise." Then he told his brother the whole truth. The cure of the son had caused the suffering of the mother. The heart of the mother had been pierced with a sword of joy; and the son, in the midst of the enjoyment of the most perfect happiness, had been struck by the sword of sorrow. How mysterious are the ways of Providence!

XXXI.

On arriving at the entrance to the park, the Abbé de Musy ordered the driver to stop, and left the carriage. He wished to pass on foot and with uncovered head through the shady avenue which his ancestors had planted, and through which, after such extraordinary events, he was re-entering the blessed temple called Home.

But already he had been seen by all who were waiting for him.

"Run! run to him!" said his mother.

He made but few steps before he was clasped in the embraces of his father, sister, niece and nephew.

The reader will recall here that touching

scene described by our Saviour in the beautiful parable of the Prodigal child. The father, who no doubt day after day looked out upon the road on which his ungrateful son had left him, had from afar recognized in the miserable wretch, clothed in rags, that approached with bowed head, his own long lost son. He runs and clasps him to his bosom in a fond embrace. Resting his silvery head upon the shoulders of the young man, he welcomed his child with kisses and tears of joy.

It was with such feelings, but without any bitter recollections, that the old Count de Musy pressed Victor to his heart with many tears, and exclaimed: "My son was lost, and is now found. My son was dead, and has come to life again."

But there was no need to go in quest of the festal garment. The Blessed Virgin herself had taken care to clothe him in a matchless robe,—the robe of health and strength, the beautiful robe of life. His feet, once helpless, were now active; his eyes, once closed to the light, were now again endowed with sight. Unlike the prodigal, who had left in sin, and returned in humiliation, Victor had departed in the midst of suffering, borne with heroic patience and prayerfully, and he returns crowned with glory.

The father leaned upon the arm of his son. The group formed a triumphal procession, and, trembling with emotion, the conqueror crossed the threshold of the paternal castle. The servants hastened to see him as he walked along. All these souls greatly loved him; but none dared to approach him, or speak to him, or kiss the hem of his garments. A religious awe restrained them from making any such demonstrations. The cured paralytic directed his steps straight to his mother's chamber.

XXXII.

The door opened at the sound of his step. Madame de Musy lay upon her bed of suffering. Pale as death, but her eyes lighted up with heavenly happiness, she opens her arms to receive her long looked-for son. He is clasped to her heart; his whole soul passes into hers in the kiss of his lips, and he kneels before his mother's couch as before an altar of sacrifice whereon rest the relics of saints.

"My son," she said, with a voice of indescribable sweetness, "my son, you were already the child of Mary. Now you are doubly hers. She will ever be your protectress, your strength and consolation. Ah!" she added, smiling, "I shall not be jealous of such a Mother."

The Abbé de Musy arose, still holding his mother's hand, and stood erect. She could never grow tired of looking upon him, the child of her heart, standing before her in all the fulness of the new life he had brought back from Lourdes. As for him, his heart was torn at the sight of his mother; and he asked himself, with a feeling of dread, what was to be the price of the extraordinary favor he had received from Heaven. She divined his thoughts, and said: "Fear nothing, Victor. Your cure will give me new life."

A gleam of sunlight, penetrating through the closed shutters, lit up this beautiful scene, which we could well wish to see immortalized in art,—a scene worthy indeed of the genius of a painter.

Around the sick mother and her son, so miraculously restored, are gathered the most varied forms and faces. The father, bowed down by age, and leaning on the side of the bed, contemplates these two loved ones, sharing all the joy of the invalid mother, and, at the same time, the fears of the cured priest. By his side stands Humbert, his body a prey to suffering, his face radiant with joy, his soul blessing the Lord. Near by is Genevieve, with hands joined, and bending like a reed under the weight of conflicting emotions. There, too, are young Symphorien and his sister Mary, full of joy and astonishment. Near her mistress stands the aged Claudine, deeply moved herself, but in nowise troubled by an event which does not surprise her simple faith.

Behind, and grouped around the chamber door, are the servants of the household; they form a compact body, swaying from side to side in their efforts to see what is going on. The Abbé Antoine, the companion of Victor the personal witness of the wonderful event, is a secondary object of the looks and silent interrogations of all. He satisfies their holy curiosity, and, with many tears, relates the details which all are so eager to know. He describes for them the Curé Peyramale, little Peter, the Abbé Sire, the cure at the Crypt, the *Magnificat* at the Grotto, the conversion of the infidel, and the second *first* Mass.

Doctor Bidault stands in astonishment, listening to these episodes of a drama at the *de-*

nouement of which he is assisting. The old physician, from time to time, turns his eyes thoughtfully and anxiously upon Victor de Musy and then upon the picture of the Redeemer of the world, on the opposite wall. He seeks to realize the Invisible; he would wish to penetrate into the secrets of God.

It was indeed a group that would form an admirable subject for the brush of the painter.

XXXIII.

The aged Claudine, on leaving the room for a moment to get some medicine for her mistress, was surrounded by the crowd of servants in the antechamber, eager to hear from her all the details of what she had learned and which had come to them only in detached fragments. But she was choked with emotion, and it became impossible for her to tell anything in a connected manner. Resuming everything with a conciseness unusual to her sex, and worthy of Cæsar himself, she raised her hands to heaven and could only pronounce these words: "He sees! he stands! he walks!"

During the whole day the Castle of Digoine was visited, we might say besieged, by the people of the neighborhood. Everybody desired to see the man of a miracle.

The Abbé Antoine could hardly answer the thousand-and-one questions with which he was assailed. At the request of Humbert, he wrote hastily a brief narration of the supernatural event which had taken place at Lourdes. Copies were sent to members of the family at a distance, to some particular friends, and later to the press.

XXXIV.

On the 8th of December following, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Abbé de Musy and his brother Humbert made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Lourdes, and placed in the Grotto a memorial tablet in honor of the miraculous cure of the 15th of August.*

Mgr. Langénieux, who had been recently raised to the bishopric of Tarbes, was at the same time at Lourdes. He wished to see the priest who, but a few months before, had been the subject of so marvellous a favor. The prelate announced his intention to institute a canonical investigation, and commenced by a series of questions to which the Abbé de Musy was to reply in writing, and after being sworn upon the Gospels.

The cured priest was holily avaricious in regard to all that concerned Our Lady of Lourdes, and everything that had any connection with the miraculous event, the memory of which would remain through his whole life. Like everyone else, he gathered here and there some of the flowers which adorned the blessed spot, growing there spontaneously, or from seed sown by the Curé Peyramale on the borders of the lake and the banks of the Gave. Shall we say it,—though the directors had inscribed in large characters before the Grotto, "It is forbidden to take anything away," yet we have been told that on a certain cold, dark night in December the two brothers went—no doubt under the auspices of the Good Thief—and detached some fragments from the Rocks of Massabielle. They then set out for Digoine.

We might end here the history of this long episode. However, we do not think we are deceived in supposing that our readers desire to know how the cured priest employed the life which had been given back to him, and also what became of the other characters whom we have met in this history, and whom we have learned to love.

XXXV.

In the midst of all his joy and happiness, the heart of the Abbé de Musy had preserved a lively and tender recollection of the companion in infirmity whom he had met at the Crypt, —the good and innocent little Peter. After his return to Digoine, he had written to the father for information concerning the angelic child, and was told that the state of the little sufferer continued unchanged, his sufferings remaining ever the same. Several months passed without any further news, when the Abbé de Musy wrote again. The father answered with the following letter:

Siros, Jan. 28, 1874.

Monsieur l'Abbé:—You ask for news about my dear child. He is no longer of this world. He gave his pure soul to God and went to heaven on the 21st of October, after having received the last Sacraments. Before dying, he asked that we should remember him, and promised that he would not forget us.

From the time of our return from Lourdes, his life was a real martyrdom. A short time before his death he was attacked by a swelling which gradually affected his whole body, particularly his limbs and his stomach. "Papa," he said, "I cannot breathe." Every one pres-

* The following is the text of the inscription:

Surge et Ambula (Luc., v, 23)
Victor-Marie De Musy, Prêtre
Du Diocèse D'Autun,
Guéri le 15 Aout, 1873.

ent said to me: "It is all over." I answered, "No." The thought occurred to me to take some of the water of Lourdes and with a sponge bathe his emaciated body. When the miraculous water moistened the skin, the swelling disappeared, and the body and limbs resumed their natural proportions. Then the malady broke out afresh. Three times we made the same application of the blessed water, and three times the swelling disappeared only to return again each time. And thus it pleased God to make known His will. In showing that He heard our prayer and was able to cure him, He clearly indicated that if He did not do so it was because He kept a better life in reserve for our child. Therefore it is, Monsieur l'Abbé, that I say he has gone to heaven. God has willed it; may His Holy Name be ever praised!

PIERRE ROCHON.

In the foregoing pages we have introduced the reader into the life and thoughts of a noble Christian family, bearing one of the most aristocratic names of Burgundy. And, behold, in the shop of a village shoemaker we meet with sentiments that yield not, in point of sublimity, to those of the patrician house. So much does Religion harmonize differences here below, and raise to the same level the souls of the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor,—everywhere causing them to vibrate to the same tone, and producing the most magnificent unison. The Magi and the Shepherds chant the same *Hosanna.*

XXXVI.

Though Madame de Musy had received a mortal blow through joy at the miracle, yet it pleased God to permit her to remain for some time upon earth, that she might witness the beginning of her son's apostolate. As in the distant past, when he first awoke to life, she was now, in her old age, to rejoice in beholding his first steps after his new birth.

Calls came from all parts of the diocese to the Abbé de Musy, requesting him to relate before the people the astonishing history of his cure. They wished to hear him in Paris.

He spoke in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The recital of this miraculous event, and the minute analysis of all the circumstances preceding and accompanying it, made manifest the Hand of God. Everywhere his words, full of feeling, testifying to the great fact accomplished, penetrated the hearts of his hearers, and made them enter upon the path which leads to heaven. It is in accordance with the nature of the human mind to be more quickly impressed by sensible facts than by speculative ideas; a plain, simple *viva-voce* recital carries with it greater weight than a learned dissertation. And so his lectures everywhere met with astonishing results.

The Abbé Antoine also preached upon the miraculous cure in various churches with like good fruits, redounding to the glory of Our Lady of Lourdes.

XXXVII.

For many years Madame de Musy had as her confessor a venerable old priest, a man of fervent piety and rare knowledge—the Abbé Genty, the chaplain of the Carmelite Convent at Autun. It was a long and sweet custom for her to open to him her heart, and to ask, at the sacred Tribunal of Penance, that advice necessary to guide her in the work to which she had dedicated her life, and which was to make her more and more worthy of heaven. But now, that M. Genty was called by his Bishop, Mgr. Perraud, to the position of Vicar General of the diocese, Madame de Musy, unable herself to leave Digoine, hesitated to call him to her bedside, and disturb him in the midst of his manifold occupations. And thus, in this matter as in all things else, so thoughtful was she of others that she often deprived herself of that support and consolation for which her holy soul longed. One day she wrote to him to come to her, and sent the carriage for him. On entering the room, he found the Abbé de Musy by his mother's bedside.

"Father," she said, "I have sent for you to ask your advice on a new phase in my spiritual life, on a very important act which I contemplate performing."

The Abbé de Musy arose as if to leave, but she stopped him by saying: "Do not go. I wish you to remain."

His grave and recollected appearance betokened a presentiment of something exceptional about to occur.

"Father," she continued, "before God, do you decide that I may place myself, as a penitent, in the hands of my son, the Abbé Victor de Musy,—that I may take him as my confessor, director, and spiritual Father?"

"I do," replied the priest. "And from this moment I commit to the care of the son the conscience of his mother."

Madame de Musy cast an indescribable look upon the child whom she had brought into the world, and whom she had consecrated to God. The Abbé de Musy fell upon his knees and burst into tears.

"My son," she said, "from this moment you will be my confessor. With you I shall treat of the affairs of my soul, and of that eternity which is before me. I shall be your spiritual child; I shall obey you as my father."

XXXVIII.

Some months passed thus in incomparable sweetness. Madame de Musy's condition became no worse, and all fear of a fatal termination began to be removed. The Abbé de Musy continued his apostolic work, preaching in and out of the diocese. At times he would return to the old home at Digoine. At each of these visits, his mother would rejoice at the news of the conversions he had made to the Lord. His missions were harvest months, and the days flew by as all happy days do.

After all, happiness here upon earth is, at best, but a brief rest. It is only on high it can have permanent duration. Scarcely has the traveller recruited his strength, and rested an instant in the enjoyment of the delights of his journey, than he hears the summons to toil and labor,—to labors which must be sanctified, because they mark the successive stages on the path which leads us to our heavenly Father, who mysteriously guides us by the hidden ways of His Providence, and who awaits our arrival at the end of our journey.

It was easy to foresee that the scarcity of priests in the diocese of Autun would oblige the Bishop to entrust to the Abbé de Musy a fixed and regular position. This sad thought often occurred to Madame de Musy, who would think that perhaps her son would be assigned to the post of chaplain to a convent,—a position which would leave him some leisure, and, at the same time, be suited to the deep spirituality of his soul, his love of retirement, and his desire for study.

The Abbé de Musy himself was terrified at the thought of engaging in the laborious work of a parochial charge, after having been so many years kept a prisoner by disease, separated from the world, and, by consequence, habituated and almost devoted to a contemplative life. The time had passed when the shepherd, peacefully seated beneath the shadow of the Cross, and reading the pages of his Breviary, could guard in peace, and without effort, the flock committed to his keeping. Alas! faithful sheep are now scarce; the wanderers are many; the lambs have become wild rams; the wolves pounce upon the flock and the shepherd; irreligion has taken possession of the people; hostile passion has undermined authority and government.

We must say, however, that the courage of the good priest was not affected by the thought of fatigue and danger. He was too humble not to know that the best of wills has need of experience; and he deemed it rash in him to throw himself into the midst of difficulties, which he had made no preparation to meet, and which even the most zealous of priests have difficulty in surmounting.

At the time of our story it was reported throughout the country that circumstances had constrained the Curé of Chagny, one of the most important churches in the diocese, to resign his charge. This fact greatly impressed the Abbé de Musy. Although he thought that the simple post of curate or pastor of some small country church would mark the opening of his active ministry, yet he was uneasy, and thought to himself that he who has never handled an oar might as easily wreck his boat upon the trunk of a tree in a little pond as upon the shoals of a great lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Every Day.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

THERE'S a prayer that should be said,
And books that should be read,
Every day!

There's a work that should be wrought,
And a battle to be fought,
Every day!

There are duties to be done,
And victories to be won,
As soars and sets the sun,
Every day!

There's a cross that must be borne,
And a thorny chaplet worn,
Every day!

But God's day shall follow night,
And the darkness yield to light,
Every day!

If in patience we are strong,
We shall not suffer long,
But shall beat down sin and wrong,
Every day!

There's a prayer that should be said,
"Give us our daily bread,"
Every day!

While we grapple with our sin,
O Christ! Thy work begin,
Every day!

And when the race is run,
And the battle has been won,
We shall rest. . . . our duty done—
Every day!

The Dead Hand.

Sister Teresa Margaret Gesta was struck by apoplexy on the 4th of November, 1859, without any premonitory symptoms to forewarn her of her danger; and, without recovering consciousness, she breathed her last at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Her companions were plunged into the deepest sorrow, for the Sister was a general favorite; but they resigned themselves to the will of God. Whilst lamenting the death of one who had been to them a model, comforter, and mother, they consoled themselves by the remembrance of the virtues of which she was a splendid example, and of which they never tired speaking.

Twelve days had passed since her death. Some of the Sisters felt a certain kind of dread of going alone to the places frequented by the departed one; but Sister Anna Felix Menghini, a person of a lively and pleasant disposition, often rallied them, good-humoredly, on their fears.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, this same Sister Anna, having charge of the clothing, was proceeding to the workroom. Having gone upstairs, she heard a mournful voice, which at first she thought might be that of a cat shut up in the clothes-press. She opened and examined it carefully, but found nothing. A sudden and unaccountable feeling of terror came over her, and she cried out: "Jesus, Mary, what can it be?" She had hardly uttered these words when she heard the same mournful voice as at first, which exclaimed, in a gasping sob: "O my God, how I suffer!" The religious, though surprised and trembling, recognized distinctly the voice of Sister Teresa; she plucked up courage, and asked her "Why?"

"On account of poverty," answered the voice.

"What!" replied Sister Anna; "and you were so poor!"

"Not for me," was answered, "but for the nuns. . . . If one is enough, why two? and if two are sufficient, why three? . . . And you—beware for yourself."

At the same time the whole room was darkened by a thick smoke, and the shadow of Sister Teresa, moving towards the exit, went up the steps, talking as it moved. Sister Anna was so frightened that she could not make out what the spirit said. Having reached the door, the apparition spoke again: "This is a mercy of God." And in proof of the reality, with its open hand it struck the upper panel of the door near the frame, leaving the impression of the hand more perfect than it could have been made by the most skilful artist with a hot iron.

Sister Anna was like Baltassar: "Then was the King's countenance changed, and his thoughts troubled him; and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees struck one against the other." (Dan., v, 6.) She could not stir for a considerable time; she did not even dare to turn her head. But at last she tottered out towards the wardrobe and called one of her companions, who, hearing her feeble, broken words, ran to her with another Sister; and presently the whole community was gathered around in alarm. They learned in a confused manner what had taken place, perceived the smell of burnt wood, and noticed a whitish cloud or mist that filled the room and made it almost dark. They examined the door carefully though tremblingly, and recognized the fac-simile of Sister Teresa's hand; and, filled with terror, they fled to the choir.

There the Sisters, forgetting the need of food and rest, remained in prayer till after sunset, abandoning everything in their anxiety to procure relief for their beloved Sister Teresa. The zealous Minorite Fathers, who have the spiritual direction of the convent, learning what had happened, were equally earnest in offering prayers and sacrifice, and in singing the psalms for the dead. Many of the faithful likewise, assembling, not through idle curiosity, but out of genuine piety, joined in the recitation of the Rosary and other prayers, though the deceased Sister was almost entirely unknown to the people. Her observance of the rule was very strict, and she scrupulously avoided all intercourse with people outside her convent. But still large numbers crowded to join in those devotions for her.

Sister Anna, who was more worn out by ex-

citement than the other religious, was directed to retire early the following night. She herself confesses that she was fully resolved, next day, to remove, at any cost, the obnoxious marks of the hand. But Sister Teresa appeared to her in a dream, saying: "You intend to remove the sign which I have left. Know that it is not in your power to do so, even with the aid of others; for it is there by the command of God, for the instruction of the people. By His just and inexorable judgment I was condemned to the dreadful fires of purgatory for forty years on account of my condescension to the will of some of the nuns. I thank you and those that joined in so many prayers to the Lord for me; all of which He was pleased in His mercy to accept as suffrages for me, and especially the seven penitential psalms, which were such a relief!" And then, with a smiling countenance, she added: "Oh! blessed rags, that are rewarded with such rich garments! Oh! happy poverty, that brings such glory to those that truly observe it! Alas! how many suffer irreparable loss, and are in torments, because, under the cloak of necessity, poverty is known and valued by few!"

Finally, Sister Anna, lying down as usual on the night of the 19th, heard her name distinctly pronounced by Sister Teresa. She awoke, all in a tremor, and sat up, unable to answer. Her astonishment was great when, near the foot of the bed, she saw a globe of light that made the cell as bright as noonday, and she heard the spirit say, in a joyful voice: "On the day of the Passion I died (on Friday), and on the day of the Passion I go to glory.... Strength in the Cross!.... Courage to suffer!..." Then, saying three times "Adieu!" the globe was transformed into a thin, white shining cloud, rose towards heaven, and disappeared.

The zealous Bishop of the diocese having heard of these events, instituted the process of examination on the 23d of the same month. The grave was opened in presence of a large number of persons assembled for the occasion; the impression of the hand on the door was compared with the hand of the dead, and both were found to correspond exactly. The door itself was set apart in a safe place and guarded. Many persons being anxious to see the impression, it was allowed to be visited, after a certain lapse of time, and with due precautions, by such as had secured the necessary permission.

For Justice' Sake.

GIVING UP A FORTUNE TO THE CHILDREN OF A WRONGED EMPLOYER—ATONING FOR AN EMBEZZLEMENT—A CONFESSOR'S ADMONITION.

"For Mrs. Joseph Ashbrooke," a letter-carrier threw down a heavy envelope, with three or four foreign stamps on the upper right hand corner, on the marble counter in the office of the Girard House, and hurried away. A clerk tapped a bell. "For Mrs. Ashbrooke," he said, as he tossed the letter to a dapper colored servant who popped up in response to the silver sound.

"A letter for you, Mrs. Ashbrooke," said the servant to an elegantly dressed woman.

"A foreign letter!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashbrooke, looking at the stamps and postmark. "It seems to be from Australia."

She slowly tore the envelope open and drew out the contents. She curiously unfolded a long and broad sheet of paper such as she had never received before. Up in the left-hand corner she read in neat, precise little letters, "Bolton & Bolton, solicitors, Melbourne, Australia." The paper began with a formal "Madame," in a cramped hand, and as it went on the writing grew worse, and ended in a long scrawl, that the lady took to be the law firm's name again. It was all hard enough to make out, but some of the words were clear enough to awaken Mrs. Ashbrooke's intense curiosity. She remained at it until she had mastered it all. Then, pale and trembling, she called her husband and said: "I have been made an heiress to $25,000, and so, too, has each of my two sisters."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Ashbrooke, a manufacturer of wall-paper, and for several years associated with Howell & Bourke. "Why are you so pale?"

"Because I seem to have received it out of the grave."

The story that the letter told was a weird romance. Thirty years or more ago Mrs. Ashbrooke's father, Henry Deven, was the American Consul at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. He had in his employ as confidential clerk or agent, George W. Anderson, who had been born in Pennsylvania and drifted to South America. Mr. Deven had been living in Brazil for many years, and had acquired a large estate. Two daughters were born to him there. Before the one who afterward became Mrs. Ashbrooke was born, his wife sailed for home, and his latest child first saw the light on shipboard. Mrs. Deven had not been at home a month when she received advices that her husband was dead. He had been sick for a few days only. When his affairs were settled up a large amount of money was found to be missing. It could not be traced, nor the amount definitely determined, though it was known that a few days

before his death Mr. Deven had a great deal of money in cash on hand. Legal inquiry was made, but without result. The estate was sold out, and the matter forgotten.

Mrs. Ashbrooke heard of it in childhood, but it left her mind years ago. She heard no more of it again until the letter from Australia came. The letter recalled it all, and cleared up the mystery. The lawyers wrote that they had been the solicitors of George W. Anderson, who had died in March of this year in a hospital at Melbourne. He confessed when dying that he had embezzled $42,000 intrusted to him by Consul Deven. After Mr. Deven's death his faithless agent wandered restlessly over the earth. He wound up in Australia. He had gone into the gold-diggings there, and made a large fortune and lost it. He had after that become the owner of an extensive sheep ranch. He grew rich again rapidly, but lost heavily in speculation. At last he went into trade. He made money more slowly now, but kept what he earned, and put by thousands.

Age and privation and the wear of wandering, however, broke down his health. He had never married, and was almost friendless in a far-off land. He grew so weak and ill that he was forced against his own desire to enter a hospital. His nurse here was a Sister of Charity. She was an Englishwoman, who had travelled much upon her mission in other lands. She was the embodiment of cheerful meekness. She talked freely and hopefully with her white-haired patient of life on earth and the life beyond the grave. She seemed to him, the solicitors wrote, to be the only friend that he had ever known. He watched her wander in her black gown and wide white bonnet among the sick beds till his old eyes grew weary. He asked her what made her so cheerful amidst her wearisome tasks, and she answered, "Faith and hope." He added, "Charity." She awakened in him thoughts of religion. At his own desire a clergyman was called to his bedside after a time, and he was baptized into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. In telling of his faults, the embezzlement of thirty years ago found a place. The priest told him that no forgiveness could be had for such a sin until he had made restitution so far as lay in his power. No matter how old the crime, the spiritual director said, reparation must be done. If the man from whom the money had been taken were dead, his children, if living, were, as his natural heirs, entitled to the money. The penitent, full of zeal, said that he would do everything required. He had a deed of trust drawn up, dividing $75,000 among the children of the man whom he had wronged. Two men during his life had learned of the embezzlement, but had never spoken of it. He required, as a condition precedent to the payment of the money under the trust, that the fact of the restitution be published, that he might stand confessed before the world, and his memory be cleared before these men. A few days after everything had been arranged he died, and his solicitors, in carring out his wishes, wrote to Mrs. Ashbrooke.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Ashbrooke, at the Girard House, last night, "I was surprised when I received that strange letter. My mother, I know, had corresponded with Mr. Anderson after he left Brazil, though she never suspected that he had wronged us. He had kept track of us in that way, no doubt, though the correspondence dropped long ago. It will be necessary to prove my identity before I come into the trust, as I was born after my mother left Brazil. I never saw him; and he never saw —indeed hardly heard of me.

"There were only three children altogether, my two sisters and myself, and Mr. Anderson had known the others personally. But he wished to do justice among us all. Of course I shall take the necessary legal steps at once to show who I am. The solicitors naturally require that everything be done in regular order. I have not seen the deed, and I do not know exactly where the property is. The chief points of the instrument, however, have been made clear to me, and I do not apprehend any difficulty. Mr. Anderson's will, I learn, has been placed on file in Melbourne. I should not speak of the matter at all, except that it seems to have been his wish. But be kind to his memory. Do not say more than is necessary. Poor man, how thorough must his conversion have been; how strong his faith to lend him the courage to do these noble things!"

"What becomes of his fortune beyond that which he has left to you and your sisters?"

"Beyond that? There was no more. He gave up everything for justice' sake."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Catholic Notes.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Ottawa, Canada, has recently addressed to his clergy and people a series of Pastoral Letters in connection with the decrees of the Sixth Provincial Council of the Province, in which the rights of the Church and the duties of pastors and the laity are dwelt upon at length. The duty of Catholics to act as such under all circumstances, regardless of fear or favor, is clearly explained. One of these Pastorals, commenting upon St. Thomas, truly says that "a slight error in principles becomes a very great one in the consequences deduced therefrom. The history of all heresies shows that many—nay, innumerable—evils have been brought upon Catholic society from errors which at the first view appeared as only a less accurate exposition of truth." The study of Christian philosophy is urged as becoming more and more necessary, "because of the increasing

audacity of the enemies of religion, who not only wish to bring doubt upon the best proved truths, but deny them as contrary to human reason." Hence the necessity of educated Catholic youth being able to meet the enemy on the ground which he has usurped. Sound Catholic education is recommended as "a rich fountain from which innumerable blessings are to flow upon society, civil and religious"; and the clergy are exhorted to see that parents are frequently reminded of their duty to their children in a matter of such vital importance.

Of the press, the Pastoral says—and the remarks will apply equally well in the United States:

"The faithful must not forget that every non-Catholic publication treating of religious questions, *ex-professo*, is strictly forbidden. Of many reasons, we may give one. In these publications, whether encouraging the most shameless impiety, or religious error, Christian truth is disfigured, oftentimes misrepresented, and too often most unjustly held up to the ridicule of the reader. How can a Christian peruse such writings, we will not say without danger, but even without a blush? Besides these publications, written by men devoid of all conscience, there are others also deserving of blame: those newspapers which from time to time direct their poisoned arrows against the Church, her doctrines or her ceremonies, or else against holy things or ecclesiastical persons. One day it is a whole column, the next a short paragraph, another day it is a few sentences in a leading article, or in the letter of some correspondent. You can generally recognize them by the eagerness with which they publish a scandalous telegraphic despatch, or a story more or less true, that may turn to the disadvantage of Catholicity. It is evident that such newspapers are out of place in a Catholic home, and that to tolerate them there is a great imprudence."

On the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor a large number of Catholics from different parts of England, after hearing Mass in the Church of St. Peter and St. Edward, Palace street, Westminster, visited Westminster Abbey, and prayed at the tomb of the holy King. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes as follows: "The sight was one of noteworthy import in itself; and was, at the least, a striking testimony to the liberality of the Cathedral authorities. It is suggestive also of the growth of the Catholic body in England; for the crowd was not a crowd, but a succession of pilgrims to the shrine. And an old tradition says, that as the Mass was abolished in England in the reign of Edward VI, so it will be restored in that of Edward VII. Is England so far de-Protestantized that this prediction has a probability of being realized? The crowd of Catholics on their knees at the shrine of Edward the Confessor in the Protestant Abbey Church of Westminster is suggestive and striking."

Luther's words in explanation of devotion to the Blessed Virgin are worth quoting:

"Mary does not exist to be a goddess. She does nothing; God does all things. We ought to invoke her that God, through her desire, may give and do what we pray for; just as the other saints, too, are to be invoked, whilst the work remains entirely God's. (*German Works on the "Magnificat," Part VI, fol. 27, p. 6.*)

What Luther's own feelings were about this time (1517) may be gathered from a sentence of his "Postille" on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity: "Gladly will I have Mary to pray for me!" The heresiarch's own words may, therefore, sometimes come in useful to meet the arguments of his followers.

From the Fourth Annual Report of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association of the United States we learn that, notwithstanding the adverse seasons for the past two years, the business of the Association is in a very hopeful condition. On account of the failure of part of the wheat crop in Minnesota, an extension of time for payments has been granted. Although the first few years are necessarily a period of struggle in a new country, and especially with limited means, the Nebraska colony has succeeded and prospered,—not a single case of failure being reported. Even in Minnesota, where the long-continued rains damaged the wheat crop, during the last season especially, the land has nearly doubled in value.

The Association has under advisement the establishing of a Bureau of Information at Castle Garden, New York, under the superintendence of the Rev. Stephen Byrne, O. S. P., a zealous advocate of the colonization scheme, who volunteers his services for three years. The object of this Bureau is to aid the large number of immigrants who find themselves in a strange land, without friends, perhaps with only scanty means, and who especially need advice and guidance to help them find homes and employment. For agriculturists the fertile prairies of the West are wide enough to make room for all. With perseverance and industry the colonists cannot fail, even though success is to be reached through a little hardship in the beginning.

There was a brilliant illumination in Rome on the night of the 7th of October, the Feast of the Rosary,—such an illumination as has not been seen since the Pope was despoiled. The eagerness of the Roman people to profess their love and confidence in the Blessed Virgin is not diminished.

Some days before death surprised him, Cardinal Dechamps had written the first words of his Pastoral for Lent. He remarked: "It is strange. I was fully persuaded that I should write no more Pastorals,—that the one of last year was the last." The subject of the new Pastoral was "The Cross." It was suggested by the visit of a Belgian, who had to suffer from a great misfortune in his family.

He had said to the Cardinal: "Your Eminence, I find my consolation in the remembrance of a sermon that I heard you preach thirty-three years ago in Naples, the subject of which was "The Cross," and in which you developed the following ideas: The Cross expiates; the Cross merits; the Cross elevates." After the departure of his visitor, Father Looyaard remarked to the Cardinal that if after three and thirty years that sermon was the consolation of a hardly-tried man, there were, doubtless, many others that would also find their consolation in it. "The subject of your Pastoral has been chosen for you." Cardinal Dechamps answered: "It is true: a good Christian should die on the Cross; without that, life is not complete."

The works of Hendrik Conscience are said to have been translated into more languages than those of any living author.

We regret to learn that Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, the distinguished poet, whose home since 1866 had been in Boston, died recently while on a visit to Dublin. He was a native of the County Limerick, and will be remembered by all Irishmen as "Feardana," the patriotic balladist whose lyrics did so much to stir up Irish patriotism. Before coming to this country, he was for a number of years professor in the Catholic college at Dublin. While living in Boston he won, by his two epics "Dierdre" and "Blanid," a place among the greatest poets of the age.

During his stay in England, *en route* for Rome, Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers delivered an interesting lecture at Greengate on the Indian missions of Oregon, Vancouver Island, and Russian America. In the course of this lecture his Grace put on the fur costume which he is obliged to wear in winter, especially when camping out in the snow; and he also sang the weird and plaintive chant of an Indian song, which he had written down in music as the Indians sang it, and which eventually will be used as a hymn to help new converts to remember the great truths of the Gospel. "It was impossible to say," adds a correspondent of the London *Tablet*, "which was more to be admired, the wonderful progress made by the Church in those distant lands, or the modest, humble way in which this great apostle of the Far West related the important part he had taken in it."

The ink-blot on the walls of the Wartburg chamber, where Luther threw the ink-bottle at the devil to drive him away, is still shown to Lutheran pilgrims, who regard it with reverence. There are, however, many other relics of Luther which continue to be esteemed; and at the commencement of the last century Professor Goetz published a Latin volume, exclusively devoted to the subject, under the title: "De Reliquiis Lutheri."

The widow of a preacher who in 1820 was possessed of Luther's beer-jug, sold it to one of the Governments of Northern Germany for a yearly pension of $50,—so great was the veneration entertained for a characteristic relic of the reformer by men who never tire of objecting to the honor which Catholics give to the relics of martyrs and other saints of God! On the 27th of July, 1841, the remains of the so-called *Luther's-Buche*—a tree under which Luther often sat—which on the 18th of that month had been thrown down by a storm, were solemnly brought into the church of Steinbach, after a discourse by the preacher, and amid the singing of hymns by a numerous congregation. In the *Allgemeine Anzeiger* of August 5th appeared the following interesting announcement in regard to the *Luther's-Buche*:

"The well-known and venerated *Luther's-Buche* by Altenstein and Steinbach was on the 18th of July, this year, thrown down by a storm. The fragments of this tree have been presented to the church of Steinbach, where they are reverently preserved. Friends and venerators (verehrer) of the Holy Tree (des *heiligen* Baumes) can, on *presenting a liberal offering to the church* (gegen eine *Vergueting* an die Kirche), receive portions of this tree, by addressing letters, *postpaid*, to the undersigned, who will endeavor to comply with the wishes of each one.

"Steinbach, Bade Liebenstein, July the 27th, 1841.

"F. ORTMANN, Pastor."

Some years later a silver-gilt ring was found in the street before the gate of Zittau, on which was the inscription: "D. Martino Luthero Catharina v. Boren, Oct. 31, 1525" The marriage ring of Luther and his Käthe. The advocate Von Ploetz bought this ring of the finder, and preserved it as a holy relic, which is still exhibited to Luther's admirers.

Switzerland can boast of giving birth not only to the future General of the Jesuits, Father Anderledy, but also to the actual General of the Redemptorists. The Catholic canton of Wallis, in which Father Anderledy was born (at Bergenberg, near Schlucht), is also proud of having given to Switzerland her only Cardinal, Cardinal Schinner. We believe that Father Anderledy, among his other varied acquirements, is a perfect master of some five or six European languages; and among his merits may reckon that of having founded the once famous College of Maria Laach, as well as its excellent periodical, the *Stimmen*, which still survives.—*London Tablet.*

The Rev. Joseph H. Herbst and the Rev. John O'Meara, both of the diocese of Albany, and recently deceased, are recommended to the prayers of our readers.

May they rest in peace!

New Publications.

UNION. An Address to Philosophy Students. By T. J. O'Mahony, D. D , D C. L , Professor of Philosophy in the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co , Publishers, No 31 Barclay street. Price, 20 cts.

This essay appears in a neatly gotten up pamphlet of some thirty pages. As its title indicates, it is an address delivered by the author to his students in philosophy. But this simple heading by no means reveals the character of the work. Some of the deepest questions in philosophy are herein treated, and in a manner to command the attention of every thoughtful reader. "Union" is the subject of the Rev. writer, and it furnishes the occasion, well profited by, for a masterly treatise on a great ontological question—unity. The *oneness* which nature and religion manifest in their works should be found among men. Says the writer:

"What I say would amount to this: even in holding by the uniting principle of your intellectual life, what ought to be most dear to you—your soul's system of reasoning, your inmost being's bond of union, dread breaking through any existing bond of union whatever, either social or religious, or any of your own formed ties of friendship, or any chance link of good fellowship—any mere kindly feeling. For that means love's own union, the willing union of the heart. And, O brothers, sure that is above everything! It is called *living* in union, the union of loving souls, 'keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' That is the real union after all; for it is the living union which is the term, the ideal, the ultimate meaning of all uniting."

The following beautiful appeal to his fellow-countrymen merits reproduction, and should be read everywhere:

"More than most, we Celts need to lay this truth well to heart. More than most, we need to cherish, by positive effort to foster in our souls this spirit of living union, to realize to ourselves its beauty and its goodness and its greatness as a power for good. Ah! Erin, it is all too true—

"'. . . . Thy silent tear never shall cease;
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till like the rainbow's light
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace.'

"Well said, Moore!—that is the true specific, that is the remedy all-repairing as to the past, all-preparing for the future. No, not her noisy politicians, not her rude lance-wielders, but you, felt poor Erin's pulse aright, gentle poet, Moore!—her own Moore!—our own Moore! How can I help the thought of you and your thoughts thus stealing in upon me now, now that the thought of you and your thoughts is uniting in the thought of one another and their common bond of union, the scattered children of our race throughout the world; and not in thought alone, but in heart and soul: really uniting us in a world-wide interchange of words and acts of brotherly love; and with us in a manner uniting millions of humanity's best souls, nationally in no way of us, yet in feeling at one with us now, heartily sympathizing with us—with our past, our future, our present wants and woes! Poor Moore! for that at least he always worked well, be his faults otherwise what they may. And now that his spirit is abroad, it works all that way still. Now that the spirit of his song with renewed life shows working throughout the great complex English-speaking world, it clearly works but as a spirit of universal union: and of true union too, where it may be found for all without the least wrong-doing, without breaking through any principle, or tampering with any sacred tie."

We hope that this pamphlet will meet with an extensive circulation, of which it is certainly most deserving.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY. By Attie O'Brien. And Other Tales. New York: Hickey & Co., "The Vatican Library," 11 Barclay Street.

A collection of tales that may be read by the most modest without a blush, and by the most religious without a scruple. "The Monk's Prophecy," if we do not mistake, first appeared in the pages of Father Russell's excellent *Irish Monthly*, so famous for its beautiful stories. We hope the "Vatican Library" may include many like volumes. Messrs. Hickey & Co. have conferred a great boon on Catholics by issuing in this cheap form so much good and interesting reading.

——Considering the strenuous efforts made by unchristian art to vitiate the musical atmosphere by poisonous productions, it is consoling to see Catholic musicians devote their talent to foster good taste and to provide desirable compositions. Again our musical store has been enriched by a most welcome invoice:

1. *Requiem* and *Libera*, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with organ accompaniment. Composed by the Rev. A. Lammel, Director of the Cathedral Chancel Choir, New York. The style is in harmony with its object,—a prayer, strictly liturgical, for the blessed departed,—a melancholy but *suave* feeling impregnating the modulation from first to last. (Pustet & Co. Price, 75 cts.)

2. *Angelus ad Pastores*, a Christmas anthem, by the Rev. F. Lawrence, C. P., for 4 parts, in a simple mode. The author, inspired by the consoling mystery of the great day, has reached his proposed standard. The anthem is easy, sweet, and thoroughly religious.

3. "Altar March." By the same. A splendid march for the organ. Was the author aware of the fact that in composing this march he produced the theme for a beautiful two-part song, strictly metrical? Father Lawrence's compositions show the true artist in every line. (R. A. Salfield, 12 Bible House, New York.)

Youth's Department.

The Sculptor.

"CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
With Heaven's own light the sculptor shone:
He had caught the angel vision.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life's dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;
Our lives that angel vision."

The Story of the Man who Wanted to Die and Could Not Die.

IN the summer of 1860 Father Hennepin landed on the banks of the Mississippi, near the bluffs where Minneapolis now stands, and rested there to admire the beauty of the waterfall. "This is one of the loveliest spots I have seen in all my travels," he said. "St. Anthony of Padua has heard my prayers; I will call the cataract the Falls of St. Anthony."

The cool waters fell fifty feet on the hot summer's day. The soft, friable sandstone, with its light stratum of limestone, over which the river poured, has crumbled away since then, and we see now only a series of beautiful cascades where the waters once dashed and foamed, and amber mists rose in the summer sunlight.

The falls were then supposed by the Indians to be a deity's palace. The Sioux imagined their god lived there, and that he sometimes appeared to them in a material form, usually that of a buffalo.

Father Hennepin was accompanied by two adventurers. One of these was a very mysterious man, who bore the name of Picard du Gay, but whose real name was supposed to be Antoine Auguel, from the province of Picardy, in France. Hence he was also sometimes called "the Picard."

The Picard had connected himself with Father Hennepin's fortunes in a strange and romantic way. He disappeared at one time mysteriously, and it was reported that he had joined the Sioux. Evidently he was not of sound mind, as will afterwards appear.

After resting awhile, the resolute explorers took up their canoe and carried it past the falls. As they were doing so, their attention was called to five Indians who had come to make offerings to their god. One of these Indians climbed into an oak tree near the principal fall, and hung there a robe of beaver-skin, leaving it for Oanktayhee, as the deity was called.

After placing their canoe in position near the smooth-flowing river, Father Hennepin and one of his companions sought rest and food near an Indian lodge, but Antoine Auguel joined the Indians who had come there to sacrifice to the god.

These Indians told Antoine of Lake Minnetonka. "On the shore of the lake," said one, "there are mounds that were built by a very ancient people who inhabited the country before the Indians; and," he added, "a hermit lives among them, a very young man, who does not grow old, and who came there from the unknown lands."

The Picard asked the Indians to conduct him to the hermit's abode. They consented to do so, and Antoine left Father Hennepin, promising to return on the following day. When he returned, next day, at sunset, he was rebuked by Father Hennepin for having remained so long, and was asked what discoveries he had made.

"Father Hennepin," said the Picard, "I have met the most mysterious person of whom I have any knowledge. He possesses a secret more valuable than gold. I would rather own it than all the splendors of Versailles. I may tell you of my strange adventure some day, but not now."

The Picard was an altered man from that day. He talked strangely, and at night he dreamed strange dreams. His ambition for adventure forsook him. At times he would be forgetful of the things around him. Then his downcast eyes would fill with a strange light. "Fountains! fountains!" he would exclaim. "We must have fountains or die. Die? It maddens me. It makes my brain burn. Oh, could I cool it in that fountain!"

One day the Picard said: "Father Hennepin, even you must die."

"Yes," said the priest, sadly.

"Suppose you were to discover a land of mountains whose bases were gold. What would it profit you if you are to die?"

"The soul will not die," said the priest. "We are souls clothed in the flesh. We shall one day lay the worn-out garments by. There is a better world than this."

"Then to what purpose is all this peril and adventure?"

"For the Church."

"Father Hennepin, I never wish to leave the region of the Sioux. I have made a discovery here. Fountains! Fountains!—What was I saying?—*fountains!*"

Strange indeed was the life that these explorers lived on their way to the Wisconsin. The Mississippi flowed calmly on its way, amid a wilderness of green groves and bright flowers, woods full of game, bluffs that in the moonlight appeared like the domes and pinnacles of ruined cathedrals and towers. The rocks were lined with honeysuckles, and the tender leaves of the wild grapevine formed beautiful arbors here and there along the banks.

On their way, the explorers met another party of Indians, who told them that they had recently seen five spirits, meaning white men. These proved to be Daniel du Lhut, with four other Frenchmen. The Picard confided to Du Lhut (or Du Luth) the secret he had learned on the shores of Lake Minnetonka. Du Lhut was an ambitious man, full of schemes for wealth, and had built a trading-fort on Lake Superior. He laughed at the Picard's story.

"Antoine Auguel," he said, "you are dreaming; your mind is touched; this is indeed a region of mystery, but there is no power in all the Americas so mysterious as *that.*"

The mysterious story that Antoine Auguel had told to Du Lhut haunted the mind of this forest adventurer. One evening, at a meeting of young *Chef Coureurs de Bois* on the shores of Lake Superior he chanced to say: "The wonders of this country seem to be without limit, and the stories that the Indians tell us are stranger than anything ever heard by the Caliphs of Bagdad. But Antoine Auguel, the Picard, once confided to me a story that is more remarkable than anything of which I ever heard or read."

The young hunters demanded the story.

"Antoine was one day stopping near the Falls of St. Anthony when he met some Indians who had come to sacrifice to the heathen god of the place. They told him of a lake some miles distant, where, they said, lived a young hermit who didn't grow old. He asked them to conduct him to the hermit's lodge. They led him to a beautiful lake, full of peninsulas and islands. On the shores there were mounds, and among these mounds Antoine was surprised to find a young and exceedingly handsome Spanish cavalier.

Antoine asked: "Who are you that thus trespass on the dominions of his majesty the King of France?"

"The world is wide," answered the cavalier, in French. "If I could have my wish, I would not trespass upon any earthly dominion, but would gladly leave this burden of flesh and be with my wife and children, whose spirits live in more blessed spheres than this."

"You seem to be a very young man."

"I am hundreds of years old."

"How can that be?"

"I accompanied Juan Ponce de Leon to Porto Rico. I was then thirty years old. When De Leon resigned the office of Governor of Porto Rico he had begun to grow old. There came to him some Indian sages who told him of the Fountain of Youth. De Leon never discovered the fountain. I *did.*"

"When, and where?"

"Listen. After I heard the story of the sages I continually longed to plunge into the waters of that gifted fountain, and thus be enabled to live forever amid the noble and beautiful scenes of these newly-discovered lands. I left De Leon on the 3d of April, 1512. About a week before, he had discovered a new land that was wholly covered with flowers. He took possession of it in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, and called it Florida. It seemed to me that such a paradise must contain the fountain of which the Indians had told, and I resolved never again to go on board the ships. I deserted as soon as I could separate myself from the commander. I didn't find the fountain in that flowery land. Then I began to wander. I passed along the coast, first towards the north, then towards the south. I came at last to a land full of ruins; it was beautiful beyond description. It seemed to have been the home of the gods. Fountains were there, and beautiful temples, under the tropic trees. I bathed in the

fountains—I bathed in every fountain I met, and I dipped myself in the Fountain of Youth."

"Where?"

"I cannot tell. Nor can I tell which of the hundred fountains in which I bathed was the magical fountain. One of them was, for I have never grown old. Thirty years passed, when I saw on the coast a Spanish vessel. I hailed her, and was taken on board. I returned to Andalusia, to the Guadalquiver. My wife was old and wrinkled. My children were, seemingly, older than myself; they were gray. I told them my story; they treated me with derision, and forced me away from my own home. Then one by one they died. I saw the grave open again and again, until all my family were gone. I longed to go too. But I didn't grow old. I returned to America. I wished to flee from my native land, from society, from the faces of men. I again deserted, and ascended a great and unknown river. I left my canoe at yonder falls. It went into decay a hundred years ago. I found this beautiful lake and these green mounds in summer-time. I was sure society would never find me here, and here I built my lodge and live. The beautiful summers and the cold winters come and go, but I see only the faces of the red men. I am never hungry; I am never cold. I have but one wish; it haunts me continually; I would that I could die!"

This story may seem incredible, but it contains a moral. Having obtained his impious wish, which he thought would constitute the sum of happiness, this man was far unhappier than before. So it is with those who think worldly honors and riches constitute happiness. Although they have enough to supply their wants, with no worrying cares, they are not content; they envy those who possess more of the world's goods, or who are in high positions. They are not aware that the merchant in the midst of his wealth has no time to enjoy it; they possess health and enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, while the poor merchant, beset with cares, is dyspeptic and careworn, a slave to his business from morning till night, and even in sleep his overstrung nerves will allow him but little repose. A thousand cares oppress him, sleeping and awake. The man in office is forever tormented with the thought that some adverse stroke of fortune will oust him, and perhaps take from him his means of livelihood, for to obtain office he has probably sacrificed his business or profession. The person in sickness or poverty instead of resigning himself to the will of God, forgets that thousands of others are more painfully situated than himself,—forgets, too, that this sickness or poverty, if borne with cheerful resignation to the will of God, will bring a blessing upon himself and his children, and obtain him a glorious reward in heaven. I believe there is nothing more likely to bring a blessing upon children than cheerful resignation to the will of God on the part of parents, especially when suffering and trials are sent them. Perhaps such sufferings have been sent for this very purpose. Who knows?

Many go to great trouble to prolong their lives for a few fleeting years, to keep life in a perishable body, but they do nothing for their immortal souls. Everything for the body; nothing for the soul! If they are ailing, of the day is wet or cold, they make this an excuse to stay from Mass, while if somebody promised them a hundred dollars for going twice as far they would go without a moment's hesitation. As if the Holy Mass were not a thousandfold more priceless than all the gold in the world!

Happiness rests in contentment with our lot, in looking on the bright side of things; and this measure of happiness lies within the reach of everybody. Don't forget this.

In a future number of THE "AVE MARIA" we shall give another story—this time a true one—illustrating the folly of wishing other than as God wishes, and where the granting of a foolish wish nearly proved fatal.

Bessie's Conundrum.

Little Bessie, a bright six-year-old, went with her mother for the first time to the Episcopal Church, where she took in all the sights and sounds so strange and new to her. Returning, her father asked where she had been.

"To church—to the Catholic Church," said Bessie.

"No, no, my child," said the mother: "it was the Episcopal Church."

"Why, ma, didn't they say, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church'?"

"Yes, Bessie: but it was the Episcopal Church."

"Well, if they believe in the Catholic Church, why don't they go to the Catholic Church?" said the child, in wonder. And the mother gave up the conundrum.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

THE

AVE MARIA.

A Journal devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i, 48.

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The Message of the November Wind.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

WRAPP'D in lonely shadows late,
(Bleak November's midnight gloom,)
As I kneel beside the grate
In the silent sitting-room:
Down the chimney moans the wind,
Like the voice of souls resign'd,
Pleading from their prison thus,
"Pray for us! pray for us!
Gentle Christian, watcher kind,
Pray for us! oh, pray for us!"

II.

Melt mine eyes with sudden tears,—
Old familiar tones are there:
Dear ones (lost in other years),
Breathing Purgatory's prayer.
—Thro' my fingers pass the beads,
Tender heart, responsive, bleeds,
As the wind, all tremulous,
"Pray for us! pray for us!"
(Seems to murmur). "Sore our needs,—
Pray for us! oh, pray for us!"

One of General Israel Putnam's Lineal Descendants.

BY ARTHUR.

I MAKE this indenture in the famous old township of Pomfret, in the extreme east of Connecticut. From the window at which I sit I look away down eastward over a scene of autumnal beauty that gladdens both eye and heart:—trusty fields, basking restfully in the sun after having yielded their goodly harvest mete; sturdy, sheltering elms, that are the glory of Connecticut; firs and waving pines, that grace the historic state-road to Boston; and—remote—rustling maples and beach-trees, that are beginning to blush at the advent of the sun of Indian summer. I can almost see from here the farm, in a field of which the doughty Putnam left his plough to grip the sword; while, nearer to the right, is the glen, wherein the den, from which he hauled the gnarling wolf.—a fact the hero-worshipping school-boy reads of with a thrill of excitement. My host is to the manor born, a gentleman by instinct as much as by goodly parentage, bristling with activity, and as much in earnest while cracking a joke or carving a fowl as in passing the plate on Sunday, as senior warden in the lovely little Episcopal church in the village of the township ilk. He is what I would call a happy man, mellowing into the seventies, with one son a rising minister of the Episcopal Church in Michigan—promotion in prospective,—and another here at home, strong, handsome, loving, to inherit and cultivate the ancestral acres after his demise. And the hostess? She has just gone upstairs to pray; but I promise you an introduction when she comes down.

The house is of the cottage order, evidently built in instalments. A broad porch, looking easterly, first attracts the eye of the visitor as he approaches up the road; upon it, arm-chairs and a capacious settee, covered with a buffalo robe. Over this a brace of antlers, pendent from which, a field-glass, principal duty of which is to help bring little Rhode Island out there to a visible focus. You can step into the library from the porch. Back of the house, and incorporated therewith, rises a square tower, one story higher than the residence,

Wide, arched windows let the light into this tower; and if you notice, the arches on the north side are ornamented with a cross, those on the south, with—a shamrock! If the lowing of well-fed kine, the neighing and tramping of horses in the stable, the self-complacent grunts emanating from the porkers' quarters, and the clucking attendant upon successful incubation may be accepted as evidence of thrift, my host is a prosperous farmer.

Let us enter the house, say through the dining-room. Its walls are hung with photographic productions of Thorwaldsen's Four Stages of Life, a pastoral scene, and an engraving of Herring's Scene in the Blacksmith's Shop. An old-fashioned sideboard, decked with glass and quaint china. As chimney-pieces figure another pair of spreading antlers, and, underneath, on the mantel, enshrined in a bower of oat-stalks and field flowers, a Little Augustus, chiselled from Carrara marble. Flanking the bower, a bronze Roman lamp and a stuffed bird. Over the sliding window communicating with the kitchen is the legend, *Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie*. Smacks of Rome, *n'est-ce pas?* In a room adjoining the dining-room stands an old square piano, a representative of half a century ago; over it hangs a portrait of General Israel Putnam, great grandfather of my hostess. For, be it known that General Lemuel Grosvenor, companion in arms of Putnam, married the latter's eldest daughter, who became the mother of Lemuel Putnam Grosvenor, who was the father of Miss Clara Grosvenor—now Mrs. T——, and subject of this sketch. The first object that greets the eye as you enter the library is a large crucifix, the chief ornament of the side-table. On one side of it is a bronze statuette of the thaumaturgic Anthony of Padua; on the other, a photograph of the late venerable Archbishop of Philadelphia. On the wall are two brackets in the Swiss style, which support respectively statuettes of our Lady and St. Joseph. High up, a picture of the penitent Magdalen; and, still higher, a photograph of Raphael's Madonna of Foligno. Smack's of Catholicism, *n'est-ce pas?* Over the fireplace are an engraving of Millais's *Angelus*, our Blessed Lady with St. John, and St. Augustine with his mother St. Monica,—a picture very dear to the lady of this house, for a reason which will be given anon. 'Twixt the north window and one of the bookshelve-hangs the crest of the Grosvenor family,—a blue shield enclosing a sheaf of wheat, surmounted by a hound courant, and flanked by two hounds rampant. The motto is worth the copying, and reads, *Nobilitatis virtus, non stemma character*. The Latin of the legend might be improved, but the sentiment, "Character, not pedigree, is virtue," is superbly characteristic. To be brief, this cozy little library with its bookcases bulging with Catholic books, its walls decorated with Catholic pictures, its shelves and tables laden with objects of Catholic art, shows not only the existence in the house, but the palpable living effect, of a Catholic influence, a Catholic spirit.

Come, let me introduce you. We mount a flight of stairs. On the landing, more Catholic pictures. If you peep into that room, the second on the left, you will see more Catholicity.—Jesus and Mary there, the celebrated twin pictures of Guido Reni, the *Ecce Homo*, and the *Mater Dolorosa*. *Excelsior!* We are leaving the inhabited part of the house, and getting towards the tower mentioned above. It is very quiet. A heavy carpet muffles the sound of our feet on the stairs. Here we are on another landing. A door, and—as I live—hanging thereby, an old-fashioned holy-water font, such as hung at the door of my room in my *Alma Mater* in Rome! The door is unlocked. We open and enter. "Put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou treadest is holy ground. Yea, down on thy knees! for there, enshrined in that little tabernacle upon which the light of the pendent lamp centres like the rays of the sun on a diamond, is Jesus, He who said *Verbo operativo*, "This is My Body!" It is a pretty little oratory, about twelve feet square. The wainscoting is in the heavy native oak of Connecticut. The altar, a gem of beautiful simplicity, is made of the hard native oak of Connecticut. The altar appointments are severely simple, but elegant. You would imagine yourself in one of those private oratories one sees in old Rome itself. On the Epistle side hangs a tablet—ah! how well I know the handwriting, for it is my own! It reads (translated from the Latin): "Most Holy Father:—Clara T——, from the Diocese of Hartford, in the United States of North America, a convert from Episcopalianism to the Roman Catholic Faith, and whose husband and two sons still remain in the errors of the aforesaid sect,—yea more, one of these is a min-

jster,—prostrate at the feet of thy Holiness, most humbly asks thy Apostolic Benediction for herself, and thy commiseration and prayers for the aforesaid, her dear ones, that the light of faith may shine upon them." To this petition Pius IX, of glorious memory, subscribed, in his own hand, as follows: "Die 17 Januarii, 1875. Dominus vos benedicat. Venite ad Me omnes qui laboratis in tenebris, et lumen vobis dabo, dicit Dominus. Pius PP. IX,"—"May the Lord bless you. Come to Me all ye that labor in darkness, and I will give you light, saith the Lord." A corresponding tablet on the Gospel side of the altar represents a petition to the Holy Father for the privilege of having a chapel in the house. It was granted; and on the 21 day of November, 1876, the chapel was dedicated and consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by the late lamented Bishop Galberry, of Hartford.

On the 9th of the same month, the Feast of the Dedication of the Lateran Basilica in Rome, the first Mass was said in the oratory. That was a day never to be forgotten at this old farm. Could anything be more beautiful and pertinent than the Gospel which was read in the Mass of that day? "At that time, Jesus entering in, walked through Jericho. And, behold, there was a man named Zachaeus, who was the chief of the Publicans, and he was rich; and he sought to see Jesus who He was, and He could not for the crowd, because he was low of stature. And running before, he climbed up into a sycamore tree that he might see Him, for He was to pass that way. And when Jesus was come to the place, looking up, He saw him, and said to him: Zachaeus, make haste and come down, *for this day I must abide in thy house.* . . . Jesus said to him, *This day is salvation come to this house;* because he also is a son of Abraham."

Of a surety has salvation come to this house. On the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, I had the honor and pleasure of serving Mass in the little oratory. The hired help of the house and a few Catholic neighbors confessed and communicated. Hardly a day passes but some one drops in to pay our Lord a visit; not an hour of the day of which He does not get a portion from the mistress of the house. Ah! here she comes,—a portly, genial old lady, a smile of sweet serenity irradiating her pleasing countenance, her bright blue eyes dancing with pleasure at seeing you, and her arms outstretched to welcome you! Her vigils in the little sanctuary above, far from fixing the features in that rigidity which people of the world are apt to associate with asceticism, have softened and mellowed, so to speak, every line thereof. The silvery hairs alone and a gravity of carriage betoken old age. Her every word shows inborn refinement and mental culture,—a culture began nearly threescore years ago in Boston, and continued to this day. Twenty-five years ago she was known in Protestant reading circles as the gifted authoress of "The Rector of Moreland," and "The Chapel of St. Mary." In this last work she displayed a thoroughly Protestant rancor against Catholicism, with a generous admixture of true blue Puritan bigotry. Withal, she was not a happy, confident Congregationalist,—for as such she was born and bred. Being an assiduous reader, she became a thinker, and it was but natural that the absurdities of Congregationalism (Presbyterianism) should become manifest. She went over to the Protestant Episcopal Church. She made what they call a "good church-member"; played the organ in the little church on the hill up there, headed all the charity lists, gave religious teas, expounded the catechism, entertained the dominies, and moved as dictatrix in the "best circles." But the very fact of her being a thorough-going Episcopalian was bad for her orthodoxy, in the Protestant sense. She *would* think and speculate. Some discrepancies of the ritual could not be reconciled with the spirit, much less the letters of the Nine and Thirty Articles. She began to doubt, and plied her clerical friends almost to distraction with questions. To use the expression of old Omar Kayam, in his "Rubayyat," she "came out by the same door she went in," receiving but chaff in reply. She had observed that one particular clergyman while saying the Apostles' Creed used to recite, "He descended *to the abode of the departed spirits,*" instead of, "He descended into hell." She questioned a Protestant bishop on the dogmatic propriety of such an alteration. His answer was queer,—in effect, that if such an alteration were made in the *Nicene Creed* he would not stay another day in the church. Other dogmatic questions vexed her to the point of serious illness. The same Protestant divine told her, at last, that what she sought could only be found in the Roman Catholic Church; and, without any

more ado, she followed her conscience, left husband, children and friends in their little church on the hill-side, and threw herself heart and soul into the arms of dear old Mother Church. Bishop MacFarland, of Hartford, baptized and confirmed her in the year 1864. Her former friends and co-religionists ostracized her from society; her husband and sons alone honored and loved her. From the day of her baptism to the present time she has been very happy. That she is not perfectly happy is natural here below, and peculiarly so in her case; something to be inferred from the fact that she took the name of Monica in baptism. "That the light of faith may shine upon the aforesaid, her dear ones," is now her only desire, and the object of her prayers. You understand now why the picture of Saint Augustine and his mother St. Monica, on the mantel in the library, is so dear to her. May her prayers be heard!

Since her conversion she has written a Catholic novel entitled "Hawthornedean," and has contributed occasionally to Catholic periodicals. In 1874 she went to Rome, accompanied by her husband. When the Jubilee of 1875 was proclaimed by Pope Pius IX, she made the pilgrimage to the "Seven Basilicas" of Rome, and who more suited to accompany her than her devoted husband? I have seen the two, time and again, visiting the churches of Rome. With what unassuming chivalry he held the door open for her to pass in! How reverently he dipped his fingers in the holy-water font and extended them to her! How manly he looked as he knelt beside her in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament—did this senior warden of the Episcopal Church in Pomfret! Oftentimes, while intent on getting the exact measurement of a ruin—in rods, feet and inches—as becomes a practical man from Connecticut, he would miss her from his side. He would evince no alarm, but make for the nearest church, and right straight for the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. "Clara was sure to be there,"—*and there she is now!*

WHICH of the dead have avoided hell? Those, and those only, who on earth took up their cross, and took it up daily, and so, and only so, and always so, have followed Christ.

WE die at any moment; and when we die, we die as we are.—*Faber.*

Episodes of Lourdes.

BY HENRY LASSERRE.

THE MIRACLE OF THE ASSUMPTION.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXXIX.

Mgr. Perraud, the Bishop of Autun, knew the dispositions and humble wishes of his priest. On Friday, September the 25th, the Abbé de Musy was summoned to the episcopal residence. He returned from his interview with the Bishop deeply moved. What had passed between them? A letter from the Bishop, dated the following day, and addressed to the cured priest, will inform us:

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE, AUTUN,
September 27, 1874.

DEAR FATHER:—I have most conscientiously acquitted myself of the promise which I made to you on last Friday. I repeated before my council all the objections you presented to me; and although my jury forbade it, I constituted myself the advocate of your cause. But I have lost the case. The Bishop's council, more capable than I of deciding such a question, have declared that M. l'Abbé de Musy, whose filial obedience to his Bishop they know, must bow his head beneath the yoke.

I have therefore decided to entrust you with the parish of Chagny, and I shall be careful to give you a good assistant.

If I cause you any trouble, dear Father, you will be so good as to pardon me. Our Lady of Lourdes will, I hope, justify the choice we have made.

Accept my kindest regards in our Lord,

✠ ADOLPH-LOUIS,
BISHOP OF AUTUN.

This letter produced the greatest excitement, and called forth the most varied expressions of feeling, in the patriarchal family of Digoine. The father, who perhaps feared that the position of chaplain to a convent meant the first step to the religious life, received with great satisfaction the decision of the Bishop. So, too, with Humbert, who saw in this appointment to one of the most responsible positions in the diocese a testimony of high esteem for the virtues and capabilities of his brother.

But very different were the reflections of Madame de Musy and her son Victor. At first both were troubled: the priest, by the thought of his own incapacity; the mother, by the prospect of separation from her son. The fourteen months that had just passed had been for Madame de Musy a most delightful oasis in the desert of life. She had enjoyed a sweet con-

tentment and repose in this existence with her son restored to life, now become her confessor and spiritual Father.

For a moment the valiant woman seemed to waver. But it was only for a moment; after a short time of trouble and interior struggle, self was conquered, and a new palm of victory gained. The valiant Christian woman aroused the courage of her son, who was almost prostrated by a feeling of sadness. She repeated to him that expression which has made saints and heroes and martyrs: *God wills it!*

"Yes, Victor," she said, "God wills it. Our Lady of Lourdes has cured you, not for rest but for labor; to labor, not for me nor for yourself, but for these souls now entrusted to you. She sends you to them. She will give you strength."

Thus spoke the Christian mother, filling the heart of the son with the thoughts and sentiments which animated her own. She had nourished him in his infancy with the milk of her breast; now she fed him with the courageous feelings of her soul.

During all this time, Mlle. Genevieve was absent from Digoine. It will not be out of place to cite here a letter which her brother wrote to her, and which gives an insight into the admirable character of his nature.

My Dear Sister:—I have again called upon the Bishop. He received me very kindly. I spoke to him of myself with a frankness which restored peace to my troubled heart. But both his council and himself were resolutely fixed upon placing me at Chagny.

I clearly see that this nomination is the work of the Blessed Virgin. It is impossible to doubt it. Our Heavenly Mother wishes to try my faith and my heart. I am hers to do all that she desires. Humiliation as well as honor, peace or trouble, joy or suffering,—I must be ready for all.

All—the Bishop, the parishioners, the fifteen pastors of my canton, the clergy of the diocese, the civil authorities—expect from me nothing less than sanctity. Our Lady of Lourdes has left my bark in mid-ocean. She alone can guide me into port. My trust in her must be blind and unlimited. How happy shall I be if, through my confidence in her, I succeed in accomplishing the good that I should do!

Mother seems satisfied; father is perfectly content, and Humbert is delighted at the esteem shown me. And you—what do you think of this terrible affair?

Chagny is a parish of 4,400 souls. They have a very poor church, a miserable presbytery, with no garden attached. The position is difficult and painful. Mary Immaculate has done me great honor in placing me there, in spite of my incapacity, and perhaps on account of it. She will draw good from it. I am under her protection. Adieu, dear sister.

XL.

The Government formalities which attend the nomination of the Curé of a canton occupy two or three months; and so it was only on the 17th of the January following that the installation of the Abbé de Musy took place in the church of Chagny.

The Pro-Vicar of the Bishop, the Abbé Gardette, archpriest of St. Vincent's at Chalon, presided at the installation, representing his Lordship, who was ill at the time. In his discourse he described the Catholic pastor truly sent by God. "This priest," he said, "comes amongst you adorned with the aureole of a miracle. It is not without design that God works miracles; it is not a grace accorded to an ordinary soul, but to a soul that has merited it by the sanctity of its past life, and one destined by Providence for great things." *

The Abbé de Musy, in his turn, ascended the steps of the pulpit. He knelt and prayed for a few moments, then turned towards the people who were now his spiritual children, his countenance revealing the deepest emotion.

"You have just heard," he said, "the words of a pious and learned priest sketching for you the portrait of the true priest,—the pastor of souls according to God's own Heart. In all the sincerity of my soul I have promised to try and be such a priest. I have promised it to our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

"Contrary to all human foresight, I have been sent amongst you, and from this moment you behold me charged with the care of your souls. I have never before exercised the sacred ministry. For twenty years I was an invalid, and almost without the use of my eyes. For

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* *Semaine Religieuse*, Jan. 30, 1875.

In citing these words, undoubtedly true in this particular instance, we may be permitted to say that we do not accept them unreservedly, or as possessing the character of a general principle. A miracle does not imply holiness in the person who is the object of it. It is sometimes performed in favor of certain souls sleeping in tepidity or plunged in sin, and of themselves very unworthy of such a grace. The author of this book, himself the subject of a miraculous cure, can only consider himself as an example of the fact that God works miracles not only for the just, but also in favor of sinners. That He works them, too, even for infidels and pagans, we have as instances the case of the blasphemer Macary suddenly cured at Lavaur, and the Turks at Constantinople, such vast numbers of whom have been cured in these latter days at the sanctuary erected in that city to Our Lady of Lourdes.

eleven years I was deprived of the happiness of offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The voice which you now hear was lost for many years. Resigned to my condition, I neither hoped nor asked for a cure. Others asked it for me, and almost constrained me to pray for it. And Our Lady of Lourdes deigned to obtain it for me.

"This signal favor I received with joy from our Heavenly Mother, and every day I thank her for it. But, my brethren, it is for your sake that she has granted it to me,—for you who are and shall ever be my first and dearest care. To you I shall devote all that I have,—my days and my nights, the health and strength restored to me at the Grotto of Lourdes. I have given up home and friends, the ministry of a mission which I loved,—all for you. And I have done this with joy. I have put my hands to the plough ; I do not look back, neither do I look forward, but to the great work now before me in behalf of your souls, and for the accomplishment of which I count on the assistance of Mary. No, no ! Thank God, I do not depend upon myself. It is for Our Lady of Lourdes to continue her miracle. It is she, Mary Immaculate, who will guide and direct this parish. It is my desire that she be specially venerated and loved among you,—that she be here our Queen. Yes, my dear brethren, give your hearts to her, and ever have a filial devotion towards her. And she will complete here, for the good of your souls, the work which she commenced at Lourdes.

"Every day I shall pray to her for you. I shall pray for you—the aged—whose locks are whitened by years, who are nearing the heavenly Paradise, that the evening of your life may be prolonged and made happy, and, when the last hour arrives, that she may assist you and open for you the gates of heaven. I shall pray to her for you who are now in the prime of manhood, who have to bear the burden of hard labor, and who have so often to meet with sorrows and trials, that she may help, comfort and direct you. I shall pray to her for you, young men, who are exposed to the storms and temptations of youth, that she may preserve you from evil, and obtain for you the grace to employ well the powers with which you are gifted. I shall pray to her for you, young maidens, that she may guard your innocence from all danger, and inflame your souls with the love of your Lord. I shall pray to her for you, children, that, like her divine Son Jesus, you may grow in wisdom, age and grace before God and men. I shall pray to her for the wanderers, that she may lead them back to the right path ; for the wicked, that she may make them good ; for the good, that they may become better. And you, too, pray to her for me, that she may impart to me some of the love of her heart, that I may love you more and more ; some of her power, that I may serve you better and better."

With such apostolic and paternal words did the Abbé de Musy address his people, all of whom were moved to tears.

During the afternoon of the same day an employee of the railroad came to the presbytery to deliver a package. He was one of those who, a year and a half before, on the night of the 6th of August, had carried from the carriage to the waiting room, and thence to the cars, the priest deprived of all strength and motion, who was on his way to Lourdes to obtain a most wonderful favor. Remembering all the details, and recalling them one by one, the man could not withdraw his gaze from the same priest now before him, miraculously cured, and, by a striking dispensation of Providence, placed in charge of the same parish which had been his first stopping place—his first sorrowful station in his pilgrimage of hope.

Every Christian heart in the parish of Chagny, and even the unbelieving, was filled with joy. The installation of the "man of the miracle," the words which stirred the noblest sentiments of their soul, all announced a happy future. Amid the rejoicings one expression was on every lip,—an expression of joyous confidence : "This is the beginning of a happy day."

But things of this world are like the earth itself, which, as it revolves upon its axis, passes, in its mysterious motion, from light into darkness, and from darkness into light. Whilst the rays of the morning sun were beaming on Chagny, the shades of night were gradually descending upon the old castle at Digoine.

XLI.

A few days after her son had left to take charge of his parish, Madame de Musy was again suddenly attacked by that affection of the heart which had been caused by the joy of the miracle. New and more alarming symptoms began to develop themselves, and the physicians acknowledged that they were pow-

erless to arrest the progress of the disease. "She has but a few months to live," they said.

The valiant woman, as she followed the path which led her to the tomb, preserved that sublime serenity which characterized her life. The question was once asked of a saint while engaged in some kind of work: "If you should know that you were to die to-morrow, what would you do?"

"I should continue to do what I am now doing," was the reply.

Madame de Musy had nothing to change, and did not change anything, in her daily occupations. She continued her exercises of piety, her spiritual reading, meditation, and prayer; she continued to direct her household, to perform her works of mercy, to assist the poor and the sick. The nature of her malady allowed her, from time to time, to be seated in her arm-chair. But those whom she formerly used to visit were now obliged to come to her; and, ushered in by Claudine, they would gather around her dying chair.

Two days before her end, she wished once more to dress the wounds of Jesus Christ in the person of a poor peasant. With trembling fingers she herself adjusted the lint and the bandages. Heroine of charity, she wished to die on the field of battle.

From time to time her beloved son would come to visit her. How many sweet though sorrowful hours they passed together! On the 7th of July she sent for him at Chagny.

"Madame desires to see you," said the servant.

"Is she worse?"

"I do not know."

The Abbé de Musy hastened with all speed to his mother's bedside.

"My son," she said, "I wish to regulate to-day all my affairs, both spiritual and temporal."

She then made her confession to the son whom she had sent to Our Lady of Lourdes bowed down by miseries, and whom the Mother of God had restored to her full of life and strength. Submitting to his priestly wisdom and power all her difficulties and doubts, she poured out her soul into his for the last time before leaving this world. And when, by any movement, or tone of voice, or sign, the son betrayed the anguish which filled his soul, she would sweetly say: "Come, dear Victor, have courage!" and go on with her confession.

"Now," she said, after having received absolution, "I must put in order my temporal affairs." And she handed to Victor the key of her secretary, that, under her own eyes, he might dispose of certain family papers according to her instructions. Her memory was clear, her mind tranquil, her words distinct and precise, her countenance always smiling: the light of this soul shone forth with its accustomed brilliancy.

Her undisturbed peace reassured to some extent the Abbé de Musy, and, without freeing him from sad forebodings, it imparted a sweetness to these last loving interviews. Notwithstanding the expressed opinion of the physicians, he indulged in vain hopes. There are realities which the heart refuses to see.

Madame de Musy entrusted to him a sum of money to defray the expenses of a poor sufferer to Lourdes. "He will pray there for me," she said.

"For your recovery," added the son.

She shook her head, and gravely repeated: "He will pray there for me."

There were at Chagny some sick persons who required the attention of the Abbé de Musy, and he was obliged to return on that evening, to enable him to pay his accustomed visit to his mother on the next day. A few minutes before his departure, and as the beautiful July sun was sinking below the horizon, Madame de Musy turned to him and said: "My son, the time has come to give me the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. I wish to receive it from your hands."

"What! mother!"

"Now, my child, have courage. The time has come."

He followed her wishes. The members of the family were gathered together, and in the midst of sobs and tears he performed this last solemn ceremony.

Madame de Musy herself guided the hand of her son, who was deeply afflicted, and with difficulty repressed his sobs. He anointed with the Holy Oil those maternal eyes which, during life, had been so often fixed on the image of Jesus Crucified; those ears which, above the discordant noises of earth, had heard the harmonies of heaven and the teachings of Holy Church; those lips which, by Christian words, had spread so many truths, and consoled so many sorrows; those feet which knew so well the road to the poor, and which had ever walked in the right path; those charitable hands which had relieved so much suffering,

which had bound up so many wounds. He prepared for death her from whom he had received life; he prepared for rest in the coffin her who had so often put him to sleep in his little cradle.

When all was over, she said to her son: "Now, I am prepared. Everything is accomplished. Return, my son, to your parish. There are souls who need your services there."

But the priest, as deeply troubled as his mother was calm, besought her to let him remain.

"No," she said: "your place is at Chagny, with those who are in danger of death. As for me, I am ready."

The Abbé de Musy, whose heart was torn, insisted: "I beg of you, dear mother, let me be near you."

"What! Are you wanting in courage?" she said. "God calls you there." The valiant Christian woman kissed her son a last good-bye. And when he had gone, she drew aside the curtain of the window, and looked long and lovingly after him, until the carriage which bore him away had disappeared, and the sound of the horses' hoofs had died out. Then she burst into tears.

Soon after, fever set in, and through the whole night she called for Victor. Alas! when Victor arrived on the next day, his venerated mother lay upon her bier in the lighted chapel, sleeping her last sleep.

XLII.

More than six years have passed by since the death of this admirable Christian mother, whose character, so mild and yet so firm, we have attempted to describe. Her husband, the Count de Musy, and her son Humbert now rest by her side.

Symphorien de Musy, the son of Humbert, lives in the Castle of Digoine. His sister Mary, now the Countess de Prunelé, often comes to visit him. Both realize that to walk in the path of rectitude they have but to follow the route traced out for them.

Through the woods there is a by-path leading from the Castle to the neighboring district, which used to serve as a short road for communication between the poor and their benefactress. A post placed at the entrance bears the inscription: "Path of the Good Lady."

Our friend the Abbé Antoine, who for a time was Professor in the Seminary at Autun, is now the efficient director of the school at Chauffailles, preparing souls for the priesthood as he himself had been prepared, and returning to the Church the benefits he had received.

Mlle. Genevieve de Musy has built a little dwelling for herself adjoining the presbytery at Chagny, and takes an active part in the good works of her brother.

As he had announced to his flock, it was the desire of the cured priest that Our Lady of Lourdes should be his helper at all times, and the Queen of his little territory. He has erected for her a throne like unto that which she herself had chosen at the foot of the Pyrenees. The Abbé de Musy has caused to be made in his church a fac-simile of the Grotto of Massabielle, with the statue of Mary Immaculate. Before this Grotto there is an altar, where each morning he comes to thank his Benefactress, and to ask her, "What do you wish me to do to-day?"

With his whole heart and mind and strength devoted to the care of the vineyard which God has entrusted to him, he labors for the conversion of the present generation, and devotes his fortune to the perfecting of the coming one. At his own expense he has built many schools, in which hundreds of children are educated.

Every day he may be seen at these schools. From time to time he visits Digoine; every year he goes to Lourdes to celebrate the anniversary of his miraculous cure. And thus his life passes on; if at times sadness comes to oppress him, he strengthens and comforts his soul by the thought of the future, and the memory of the past.

Les Bretoux, February, 1882.

The Suffering Souls.

BY E. M. V. BULGER.

It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. (2 Mach., xii, 46.)

In some quiet hour at the close of the day,
When your work is finished and laid away,
Think of the suffering souls, and pray.

Think of that prison of anguish and pain,
Where even the souls of the saints remain,
Till cleansed by fire from the slightest stain.

Think of the souls who were dear to you
When this life held them: still be true,
And pray for them now; it is all you can do.

Think of the souls who are lonely there,
With no one, perchance, to offer a prayer
That God may have pity on them, and spare.

Think of the souls that have longest lain
In that place of exile and of pain,
Suffering still for some uncleansed stain.

Think of the souls who perchance may be
On the very threshold of liberty—
One "*Ave Maria*" may set them free!

Oh, then, at the close of each passing day,
When your work is finished and folded away,
Think of the suffering souls, and pray!

Think of their prison so dark and dim,
Think of their longing to be with Him
Whose praises are sung by the cherubim!

As you tell the beads of your Rosary
Ask God's sweet Mother their Mother to be:
Her immaculate hands hold Heaven's key.

Oh, how many souls who are suffering when
You whisper "Hail Mary," again and again,
May see God's face as you say "*Amen.*"

Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory Rewarded.

A TRUE STORY OF THE "DE PROFUNDIS."

One evening in the month of July, 184–, a happy group were gathered on the wide porch of a well-known mansion in Prince George's Co., Maryland. A little Catholic church had been recently built in the village of L—— by the zealous and wealthy proprietor of "Monticello"; and as the means of the newly-formed congregation were too limited to support a resident pastor, one of the Rev. Fathers of Georgetown kindly came out once a fortnight to celebrate Mass, and administer the Sacraments. On the eve of the favored Sunday, Doctor J—— took his carriage to the railway station and brought back the Rev. Father named for that week's services; and his visit was always looked for with delight by all the household at Monticello, domestics and children; but by none so much as by three recent converts to our Holy Faith, who often took occasion to propound to their amiable and learned guest any doubts or religious questions that had arisen during the course of the intervening weeks.

On the evening above mentioned, the priest who came was an Italian Jesuit, the Rev. Father G——. He held his little audience entranced with a fund of edifying stories and interesting replies to the questions asked. The calm serenity of the night, the gentle refreshing breeze that came from a neighboring wood of pine-trees, the beautiful glitter of the flitting glowworm, and the rich perfume wafted from the purple magnolia *grandiflora*,—all added to the enchantment. The doctor broke the charm by saying: "Rev. Father, we shall be obliged to leave early to-morrow morning. The carriage will be ready for you at 6 o'clock."

"Is it a long drive to the church?" asked Father G——.

"No: only four miles," answered the doctor; "but there will be many confessions to hear, and perhaps some baptisms to administer; hence, unless the work is begun early, Mass will not be concluded before 12 o'clock."

"I hope, then," replied the Father, smiling, "that you will not fail to awake betimes."

"As to that," rejoined the doctor, "when I have to arise at any particularly specified time, I recite a *De Profundis* for the relief of the suffering souls, and I am sure of awaking promptly at the right hour."

"I can easily credit that," said Father G——.

"It is a pious practice which was recommended to me by the late Dr. Ryder, of Georgetown, when I was at the College," said the host; "and I have never found that any one to whom I taught the practice failed to find it truly efficacious."

"If it would not detain you too long beyond your customary hours," said Father G——, "I would add to my long list of anecdotes one more on the *De Profundis.*"

All present besought the priest to favor them; in truth, the worthy houshold never wearied of pious conversations.

"It happened," began the good priest, with religious modesty, "that about twenty years ago I accompanied a number of prominent members of our Society who had been summoned to the Mother House, in Rome, on business of importance. The Fathers carried with them precious documents from their several provinces, and, besides the purse necessary to meet their current travelling expenses, certain contributions from churches as Peter's Pence, and donations for the General of the Society. Our way lay across the Apennines,

and we were numerous enough to fill a large coach. We knew that the fastnesses of the mountains were infested with outlawed bands, and we had been careful to select an honest driver. Before setting out it was agreed that we should place ourselves under the protection of the holy souls by reciting a *De Profundis* every hour. At a given signal, mental or vocal prayer, reading or recreation, would be suspended, and the prayer recited in unison.

"Luigi, the driver, had been instructed, in case of any apparent danger, to tap three distinct blows on the roof of our vehicle with the heavy end of his whip. We travelled the whole day undisturbed, without other interruptions than those called for by the observance of our itinerary. Just as the evening twilight began, we reached the summit of a lofty mountain. The air was cool, the scenery wild and majestic, and each of us seemed absorbed in the pleasant glimpses of the retrograding landscapes, when we were startled by three ominous blows on the roof of our coach. Before we could ask any questions, Luigi had given his horses such blows as nearly made them throw us out of the vehicle, and sent the animals running at a breakneck speed. We looked, we listened, and, to our amazement and horror, beheld about a dozen bandits on either side of the road, with arms uplifted, and holding deadly weapons, as if ready and determined to strike with well-aimed precision. But, strange to say, they all remained as motionless as statues, until we had gone on so far as to leave them a mere speck on the descending horizon.

"Each one of our party had kept exterior silence, but inwardly put his trust in the Most High. At last Luigi halted. His horses were white with foam, and panting as if they would never breathe naturally again.

"'A miracle!' cried Luigi, signing himself with the mystic Sign; "may God and our Lady be praised! I tell you, Fathers, it is a miracle that we are not dead men!'

"'Indeed a very special protection of Divine Providence!' said the superior *pro tem.;* 'and we must all thank God with our whole hearts.'

"'I tell you,' broke in Luigi, 'those were horrible men; I never saw any look fiercer!'

"'Then, as soon as your horses are able, we had better move on. Shall you be obliged to change them before we get to our proposed stopping-place?' asked the superior.

"'Oh, we must not stop to change! we should be traced by some of their spies. We had better go on, and, as the road descends gently, I think this team will accomplish the remainder of the route.'

"'Well,' said our superior, as we re-entered the coach, 'we must all offer a Mass in thanksgiving to-morrow." To which we all heartily assented, and found subject for conversation the rest of the way in recalling the particulars of our wondrous escape.

"Holy obedience afterwards stationed me," continued the Rev. Father, "at the Gesù. About two years later I was called upon to instruct a prisoner condemned to capital punishment. 'He appears to have been a desperate man,' said the jailer, as he drew aside the enormous bolts of iron that held fast the door of a corridor leading to a dismal dungeon; 'now, however, he is a little subdued; he even seems contrite at times, and I hope he will die penitent.'

"I visited the prisoner several times; he was always glad to see me, but it cost him a great effort to open his heart, and make a full confession. His birth and parentage, and advantages for a liberal education, should have brought him to a widely different destiny. He had loved adventure naturally, but had taken a wrong direction. He might have become a famous military man, whereas he was only a rough, desperate highwayman. To win him to God, I began to listen to narratives of his wild brigand projects. I affected to be interested in these romantic enterprises, and then succeeded in pointing out to him the sin that abounded in each and every act. One day, as he was speaking of the latest years of his life, I was greatly surprised to hear him recount the identical incident with which I began my story. He described to me in the most graphic terms the wonderful manner in which his hands and those of his comrades had been held by an invisible, irresistible power, saying that they had returned to their mountain haunts perfectly dismayed; that some of them appeared to have a vague and conscientious alarm, though revelry and song soon banished such misgivings. He told me that they knew the carriage was full of Jesuit priests, and that they had been promised a great pecuniary recompense by a prominent member of the Freemasons if they should succeed in seizing our luggage.

"I then made known to my penitent my share in that providential escape; he at once

fell on his knees, wept long and bitterly, and finally asked my forgiveness. I prepared him for his dreadful end, and believe he died at peace with God, so great is the mercy of Jesus to the contrite soul, 'even though his sins be as scarlet.' I asked his permission to narrate the particulars of his portion of the story, and he gladly gave it, hoping to merit something by the act of humility for his sin-burdened soul."

We were all much impressed by the Rev. Father's narrative; and as we bade one another good-night, the doctor remarked that a kind deed performed for others was sure to merit a blessing in return, even though it were so small a favor as that gained by his favorite practice of saying the *De Profundis*.

"Yes," said Father G——, "charity never fails."

The Death-Bed of Lorenzo de Medici.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

BY B. S.

"As we live, so shall we die."

It was the month of April, that most beautiful of months in a sunny clime; but a hushed gloom lay over the fair city of flowers,—Florence the Beautiful. Lorenzo de Medici lay sick unto death in his splendid Villa of Careggi. All that art could do had been tried in vain: the famous Lazzara da Vicino had come from Pavia, and the marvellous potion in which the rarest gems were infused had been prepared and taken, but to no effect. The *fiat* had gone forth, and Lorenzo the Magnificent knew that his hour was at hand. He lay, tortured in body and soul, in his luxurious chamber. The heavy curtains of yellow damask were drawn back from the carved and twisted columns of the bed of state,—the dying man would have air; from the open windows he could see the country in all its spring beauty for the last time; the hour of reckoning had come, and the unjust steward shrank from the dread ordeal. Many a dark sin rose on the memory of the unhappy prince: his systematic corruption of his country's morals; the license and excesses of the Carnival, which he had so actively promoted; the usuries, the extortion of the poor; the example given to his sons. But, darker than all else, three crimes weighed on his soul; in vain did his confessor whisper words of consolation; in vain did his son Pietro, his friend Angelo Politiano, and Pic di Mirandola, the young and gifted Italian prince, seek to soothe his alarm. In letters of flame they stood before his eyes: the sack of Volterra, the robbery of the Monte delle Fanciulle (which had ruined hundreds of innocent maidens), the torrents of blood shed after the Pazzi conspiracy.

All his life he had been flattered, adulated, cajoled; and in the supreme moment of his death he trusted neither friend nor confessor nor prelate. He had lost all faith in men; his former boast that no man had ever the courage to contradict him was now his torment; doubts as to the validity of the absolution, which he feared his confessor had given through complacency, tore his soul with anguish; and the hours sped so quickly! so little time was left!

Stay! One man there was in Florence who had never flattered, but spoken to him words of sharp reproof; one man who had disdainfully rejected his presents and his friendship; one man whose incorruptible virtue had forced from him the avowal, "He is the only true religious I know." In the desperate anguish of his soul he clung to the thought that from him at least, the austere Prior of St. Mark's, he would hear the truth. If he absolved him, Lorenzo could die in peace.

In hot haste messengers were dispatched for the amazed friar; for a moment he hesitated, but on hearing of the prince's desperate condition, he yielded and at once set forth. Meanwhile Lorenzo has given his parting blessing and farewell to his son, taken leave of his friends, and arranged all his worldly affairs, and then the haughtiest of the Medici awaited the humble friar, from whom he hoped to obtain peace to his troubled soul.

The tall form of Savonarola entered, clad in the habit of his Order, with the cowl on his head, and truly no painter could ask for a more striking scene than the one enacted in the Villa Careggi on that famous 8th of April, 1492. All retired: Lorenzo and the monk were left alone, and, in terrible agitation, the dying man confessed his crimes and asked if there was mercy for such as he. "God is good! He is infinitely merciful!" murmured that voice at whose scathing denunciations all Florence had trembled. The confession was over, the trembling penitent awaited his sentence, and

the man of God, extending his right hand, thus addressed him: "The infinite mercy of God awaits you; but three things are necessary. The first is a lively faith in the mercy of God."

"My faith is unbounded."

"The second is, restitution of all unjust gains, or an injunction on your sons to make this restitution."

There was a pause. Lorenzo appeared greatly astonished, but, making a violent effort, he nodded his assent.

"The third and last"—here Savonarola rose to his full height, and fixed his eyes on the dying Prince—"is, that you give back to Florence her liberty!"

Disdaining an answer, Lorenzo collected all his remaining strength, and, without a word, turned his back on the patriot monk, who, drawing his cowl over his face, departed. In a few hours Lorenzo de Medici expired, torn with remorse and inaccessible to all consolation.

St. Hubert and Hydrophobia.

[For some time past we had in mind the devotion to St. Hubert against hydrophobia, and wished to explain it to the readers of THE "AVE MARIA" as soon as an opportunity presented. Providentially, as it were, an article on the subject has just been published in *The Oscotian*, an excellent magazine published at St. Mary's College, Oscott (England), and we gladly transfer it to the pages of THE "AVE MARIA."]

If any reader of *The Oscotian* has travelled by rail from Namur to Luxembourg, he will, perhaps, recall to mind a picturesque little town prettily situated on a wooded eminence to the left of the line of railway. Andage was the original name of this country place, but for many centuries it has only been known under the name of St. Hubert, to whom also is dedicated the church, whose handsome spire, rising above the mass of luxuriant foliage, forms a most prominent object in the beautiful landscape.

Yet, perhaps, it is but little known that that hillside has been, ever since the 9th century, a famous place of pilgrimage,—the scene of countless miracles and wondrous cures. Still less, again, is known of the history of that pilgrimage,—of its strange origin, its interesting development, its marvellous effects. To throw some light upon this history is the object of this paper.

To endeavor to give some account of the many curious forms that devotion to particular saints has assumed, ought to prove an attractive inquiry for a Catholic mind. Thus when we hear St. Anthony of Padua invoked for the recovery of things accidentally lost, or when we are told that the intercession of St. Blase is all-powerful against dangerous sore throats, we think to ourselves, perhaps, that there is doubtless some very good reason to account for these and such like curious customs. And so in these pages an explanation will be attempted of the peculiar devotion to St. Hubert, who, for well-nigh ten centuries, has been invoked against the dreadful mania of hydrophobia.

Devotion to St. Hubert is common and widespread throughout Belgium even to this day; and the many quaint customs and ancient traditions which have been handed down in connection with the intercession of this Saint are still preserved and cherished by the people. And certainly that simple faith which takes delight in the old stories of the saints is much to be preferred to that spirit of skepticism which would condemn all such traditions as purely legendary and fictitious.

St. Hubert was born about the middle of the 7th century. Bertrand, Duke of Aquitain, was his father; so that, as historians show, he was descended from the royal Merovingian race. Though some have supposed that he was a pagan up to the time of his miraculous conversion, it seems more probable that he was brought up in the Christian faith, but that the pleasures of the court filled him with a worldly spirit. Especially was he carried away by an ardent passion for the sports of the chase, in which diversion he spent the greater part of his time. The history of his conversion, briefly told, is as follows: On Good Friday, in the year 683, Hubert, instead of spending that day in exercises of penance and devotion, was as usual engaged with his companions in the pleasures of the chase, in the dense forest of the Ardennes. Suddenly the eager dogs started a stag of surpassing strength and beauty. Swift and headlong was the chase, so that very soon few of the huntsmen remained in view. Hubert, however, with his wonted ardor, rushed madly on, eager to capture so splendid a prize; when on a sudden the noble animal, which had so quickly outstripped the pack, turned and faced the astounded huntsman. The image of Christ crucified appeared between the antlers of the stag, and a voice addressed Hubert in these words: "Hubert! Hubert! how long will you chase the beasts of the forests? How long will this vain passion make you forget the salvation of your soul? Do you not know that you are on earth to know and love your Creator, and thus to possess heaven? If you be not converted, you will be cast without delay into hell"

Hubert, whose heart was touched by this miracle of grace, dismounted and cast himself prostrate in prayer, crying out, like another Saul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And the voice answered: "Go, seek Bishop Lambert; he will

make known to you My will." And instantly the stag disappeared.* Hubert at once obeyed the divine admonition, putting himself under the direction of Lambert, Bishop of Maestricht. Family ties still kept him for a time at the Court of Pepin, but, without delay, he completely changed his manner of living. The death of his wife Floribane, in the year 685, gave him greater freedom to follow the call of Heaven; so that when in 688 his father Bertrand died, Hubert at once renounced the duchy of Aquitain in favor of his younger brother Eudon, and, laying aside his sword, retired into the forest of the Ardennes to spend his days in prayer and mortification. After living for seven years in this solitude he resolved—in virtue, it is said, of a divine intimation—to undertake a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostles at Rome. It is related, that on the arrival of Hubert in the Eternal City, the reigning Pontiff, Sergius II, had a remarkable vision. The martyrdom of St. Lambert, with all its cruel circumstances, was made known to him, and he was commanded to consecrate as his successor a pilgrim, Hubert by name, whom he should find early in the morning kneeling at the tomb of the Apostles.

St. Lambert had made many enemies by his courage in boldly reproving Pepin and his court for their criminal excesses. On one occasion, the Saint refused to sit at table with the mistress of Pepin; and, despite the threats of the Prince, arose in haste and retired to his country-seat near Liége. He was quickly followed by some of the wicked courtiers, who slew him as he knelt in prayer before the crucifix. All these events were made known to the Pope in vision; and to remove all doubt or hesitation, he was directed to give the crosier of St. Lambert, which he found in the morning by his bed-side, to the humble pilgrim at the tomb of the Apostles.

Sergius hastened to carry out his mission. He found Hubert in prayer, and, taking him by the hand and leading him before the altar, announced the wonderful designs of God in his regard. Hubert, in his humility, could not be prevailed upon to accept the episcopal dignity until, so the tradition runs, he was suddenly seen to be robed in the episcopal vestments of St. Lambert himself, and angels' hands placed upon his neck a stole, which was sent as a mark of the favor of the Mother of God Nothing could resist such evident signs of the divine will, and so Hubert was straightway consecrated Bishop. He was received as a messenger from heaven by the clergy and laity of his diocese. The murderers of St. Lambert, however, fearing his presence, laid snares against his life; but he was miraculously preserved against all their wicked attempts.*

After a short time, Hubert removed his episcopal see from Maestricht to Liége, of which city he is honored as first Bishop. And now our Saint, who had in former years spent so much of his time in the vast forests of the Ardennes, began to be solicitous for the spiritual welfare of so many of his flock, dwelling as they did in those wilds, for the most part far removed from priest or church. Accordingly he proceeded to make an episcopal visitation throughout that vast tract of forest lands. Everywhere he preached the word of God to the ignorant, neglected people; and great was the fruit of his mission, for the doctrine he taught was confirmed by countless miracles.

To one of these miracles in particular must special reference be made, as it tends to throw great light upon the nature of the devotion that has grown up toward St. Hubert. For some time the country around Tongres had been infested by raging animals The people lived in a continual state of terror on account of the ravages of mad dogs and wolves; for none were free from their sudden attacks, and their bite was the sure forerunner of hydrophobia. It was commonly supposed that this scourge came as a judgment upon the people of those parts, who, hardened in wickedness, had murdered St. Lambert and other saintly Bishops, and in defiance of God's law had pillaged sanctuaries and churches. Hubert was one day preaching to the people of the district, who assembled in large numbers to listen to his words. In the middle of his discourse, a stranger, stricken with hydrophobia, rushed into the midst of the crowd of eager listeners, and, scattering dismay on every side, caused all to flee in terror, so that in a few minutes, the maniac was left alone with the holy Bishop. Hubert, grieved to lose his audience, in the name of God commanded the madness to depart from the wretched man. Instantly he became gentle as a lamb, and, obeying the Bishop's direction, himself hastened after the affrighted people, begging of them to return quickly, as the Bishop wished to complete his discourse. Soon the astonished crowd stood once more around Hubert, who, having finished his sermon, dismissed the people with these parting words: "Go in peace, and know

* In connection with this legend, it may be interesting to note that in the 15th century a military order was established, called the Order of the Knights of St. Hubert. It was founded by Gerard, 5th Duke of Cleves and Gueldres, in memory of a victory gained in 1444, on St. Hubert's Day, over the house of Egmont, which laid claim to those duchies. The Knights wore a gold collar, ornamented with hunting-horns, from which hung a medal having the image of St. Hubert engraved on the face.

* The Cathedral Church of Liége is dedicated to St. Lambert, whose body, still incorrupt, was translated thirteen years after his death from Maestricht to Liége. The whole population, headed by Hubert, their saintly Bishop, accompanied the sacred relics, and many miraculous cures rendered the translation memorable.

that in reward of your devotion and your humility, you and your children shall, from this day forward, enjoy the special privilege of being able to cure this madness, provided you and your children persevere in the faith." The most ancient manuscripts testify that this power was really exercised during future generations. Indeed, Pope Victor II, A. D. 1055, mentions this wonder with approval.

Little more need be said of the life of St. Hubert. He continued for many years to be the father of his people and the shepherd of their souls, until he peacefully passed away to his reward at Terveuren, near Brussels, A. D. 727. He was buried with great solemnity in the Church of St. Peter, in Liége. After sixteen years the tomb was opened, when the body, still incorrupt, was re-interred in front of the high altar. There it remained until A. D. 825, when the monks of Andage, in the Ardennes, petitioned that the sacred relics might be translated to that spot, which had for so long a time been sanctified by the presence of St. Hubert. The translation took place amid the greatest enthusiasm and pomp. The Bishop of Liége and the Emperor himself, Louis le Debonnaire, took part in the solemn ceremonies. On the arrival of the procession at Andage, the body, still incorrupt, was placed in a magnificent silver shrine, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. At once Andage became a place of frequent pilgrimage, and soon the Saint gave his name to this spot, whither so many thousands flocked to implore his powerful intercession. The name Andage fell into disuse, and the town became known as St. Hubert, by which name it is called to this day. The church which now stands was built in the 16th century. The body of the Saint was preserved at St. Hubert, and was frequently exposed to the veneration of pilgrims until A. D. 1568; when, during the night of the 14th of October, at the approach of the Calvinist iconoclasts, the Abbot concealed the body of the Saint, fearing its desecration. As religious disturbances were afterwards unhappily so frequent, the body was never again exposed, so that the place of its burial, which was kept most secret, soon ceased to be known; and, although several efforts have been made to discover the shrine, the body of the Saint has never been recovered.

The above brief particulars concerning the life of the Saint will prepare the reader for the better understanding of the devotion that has grown up towards St. Hubert. It is beyond all question that innumerable cases of hydrophobia have, in every age since his death, been cured by pilgrimage to his shrine, and by other prescribed devotions. Moreover, the intercession of the Saint has been regarded, and has proved to be, a sure preventive againts this horrible madness. Indeed, the belief in the power of St. Hubert is widespread throughout Belgium; and it is a remarkable fact that that country enjoys an almost complete immunity from fatal cases of hydrophobia. The reason of this is not far to seek, when we find it stated that on an average 200 persons who have been bitten by mad animals, annually make the pilgrimage to St. Hubert. Such immunity is all the more remarkable from the fact that statistics prove that, generally speaking, 40 per cent. of those bitten by mad animals die of hydrophobia. In the year 1870, the French Government directed an inquiry to be made as to the mortality in such cases. The result was an official statement that from 1863 to 1868, in 49 departments, 320 persons had been bitten, and that of this number 129, *i. e*, about 40 per cent., proved fatal cases.

A few details as to the many pious practices and curious customs that have arisen in connection with devotion to St. Hubert may not prove devoid of interest. Two classes of persons invoke the intercession of the Saint: those who have been bitten so as to draw blood, by an animal clearly mad, so that either hydrophobia or, to say the least, evident danger of it, results; and those who have been only frightened by a mad animal, or only slightly bitten without drawing blood, or who have been bitten by an animal whose madness is not apparent.

In the first case, where the danger is great and urgent, a pilgrimage to St. Hubert is prescribed, when the following conditions have to be fulfilled. The pilgrim must undergo an operation called *la taille*, *i. e.*, the incision. It is thus performed: The chaplain makes with a lancet a slight incision in the middle of the forehead, into which is introduced a very small thread drawn from the sacred stole of St. Hubert, which, as has been said, was given to the Saint by angels' hands on the day of his consecration in Rome, and which has ever been preserved in his church as a most precious relic. A bandage is immediately placed upon the wound, and must not be removed for the space of nine days, during which time the pilgrim performs a solemn Novena, which comprises, amongst other conditions, confession and Communion, special abstinence in eating and drinking, and a promise to observe annually the Feast of St. Hubert on November 3d. . . .

On the 10th day the bandage must be removed by a priest, and, after it has been burnt, the ashes must be thrown into the *sacrarium*.

It is by these means that pilgrims to St. Hubert seek to be preserved from the dreadful effects of hydrophobia. The number of such pilgrims is the best proof of the efficacious results of these means. From June 2, 1867, to September 8, 1868, *i. e.*, during fifteen months, no less than 250 persons, who had been bitten by mad animals so as to draw blood, underwent the operation and fulfilled the conditions of the Novena. Both the operation and the Novena are evidently of remote antiquity.

Some refer them back as far as the 9th century, when the translation of the relics of St. Hubert gave rise to the pilgrimage. A manuscript of 1100, A. D., says: "It has always been believed here (at St. Hubert) that the Novena of St. Hubert takes its origin from the translation of the Saint's body to this place in A. D. 825. A writer who has made out a list of the abbots of this monastery, says that in the time of St. Thierry, who was abbot in A. D. 1055, the custom was already of great antiquity; and he speaks of it as the remarkable and well-tested privilege of cutting and fortifying with the holy stole persons bitten by mad animals. For at this very time the groom of Adèle, Countess of Arlon, was brought to St. Hubert for the purpose of having the incision made."

This very case is thus referred to in the *Cantatorium*, a manuscript dated A. D. 1106: "About the year 1068," says the chronicler, "Adèle, Countess of Arlon, daughter of the noble Duke Thierry, had in her service a groom, who, having been bitten and poisoned by a mad dog, had recourse to St. Hubert, in order to obtain through his intercession the only remedy that remained for him to recover his health. For, in consequence of his great merits before God, the Saint enjoys the privilege, extraordinary indeed, but of well-known efficacy, of snatching from certain death persons bitten by a mad dog, wolf, or any other mad animal, when, visiting this place, they submit to the incision, and perform the conditions prescribed with the operation. And in proof of the truth of what we assert, we will cite, in passing, an incident of which we were eye-witnesses. Two young men of Hesbaie were bitten by a mad dog. Some one dissuaded them from making the pilgrimage to St. Hubert, promising to heal them by other remedies Finding this more convenient, they remained at home; whilst others who like themselves had been bitten by the mad dog made the aforesaid pilgrimage. These latter returned home quite cured, but the unfortunate young men soon showed signs of madness, beginning to howl like wolves and bark like dogs. Finally, they were led to the monastery; but it was too late: they died immediately on their arrival, filling all who saw or heard of them with fear and horror."

Such are the records dating back as far as A. D. 1106. It would be impossible in a brief paper even to enumerate the countless miracles of which good evidence might be adduced. It will be sufficient to mention one or two striking instances. It is stated in the Register kept at St. Hubert of those who have undergone the operation, that in 1812, at Bar le Duc, in France, thirty-three persons were bitten by a mad wolf. Three only made the pilgrimage to St. Hubert; they were healed, whilst the other thirty died of hydrophobia. Again, it is related, as a fact publicly known in Brussels some forty years ago, that a gentleman, his wife and two servants were bitten by a mad dog. The servants made the accustomed pilgrimage, and no evil effects displayed themselves; the master and mistress both perished miserably of hydrophobia.

In the second case above mentioned, viz., when persons have been merely frightened by a mad animal, or only slightly bitten, or when there is doubt about the madness of the animal, it is not considered necessary to make the pilgrimage to St. Hubert, but it is customary for such to make special application for what is called the *Répit*. This will require some brief explanation. The *Répit* or *Delay* consists in this, that certain persons under certain circumstances can exempt those in danger of hydrophobia from making the pilgrimage to St. Hubert; and such exemption is granted either absolutely or for a time only, in either case carrying with it the assurance that through the Saint's intercession immunity from hydrophobia shall be secured as surely as if the pilgrimage had been made. The exercise of this truly miraculous power is as ancient as the pilgrimage itself; it doubtless derived its origin from the solemn promise made by St. Hubert when he preached his famous sermon to the people of the Ardennes.

This *Répit* is threefold: it is granted either for life, or for a limited number of years, or for forty days. The chaplains at the Monastery of St. Hubert alone can grant the *Répit* for life; it is usually accorded, as has been remarked, to those who seem in some danger of hydrophobia from fright or from a slight bite. Those to whom this privilege is granted must make a Novena to St. Hubert, reciting each day five *Paters* and *Aves*, with the invocation: "St. Hubert, pray for me, that I may be preserved from this evil." The wonderful effects of the exercise of this power have been abundantly proved by experience. The *Répit* for a limited number of years, which also must be obtained from the Priests of St. Hubert, is granted to children who have not made their First Communion, who, having been severely bitten by some mad animal, ought to make the pilgrimage, but on account of their age are unable to fulfil the requisite conditions. The length of the delay granted depends, of course, upon the age of the child. It is required that a Novena be made to St. Hubert precisely as in the former case, either by the child itself, or by the parents in the name of the child. The *Répit* for forty days is granted to those who ought to make the pilgrimage, but are unable to do so at once on account of illness, or some other just cause. The power of granting this delay is said to be possessed not only by the Priests of St. Hubert, but also by any one who has himself performed the pilgrimage and fulfilled all its conditions.

All that has been said so far concerning devotion to St. Hubert has reference to those afflicted with hydrophobia, or at least threatened with its

sad effects. But this devotion extends beyond such cases; for the intercession of the Saint is invoked as a preservative against this madness. The Confraternity of St. Hubert was established at least as early as the beginning of the 16th century, for in A. D. 1510 it was approved by Pope Julius II, and enriched with many privileges; and in 1515 it was again confirmed by Leo X. In Belgium, in particular, it is customary for whole families to be enrolled in this Confraternity, and such enrolment is regarded as a sure safeguard against hydrophobia. The following fact came under the writer's observation. A gentleman living in Belgium had a favorite dog which all the members of the family were wont to pet and play with. The animal began to show symptoms of illness, though no one seemed able to understand what was the matter with it; but, strange to say, it at once avoided all the members of the family, and could not be coaxed to approach any of them. At length, the symptoms growing worse, a veterinary surgeon was sent for, who, at the first sight of the dog, ordered it to be instantly shot, refusing to get down from his trap until this was done. It was found that the animal was suffering from hydrophobia, and the surgeon declared that the family had escaped a very great danger. To them it was only a proof of the powerful protection of St. Hubert, in whose Confraternity they were all enrolled.

Again, it is a custom with many to wear or carry objects that have touched the sacred stole of St. Hubert, such as medals, rosaries, and even rings or personal ornaments.

In the above pages it has been attempted to throw some light upon the origin and history of devotion to St. Hubert. It remains for the reader to judge how far that attempt has succeeded. It is not intended to offer any remark upon the facts recorded; they were considered worthy of record on account of their antiquity and singularity, which alone ought to suffice to surround them with interest.

New Publications.

An Appeal and a Defiance. An Appeal to the Good Faith of a Protestant by Birth. A Defiance to the Reason of a Rationalist by Profession. By His Eminence Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines. Translated from the French by a Redemptorist Father. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. Price, 40 cents.

The title of this little volume sets forth in brief the character of the book itself. "An Appeal," and such an appeal as only the great Cardinal Archbishop of Malines could make, is here made to the "good faith of a Protestant by birth." Would that it could be placed in the hands of all who are anxious to know what to believe and 'what to do to be saved'! There are many to whom it might prove an "open sesame" to the hidden treasury of God's Holy Church.

The "Defiance" is a bold and, as we would expect, a successful empalement of the rationalists. If the force of evidence is not totally disregarded by these so-called Free-Thinkers, they are in all fairness bound to admit that Cardinal Deschamps has given them a severe check, if not a total defeat, on their chosen field. The logic of Catholic truth wielded by such a master as the late Primate of Belgium is simply irresistible.

Reader, of your charity pray for the soul of this humble son and valiant defender of Holy Church, whose grateful children pray and mourn over his new-made grave.

The Book of the Professed. By the Author of "Golden Sands." Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Same Publishers. Price, $1.

If he is rightly regarded as a benefactor of his race "who makes two blades of grass to grow where before but one did grow," what praise shall we bestow upon, and what title give to, him whose energies are devoted to making, as far as in him lies, the plants of virtue flourish in human hearts, where, of necessity, noxious weeds are ever springing up? One book after another has come from the facile pen of the author of "Golden Sands," and each seems better, if that were possible, than its predecessor. The one before us has been written especially for those who have consecrated themselves to God by the vows of religion. Though designed for the devout female sex, it will prove a most desirable manual for men who have bound themselves by these same sacred obligations. It is replete with that unction and learning which characterize everything that this gifted author has written. It fully deserves to be a companion volume to the "Rules and Constitutions," the "Directory," and the "Imitation of Christ," the privileged property, so to speak, of every religious.

——The *American Journalist*, edited by R. P. Yorkston, and published by a stock company of which Mr. Yorkston is the President, has lately appeared in St. Louis, Mo. The *Journalist* has a field entirely its own, is edited by a man who thoroughly understands his work, and cannot therefore fail of success. Mr. Yorkston's large acquaintance with editors and contributors to the press, running through a period of many years, has given him exceptional facilities for a special work of this kind, as the pages of his magazine abundantly testify. A large corps of contributors have been engaged for the leading articles, also correspondents in all parts of the United States and Canada. The subscription price of the *American Journalist* is $2 a year. Address, 505 Chesnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Youth's Department.

An Emperor who Obtained His Wish and Bitterly Regretted It.

AS the young readers of THE "AVE MARIA" have already seen in the "Story of the Man who Wanted to Die and could not Die," it is not good to wish otherwise than as God ordains. We now give a true story of the Emperor Maximilian, who in the strength, and pride, and buoyancy of youth wished himself above all the crowned heads of Europe, in a place where no one could follow him; and, having his wish granted in a most unexpected way, but literally as he had expressed it, he came near losing his life as the penalty. The story is taken from Father Müller's book on the "Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," which, like all of Father Müller's books, is full of interesting anecdotes.

Maximilian I, Emperor of Germany, sometimes called the "Last Knight," on account of his chivalrous character, was in his early years remarkable for high courage and love of adventure, which at times led him to feats of daring rashness.

Among the many places over which he ruled, none was so dear to him as the mountainous Tyrol; partly from the simple and loving loyalty of the hardy race of shepherds and mountaineers who dwelt there, and partly because hunting among the Tyrolese Alps was one of his chief pleasures.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1493, the young Emperor, who was staying in the neighborhood of Innspruck, rose before dawn for a day's chamois hunting. He took with him a few courtiers and some experienced huntsmen.

At sunrise they were already high up on the mountain pastures, which are the favorite haunts of the chamois; the valleys beneath them were still covered by a sea of white mist, while the golden rays of morning shone from an unclouded sky on the snowy peaks and ridges above them.

Maximilian fixed a longing gaze on the rocky summits, which stood out clear and sharp against the blue heavens. He felt the power of the fresh mountain air and the sublime scenery, and it filled him with the spirit of enterprise and daring.

"I wish," said he, "that I could gain to-day some spot where the foot of man has never trod before, and where no man should be able to follow,—a spot amid the homes of the chamois and the eagle; where the busy hum of men should be lost to my ear, and all the crowded earth should lie beneath my feet; where even the thunder-clouds should rumble far below me, while I stood in eternal sunshine! That would be a fit spot for the throne of an emperor!"

The courtiers replied that his majesty had but to wish and it would be fulfilled,—to such a renowned hunter and intrepid mountaineer what could be impossible?

At this moment, one of the huntsmen gave notice that he had sighted some chamois; the whole party, guided by him, cautiously approached a rocky point, behind which the animals were grazing. On this point of rock stood a single chamois, its graceful head raised, as if watching. Long before the hunting party were within shot-range, they heard the animal utter the peculiar piping cry by which the chamois gives notice of danger to its fellows, and then off it bounded with flying leaps toward the rocky solitude above. Maximilian, on its track, had soon distanced his attendants. To be a good chamois hunter, a firm foot and a steady head are required; for those beautiful little animals lead their pursuer into their own peculiar domain,—the rocky wastes just below the regions of perpetual snow, where they climb and spring with wonderful agility; if they cannot escape, it is said that they will leap over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, rather than fall into the power of man.

Maximilian had all the qualities necessary for this adventurous sport, and was generally most successful at it. Now he reached the brink of a chasm, which the chamois had passed; black yawned the abyss at his feet, while beyond, the rocks rose steep and forbidding, with but one little spot where a man could find footing. One moment he paused, then with a light spring gained the other side, while a shout, half of admiration, half of terror, burst from his astonished suite.

"That was a royal leap! Who follows?" cried Maximilian, with an exultant laugh. Then he sped onward, intensely enjoying the excitement of the chase.

For a moment the chamois was lost from his view, then appeared again, its form standing out against the sky on one of those rocky ridges that have been compared to the backbone of a fish, but are perhaps more like the upper edge of a steep gable roof. To gain this ridge it was necessary to climb an almost perpendicular precipice; but Maximilian, nothing daunted, followed on, driving small iron holdfasts into the rock in places where he could gain no footing, and holding on by the hook at the upper end of his iron-pointed alpenstock. At last he seized a projecting piece of rock with his hand, hoping to swing himself up by it, but the stone would not bear his weight; it loosened and fell, and the Emperor fell with it.

Breathless and stunned, it was some minutes before he recovered consciousness after the fall. When he came to himself he found that he had received no injury, except a few bruises, and his first thought was that he was most lucky to have escaped so well. Then he began to look about him. He had fallen into a sort of crevice or hollow in the rocks; on one side they arose above him as a high wall which it was impossible to scale; on the other, they were hardly higher than his head, so that on this side he had no difficulty in getting out of the hollow.

"Lucky again!" thought Maximilian; but as he emerged from the crevice and rose to his feet, he remained motionless in awe-struck consternation. He stood on a narrow ledge, a space hardly wide enough for two men abreast, and beneath him, sheer down to a depth of many hundred feet sank a perpendicular wall of rock. He knew the place; it was called St. Martin's Wall, from the neighboring chapel of St. Martin; and the valley below it, which was now concealed from his view by white rolling vapors, was the Valley of Zierlein.

Above him rose the "wall," so straight and smooth that it was utterly hopeless to think of scaling it. The only spot within sight, where a man could find footing, was the narrow shelf on which he stood. The ledge itself extended but a few feet on either side, and then ceased abruptly.

In vain the Emperor gazed around for some way to escape. No handsbreadth was there to which to cling; no hold for foot or hand of the most expert climber—beneath, a sea of cloud; above, a sea of air.

Suddenly he was startled by a whir and a rush of great wings in his face. It was a mountain eage which had swooped past him, and the wind of whose flight was so strong that it had nearly thrown him off his balance. He recollected that he had heard how these eagles try to drive any large prey, too heavy to be seized in their talons, to the edge of a precipice, and then, suddenly whirling round, dash it over the brink; and how they had tried this manœuvre more than once on hunters whom they found in critical and helpless positions. Now his wish of the morning occurred to him. How literally and exactly it had been fulfilled! And how little could the Emperor exult in his lofty and airy throne! He merely felt with a shudder his own exceeding littleness in the face of the great realities of nature and nature's God.

Beneath, in the Valley of Zierlein, a shepherd was watching his flocks. As the sun rose higher and drew off the mists which clung around the foot of St. Martin's Wall, he noticed a dark speck moving on the face of the rock. He observed it narrowly.

"It is a man!" he cried; "what witchcraft has brought him there?"

And he ran to tell the wonder to the inhabitants of the valley. Soon a little crowd was collected and stood gazing up at St. Martin's Wall.

"God be with you!" was the compassionate exclamation of all. "He can never leave that spot alive: he must perish miserably of hunger!"

Just then a party of horsemen galloped along the valley and rode up to the crowd, which was increasing every moment. It was the Emperor's suite, who, giving up all hope of following his perilous course, had gone back to where they had left their horses in the morning; they had ridden around, hoping to meet their master on the other side of the mountain.

"Has the Emperor passed this way?" one of them called out. "He climbed up so far among the rocks that we lost sight of him."

The shepherd cast a terrified look at the wall, and, pointing upward, said: "That must be he up yonder. God have mercy upon him!"

The Emperor's attendants gazed at the figure, and then at each other in horror. One of them had a speaking-trumpet with him, such

as mountaineers sometimes use for shouting among the hills. He raised it to his mouth, and cried at the pitch of his voice: "If it is the Emperor who stands there, we pray him to cast down a stone."

There was a breathless hush of suspense now among the crowd, and down came the stone, crashing into the roof of a cottage at the foot of the rock.

A loud cry of lamentation broke from the people and was echoed on every side among the mountains. They loved their young Emperor for the winning charm of his manner, his frank and kindly ways, and his especial fondness for their country.

The sound of the wail reached Maximilian's ears, and, looking down, he could see the crowd of people, appearing from the giddy height like an army of ants,—a black patch on the bright green of the valley. The sound and sight raised his hopes; he had completely given up all thought of delivering himself by his own exertions, but he still thought help from others might be possible. And now that his situation was discovered, the people, he knew, would do whatever lay in the power of man for his deliverance. So he kept up his courage, and waited patiently and hopefully. It was so hard to believe that he, standing there in the bright sunshine, full of youthful health and strength, was a dying man, and would never leave that spot alive!

Higher and higher rose the sun. It was midday now, and the reflected heat from the rocky wall was well-nigh too great to bear. The rock beneath his feet became hot as a furnace, and the sunbeams smote fiercely on his head. Exhausted by hunger and thirst, by heat and weariness, he sank down on the scorching rock. A furious headache and dizziness which came over him made him think that he was about to become insensible. He longed for some certainty as to his fate before consciousness had forsaken him, and, following a sudden thought, he drew from his pocket a small parchment book, tore out a blank leaf and wrote on it with a pencil, then tied the parchment to a stone with some gold ribbon he happened to have with him, and let the stone fall down into the valley, as he had done the first. What he had written was the question whether any human help was possible? He waited long and patiently for the answer; but no sound reached his ear save the hoarse cry of the eagle. A second and a third time he repeated the message, lest the first should not have been observed; still there was a silence, though the crowd in the valley had been increasing all day, and now a vast assembly—the inhabitants of Zierlein and all the district round—had gathered at the foot of the fatal throne which the Emperor had desired for himself.

Terrible indeed—who can tell how terrible—were those hours of suspense to Max! Many deep and heart-searching thoughts visited him,—thoughts of remorse for many sins, of self-reproach for the great responsibilities unfaithfully fulfilled.

The day wore on; the sun was fast sinking toward the west, and Max could no longer resist the conviction that there was no help possible, that all hope must be over for him. It seemed that as soon as he had faced this certainty, a calm resignation, a high courage and resolve, took possession of his soul. If he was to die, he would die as became a king and a Christian; if this world was vanishing from him, he would prepare himself as best he could for the next.

Again he tore a leaf from his book, and wrote on it. There was no more gold ribbon to bind it to the stone, so he took the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece—what value had it for a dying man!—and from that high and airy grave he threw the stone down among the living.

It was found, like the others before it. None had answered these, because no one was found willing to be a messenger of death to the much-loved Emperor. The man who found the stone read the letter aloud to the assembled crowd, for the Emperor's messages were addressed to all Tyrol. And this was the last message:

"Oh, Tyrol! my last warm thanks to thee for thy love, which has so long been faithful to me. In my pride and boastfulness I tempted God, and my life is now the penalty. I know that no help is possible. God's will be done! His will is just and right.

"Yet one thing, good friends, you can do for me, and I will be thankful to you even in death. Send a messenger to Zierlein immediately for the Holy Sacrament, for which my soul thirsts. And when the priest is standing by the river let it be announced to me by a shot, and let another shot tell me when I am about to receive the blessing. And when I pray, unite your prayers with mine to the great Helper in time of need, that He may strengthen me to endure the pains of a lingering death.

"Farewell, my Tyrol! MAX."

The reader's voice often faltered as he read

this letter amid the cries and sobs of the multitude.

Off sped the messenger to Zierlein, and in all haste came the priest. Max heard the shot, and, looking down, could see the white robe of the priest standing by the river, which looked like a little silver thread to him. He threw himself on his knees in all penitence and submission, praying that he might be a spiritual partaker of the Holy Eucharist, though he could not receive in body the Bread of Life. Then the second shot rang on the air, and through the speaking-trumpet came the words of the blessing: "May God's blessing be upon thee in thy great need,—the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whom heaven and earth praise forever!"

The Emperor felt a deep peace filling his heart as the words of blessing were wafted to his ear.

The sun had by this time sunk behind the mountain range beyond the Valley of Zierlein; but a rosy blush still lingered on the snowy summits, and the western sky glowed in crimson and gold. Beneath, in the deep purple shade of the valley, the people all knelt; and the Emperor could hear the faint murmur which told him that they were praying for him. Touched by their sympathy, he continued kneeling in prayer for the welfare of his subjects.

It was quite dark now, and one by one the stars came forth on the deep blue sky, till at last the canopy of heaven was bespangled with them. The sublime peace of those silent eternal fires stole into Max's heart, and drew his thoughts and desires heavenward to eternal Love and eternal Rest. So he knelt on, rapt in prayer and in lofty and holy thoughts.

Suddenly a bright gleam flashed on his eyes, and a figure in a flicker and a dazzle of light stood before him. No wonder that in his present mood, his spirits raised above earthly things, this vision should seem to him more than human.

"Lord Emperor," it spoke, "follow me quickly; the way is far, and the torch is burning out."

Hardly knowing whether he was still in the world of mortals or not, Max asked: "Who are you?"

"A messenger sent to save the Emperor."

Max arose; as he gazed it seemed to him that the vision assumed the form of a bright-haired, barefooted peasant youth, holding a torch in his hand.

"How did you find your way to the cliff?" he asked.

"I know the mountains well, and every path in them."

"Has Heaven sent you to me?" asked Max, feeling as if he were in dreamland.

"Truly it is God's will to deliver you by my hand," was the simple answer.

The youth now turned and slid down into the hollow out of which Max had climbed that morning, then glided through a crevice in the rock behind, which the Emperor had failed to detect. Stooping low, he with difficulty squeezed through the narrow chink, and saw the torch flickering below him, down a steep, rugged fissure which led into the heart of the rock. Leaping and sliding, he followed on; the torch moved rapidly before him, its red light gleaming on metallic ores, and glittering on rock crystals. Sometimes a low thundering sound was heard, as of underground waterfalls; sometimes water dripping from the rocky roof made the torch hiss and sputter. Downward they went, miles and miles downward, till at last the ravine opened into a long, low, nearly flat-bottomed cavern, at the end of which the torch and its bearer vanished. But at the place where he had disappeared there was a glimmer of pale light. Max groped his way to it, and drew a long breath as he found himself again in the open air, with the silent stars above him and the soft grass beneath his feet. He soon perceived that he was in the Valley of Zierlein, and afar off he heard the confused noise of the assembled multitude. He followed the sound, but was forced to rest more than once from extreme weakness and fatigue before he reached the foot of St. Martin's Wall, and saw priest and people still kneeling in prayer for him. Deeply moved, he stepped into their midst and cried: "Praise the Lord with me, my people! See, He has delivered me."

The Emperor was never able to discover who had been the instrument of his wondrous rescue. A report soon spread among the people that an angel had saved him. When this rumor reached the Emperor's ears, he said: "Yes, truly, it was an angel, my Guardian Angel, who has many a time come to my help; he is called in German 'The People's Loyal Love.'"

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